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COLLIER'S · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

November 20, 1937

Collier's

5¢ A COPY

THE NATIONA Y

HENRY F. PRINGLE **W. B. COURTNEY** **M**

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENN

ov. 20, 1937

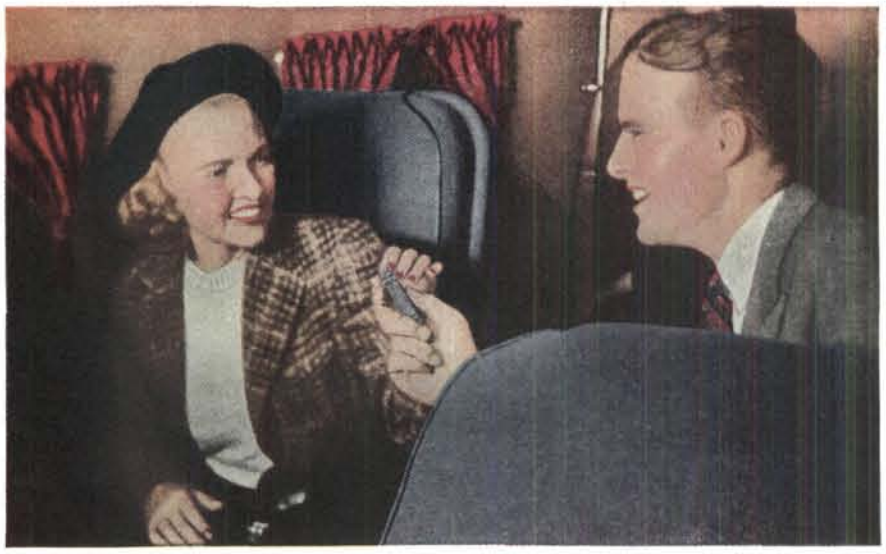
Love at first flight

RICAN
AMERICAN AIRLINES
FLAG SHIP
AIRLINES

1. "I was practically head-over-heels from the minute we took off at Tulsa. But shucks, how could I stand a chance with a movie gal? There was a regular Elks convention down to see her off and probably another one gathering on the field at Glendale."

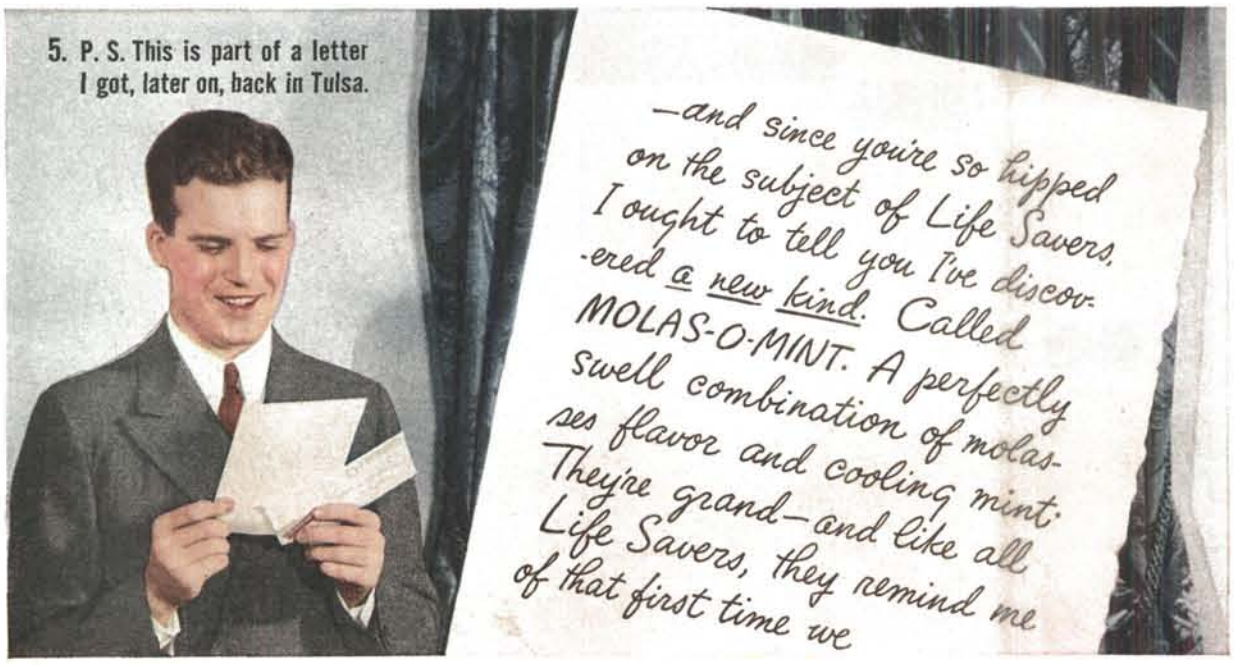
AMERICAN AIRLINES
Collier's

2. "What a break for me when she signaled the hostess and said something about her mouth feeling dry and parched-like. 'These champagne farewells,' she sighed, 'sometimes leave one's mouth feeling . . . shall I say . . . a trifle unhappy? What do you have that's refreshing?'"



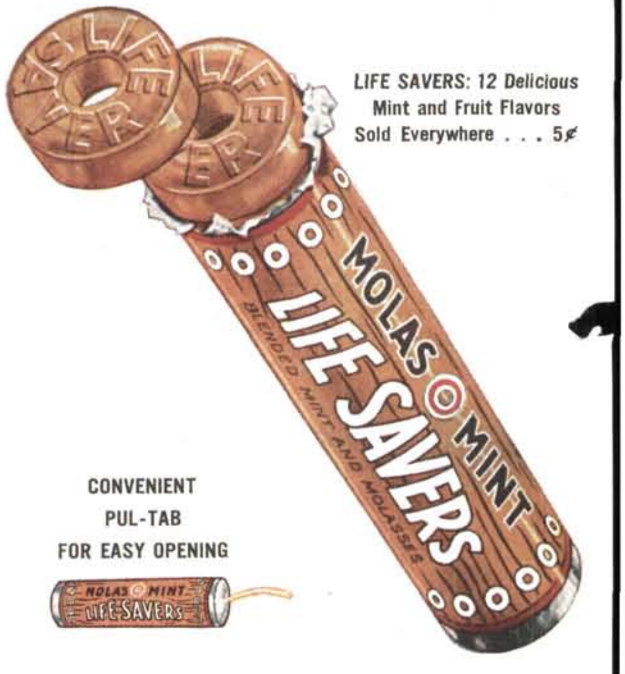
3. "I almost sprained my wrist getting my pack of Life Savers across the aisle. 'H-h-h-ere,' I gulped, 'Try a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver. They're swell little candies, and they'll freshen up your mouth in a jiffy.' I must have sounded like a salesman. But she smiled as she took one, and first thing you know we were talking away at a great rate."

4. "And the upshot of it was I met about half the people in Hollywood. 'Let me introduce my Life Saver friend,' she'd say, 'But you'd better watch out or he'll have you all nibbling on that candy he's so crazy about. Not that I could blame him, either. It is certainly one of the swellest candies you ever slipped in your mouth between retakes.'"



5. P. S. This is part of a letter I got, later on, back in Tulsa.

—and since you're so hipped
on the subject of Life Savers,
I ought to tell you I've discov-
-ered a new kind. Called
MOLAS-O-MINT. A perfectly
swell combination of molas-
ses flavor and cooling mint.
They're grand—and like all
Life Savers, they remind me
of that first time we



LIFE SAVERS: 12 Delicious Mint and Fruit Flavors Sold Everywhere . . . 5¢

CONVENIENT PUL-TAB FOR EASY OPENING

A Young Man with a Promising Future can't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

THIS YOUNG American is already looking to the future. He has ambitions—*and plans*. And, very sensibly, these plans include the proper care of his teeth and gums. Thanks to his dentist and his teacher, he already knows the meaning of "pink tooth brush," he knows the importance of massage to healthy gums and sound teeth—*and he's doing something about it.*

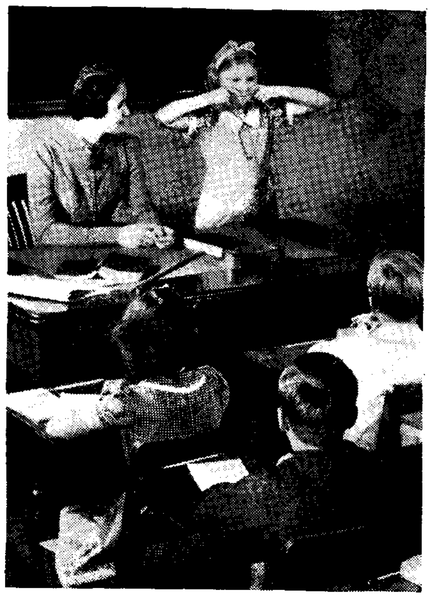
Today's soft, well-cooked foods are a lot to blame for the prevalence of tender, ailing gums—gums that plead for the stimulation of hard, crisp, "chewy" foods. But, robbed of this natural work by our modern menus, gums grow weak and flabby. And then nature flashes her warning signal—that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

When you see "pink tooth brush," *see your dentist at once*. You may not be in for real trouble—but let him decide. Many times, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft foods—gums that need work and stimulation—gums that usually respond quickly to the helpful assistance of *Ipana and massage*.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become healthier, more able to resist trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage *today*. Play safe and schedule yourself for this modern *dental health* routine as one sensible way to help guard the health of your teeth and gums—to help keep your smile *brilliant, sparkling!*

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," every Wednesday, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. S. T.



In classrooms all over the country, modern teachers are doing much to help the future oral health of their pupils by instructing them in the technique of gum massage.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REGISTERED
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS®
NEW YORK
AS USED ALWAYS REP

IPANA *tooth paste*

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Collier's

November 20, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

WHAT a football game, ladies and gentlemen! The field is a foot deep in mud. It's raining steadily. But are those teams playing? Ladies and gentlemen, they are. Watch Al Hutchins. He's in there every minute, on every play. The other team is better, but they're not going to win. Al won't let 'em. He's a fighter.

Who's that up in the stands, folks? That's Al's girl. That's Dolly. Al told her not to come. But there she is. And that's Joe Gerard beside her. Al's fraternity brother. Not a fighter. Never was. He's in love with Dolly, too. But what chance has he? Edward L. McKenna, you take the mike, you tell them.

THE state of Mississippi has been making some experiments of its own with the alphabet. After stirring it thoroughly, the experts dipped in and ladled out the combination BAWI—Balance Agriculture With Industry. In practice this has worked out as a series of invitations to Northern manufacturers to move south and bring their machines. Everything else will be provided—good will, rent-free factories "With Labor Thrown In." An attractive prospect—except perhaps for labor. Walter Davenport brings in a first-hand report of the human consequences of Ole Miss's policies.

WHEN they took Sylvia to the hospital, Sannie knew just what she would want: Her new silk nightie. Sannie was going on twelve, but she understood quite a bit about life. She knew her mother had quarreled with her boy friend, had shot him and had tried to commit suicide. Altogether too much for a child to know. The Welfare took her away. That only proved the Welfare knew less about life than Sannie. "Little Girls Belong to Their Mothers" is by Libbie Block.

AWAY back in the Bulolo jungle in New Guinea there is a twelve-hundred-ton gold dredge. There's only one way it could have got there—by being dropped from the sky. And that's how it happened. In "Sunken Treasure," Frank J. Taylor explains the adventurous business of getting gold out of gravel.

HAROLD LAMB transports you to the days of Kublai Khan, Lord of the Earth, to witness a romantic adventure of Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, who went in search of the most precious thing in the world.

GEMS of other hues come from Hugh MacNair Kahler, Betty Wallace, Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, George F. Worts, Kyle Crichton, Freling Foster and others.

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COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

MR JOSEPH INGALL of St. Louis, Missouri, drives around the country selling things. Radios among them. Within the past two months he has asked two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen whether they listened to broadcasts of political speeches. More than ninety per cent said that they always listened to the President but seldom to any others. About half of them said they listened to "important members of Congress as well as the President but to no others." From what Mr. Ingall learned, most of the minor office seekers are listened to "only by dialing accident and then only for a few squawks." One fellow told him that he "always listened to the dames who are running because dames always give me a laugh, running or not."

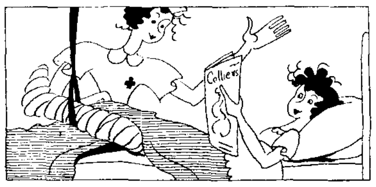
AND Mr. John B. Hudson of Jackson, Mississippi, reports that "while all office seekers tell their hearers, if any, to ask them any question they may have in their minds, the most frequent question is: 'Who writes your speeches for you?' This is not because there is a popular conviction that candidates for office can't write," goes on Mr. Hudson, "but because it is considered pretty high grade to be able to afford an educated secretary. Sometimes the candidate likes to give the impression that he has the services of such a literate one, but he doesn't dare name anybody. He doesn't dare slander some innocent person like that."

WHAT this country needs, says Mrs. Pearl Tussig of Richmond, Virginia, is "redheaded men and women with red blood but not red minds. I am a redhead. I know a great many redheaded people. People with red heads fight. I ask all redheaded people to join hands and fight red-bloodedly for America against red-hearted and red-minded traitors and foreigners. Our motto will be: Are You Reddy?"

MR. LINCOLN DARROW of Los Angeles, California, has just read that someone has written a new history of America which "has torn away historic myths, discarded hallowed legends." Says he: "The woods are full of such persons, claiming that Paul Revere never saw a horse, that John Hancock couldn't sign his name, that George Washington never saw a cherry tree, that Ben Franklin couldn't fly a kite, that Andrew Jackson couldn't fight. They'll even try to demonstrate that Herbert Hoover created the great depression to insure the election of his bosom friend, F. D. R. Let's take one of these exhibitionist-historians and elect him President. He can then show us that there isn't any budget and never was any balance. And maybe he'd be right at that."

WE got to talking to a young social worker whose assignment took him into a decayed mining town. He was asking a few polite questions of a woebegone housewife whose husband hadn't had a job in five years. After talking to her for a few moments an angry roar issued from the darkness of the house—the lady's husband. "Get out. Shut up," bellowed the unhappy man. "You social workers can't tell me anything. I'm a Harvard man."

AND this one's from Miss Flo Bresnahan of Miami, Florida. Let's try to guess what the moral is. "I like your magazine," says she. "To prove it: I was feeling very, very low. No money. No job. My fiancé had just informed me that we were through. Thinking it over, I could find no good reason for living. It was Friday. I could run out and buy Collier's. Hooray. I ran out. I was hit by a motorcar. I have a broken leg and am in the hospital. And the man who ran me down is paying the bill, has promised me a job and has bought me a subscription to Collier's. That's life for you."



THROUGH no fault of ours two of our readers managed to get themselves into a nasty argument. Mr. George B. Luckey of Minneapolis, Minnesota, was on one side and Mr. Orland Welsh of St. Paul was his opponent. Mr. Welsh tells us about it: "We both think that the writer of the Any Week column is a woman. But Mr. Luckey says you're no lady or you wouldn't print some of the things you do. And I contend that you have printed nothing my sisters or mother wouldn't print. Now be frank with us. Would you call yourself a lady?"

WE'RE not even a gentleman.

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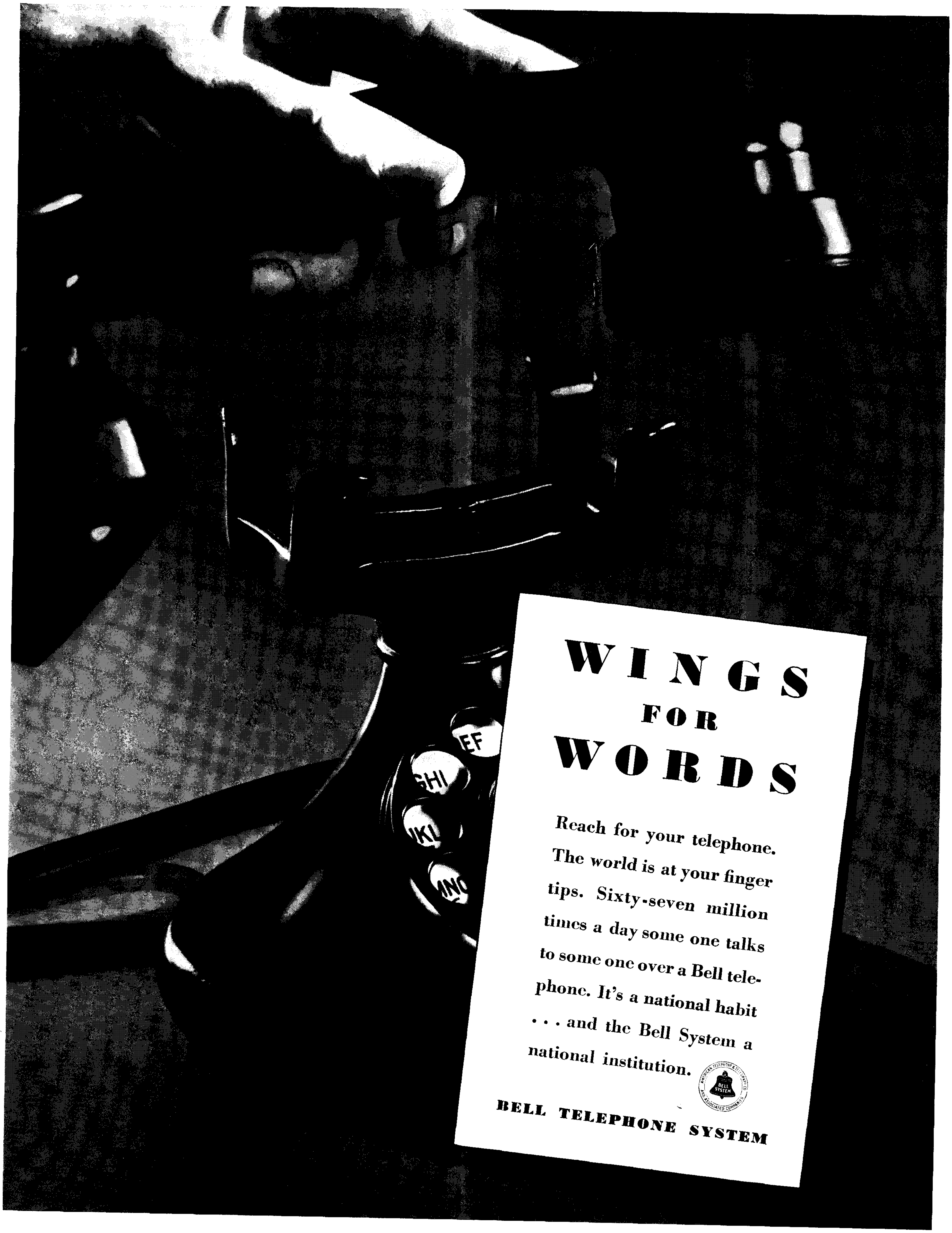


WINGS FOR WORDS

Reach for your telephone. The world is at your finger tips. Sixty-seven million times a day some one talks to some one over a Bell telephone. It's a national habit . . . and the Bell System a national institution.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

I bring restful SLEEP to thousands!
OVALTINE
THE FOOD BEVERAGE

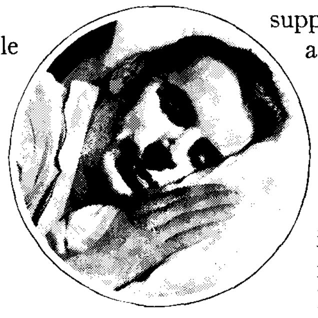
THE HUMAN SYSTEM requires ample sleep nightly. Yet many people are unable to get to sleep at night. Others find that their sleep doesn't properly *rest* them. The following facts are for such people.

If you want to get to Sleep easily and sleep better... *read this* —

NO one wants to spend half the night worrying about whether he's going to get to sleep or not. No one wants to wake up in the morning feeling all "washed out" and unready for the day's activities.

Yet thousands of people are doing just that.

Many *other* thousands, on the contrary, have found that by taking a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime they can get to sleep more readily. They have found that they sleep more *restfully*, too—and wake up more refreshed.



Thousands make it a rule to *drink a cup of Ovaltine* at bedtime. Quicker sleep, more restful sleep are the benefits *which they report!*

Ovaltine is not a drug. Not a narcotic. It does not "dope" you to sleep. It is a food.

It was developed in Switzerland over 40 years ago.* Originally it was created as an aid to convalescents in regaining health, and is still widely used for that purpose. Later it was discovered by doctors that, when taken at bedtime, it also promoted restful sleep.

Today it is regarded as the world's favorite nightcap!

Just consider these facts:—Ovaltine helps to relax you. It relieves that feeling of "inner tenseness." This enables you to loosen up. You can then sleep more *easily*. And the sleep you get is more *restful* . . . it leads to a feeling of greater freshness and more abundant energy the next day.

Ovaltine, incidentally, helps to nourish you while you sleep—supplying necessary minerals and vitamins and other food elements which the body requires.

To get to sleep readily and sleep as Nature intended—try Ovaltine. Drink it regularly, night after night. It is not in the least habit-forming. Yet it is a mighty fine habit to adopt.

Just mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of milk and drink it when you go to bed. It's a *pleasant* practice as well as a beneficial one.

Get a can of Ovaltine at any grocery or drug store today!

Copr. 1937, The Wander Co.

The following experience is in many respects typical: — *MRS. CLARENCE TALLMAN of Detroit, Mich., writes, "Every night I'd lie awake, unable to get to sleep. As a result, I'd feel cranky and restless. . . . Then I read about Ovaltine in the Sunday papers. Decided to try it. I can't tell you how much it means to me. I never have a sleepless night now. I feel so much better in the morning."*

OVALTINE

promotes sound, natural SLEEP

*Now made in U. S. A.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The record time in which wheat has been made into biscuits was achieved by four Kansans a short time ago. With their kitchen set up in the field, they took the wheat from a moving threshing machine, ground it into flour, mixed the batter and baked a pan of biscuits in twelve minutes.

Approximately 250,000,000 persons, or nearly 13 per cent of the entire population of the world, still use the ancient lunar calendar of 354 days.

The 20,000 travelers who visit the St. Bernard Hospice in the Alps each year are not required to pay for their lodgings, meals or medical care. They are, however, expected to make a commensurate contribution, in a special chapel box, toward the support of the institution. But few, evidently, are appreciative and generous. Their offerings rarely average more than 25 cents daily.

The body of Paganini (1784-1840), the famous Italian violinist, was buried eight different times. Even as late as 1896, 56 years after his death, he was exhumed in the Church of the Madonna della Steccata in Parma to prove that his corpse was actually in the casket. —*By Sue Fencl, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.*

Once China had a newspaper that was printed on silk, some Socialists had one that was printed on red paper, a royal family had one that was printed in gold and certain spiritualists had one that was printed on black paper.

On great construction projects, such as the Golden Gate Bridge, the riveters often work so far from the forges that the rivets have to be sent to them through metal-lined air hose. The rivets, red hot when leaving the forges, are often hotter after their journey through the hose, because of friction engendered in their passage.

The essential oil of many flowers and plants has a germicidal effect on several kinds of disease-producing organisms. Air impregnated with oil of lavender will kill the bacilli of tuberculosis in twelve hours and oil of cinnamon will destroy typhoid germs in 45 minutes. —*By Mrs. Eugene Richey, Roscoe, Texas.*

Severe attacks of catalepsy, a nervous affliction characterized by the sudden suspension of sensation and volition, sometimes last for several days, during which the victim loses consciousness, develops an extreme pallor, and has such feeble heart, pulse and respiratory movements that he appears to be dead.

One of the most famous weddings in Japan in many years was the marriage of two kimonos, solemnized in a Shinto ceremony in Kyoto in 1934. The bride was a celebrated, 232-year-old hand-painted silk garment while the groom was a renowned, 110-year-old hand-embroidered cotton robe. This marriage was such an important event, in fact, that those owning copies of the wedding invitation will not sell them at any price.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without permission of the publisher

What's New About the New Plymouth

GO SEE IT—YOU'LL BE AMAZED! NEW COMFORT... BIGGER WINDSHIELD—NEW RE-STYLED FRONT END... NEW FEATURES GIVE YOU SAFER, HAPPIER DRIVING!

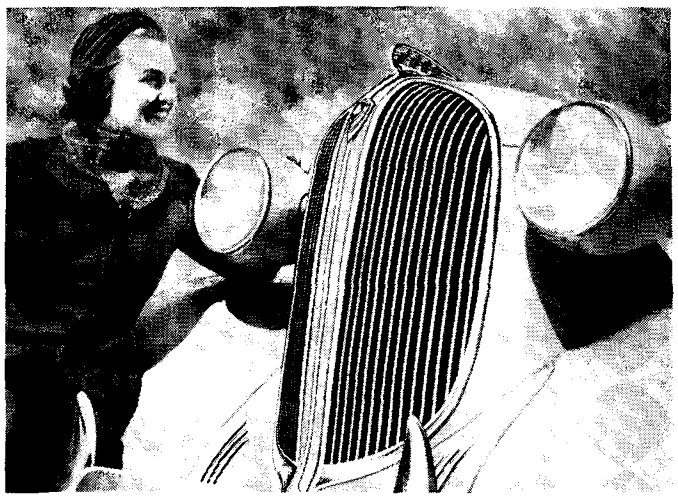
10 YEAR RECORD

This big 1938 Plymouth celebrates the triumph of an idea. It was to bring fine-car quality into the low-price field.

The result: in the last 10 years *millions* of America's motorists have swung to Plymouth...and *stayed* with Plymouth!

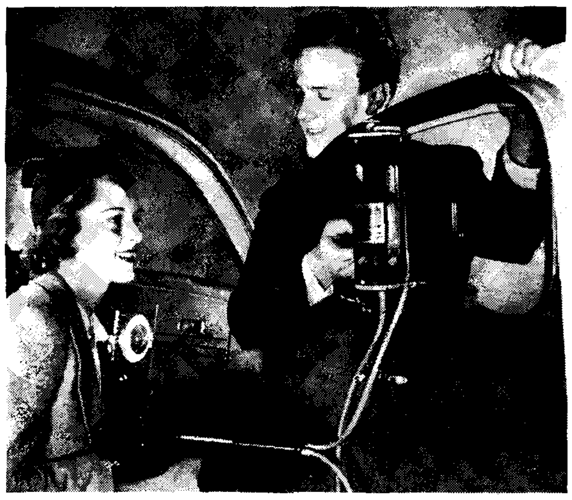
Today, see the new 1938 Plymouth. See how 10 years of *better* and *better* cars have made it the best buy of the low-price field.

MORE CAR FOR THE MONEY. The new 1938 Plymouth you see here is priced with the lowest! The Commercial Credit Company offers very easy payment terms—through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.



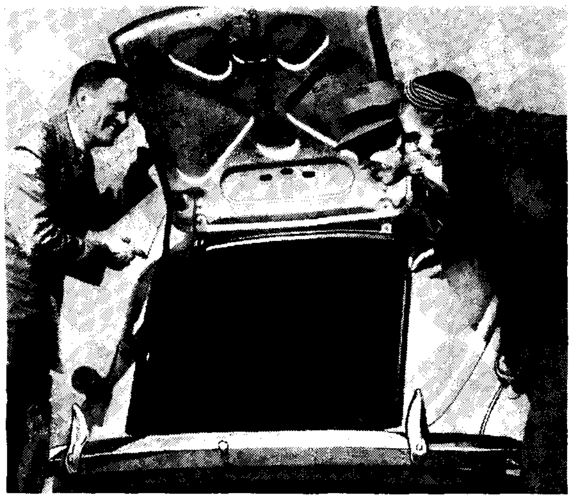
1 **Exciting New Beauty!** See that long hood!...Fenders have a deeper curve...headlights are bigger. And, under that long hood—an 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine that saves you money!

2 **Look How Easily He Can Adjust** the seat to suit his size! It slides *upward* as it moves *forward!*



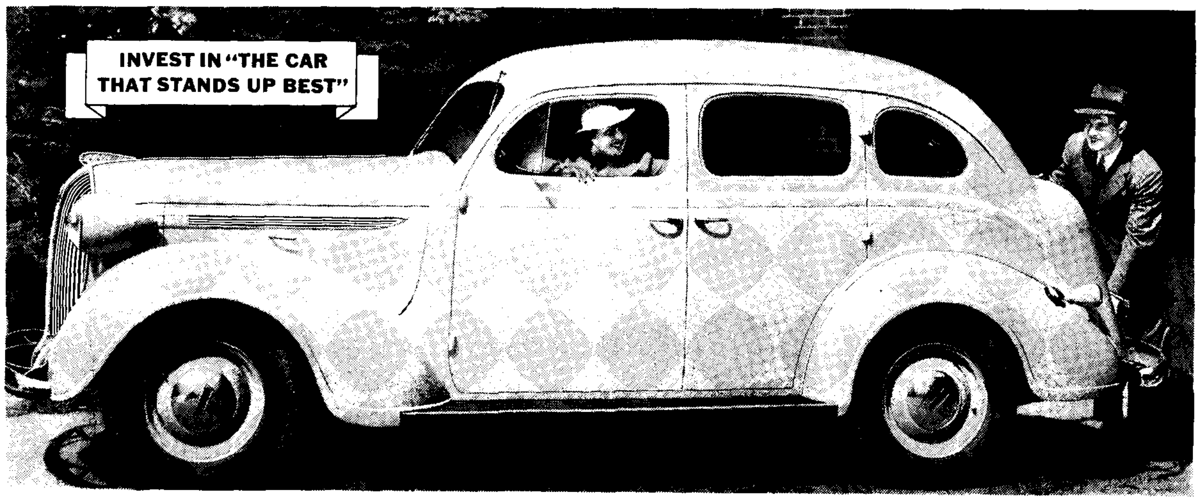
3 **The Facts About Gas Mileage.** Your dealer's "gas-ometer" will show you Plymouth's amazing economy. Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon!

4 **She's Not Stretching** her arm...all controls are easy to reach. And the handbrake is there...clear of the floor, out of knees' way. Steering and handling are easier, too!



5 **Roomiest Trunk** ever built into a Plymouth! The floor is covered to protect your luggage. There's no sill—so you avoid needless lifting.

6 **Soft as a Pillow** is this padded roll along the rear edge of the front seat. The entire car is designed for greater safety. Plymouth's body is a single, welded unit of steel.

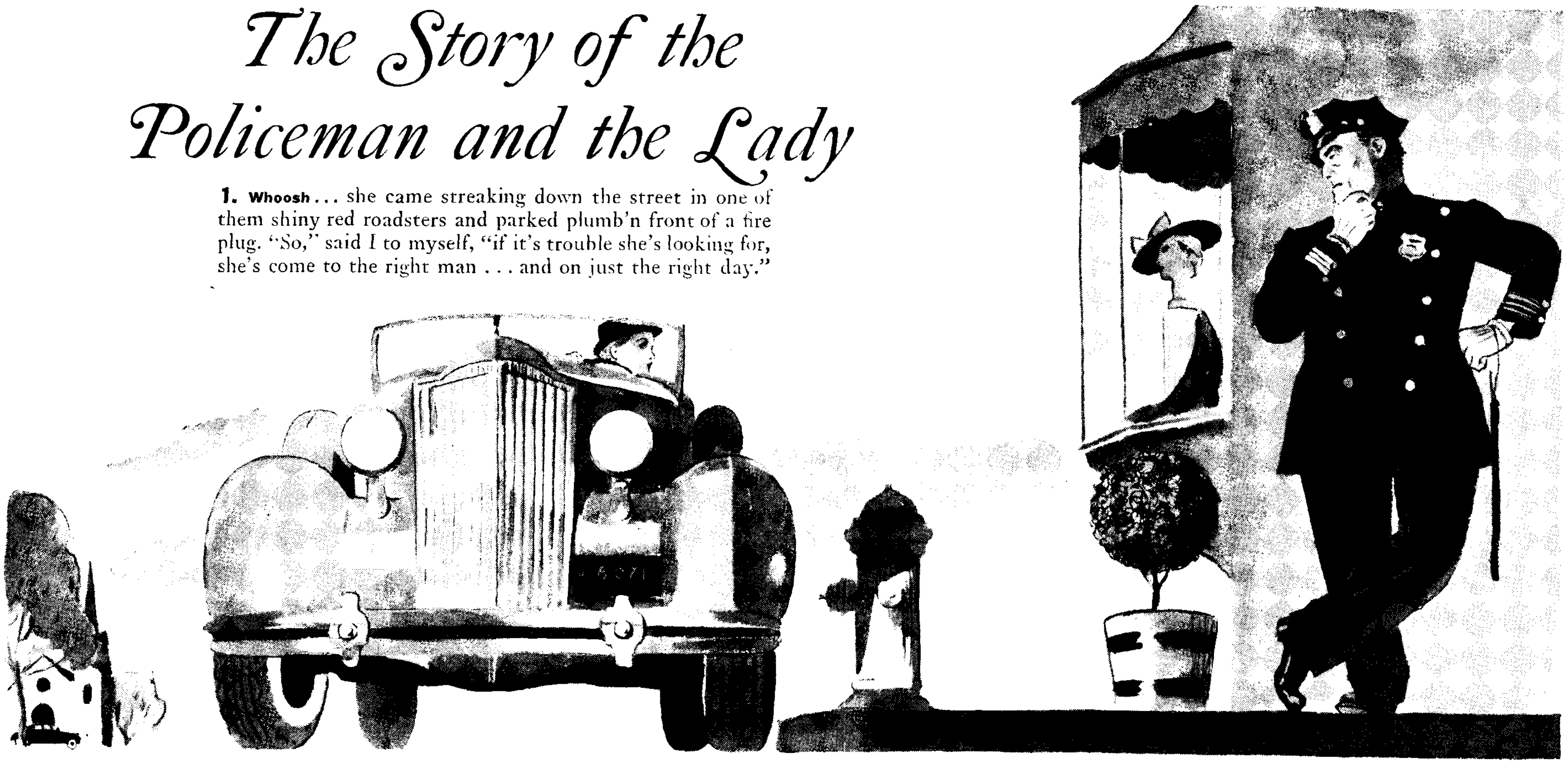


7 **Get Behind the Wheel of this Big, New 1938 Plymouth!** See how easy it drives and handles. Discover the greater value of Plymouth's double-acting hydraulic brakes, all-steel body, Floating Power engine mountings. It's *"the car that stands up best!"* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

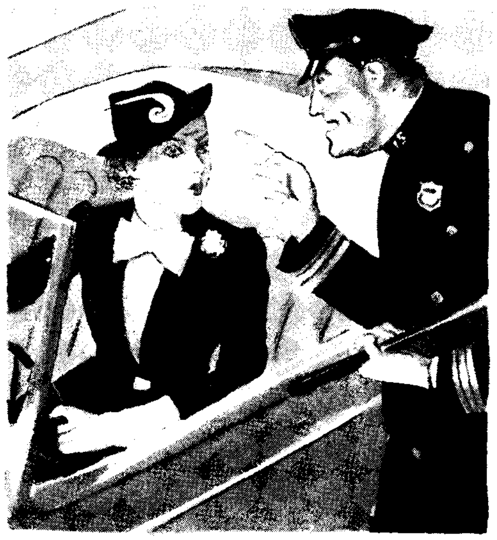
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

See the 1938 Plymouth

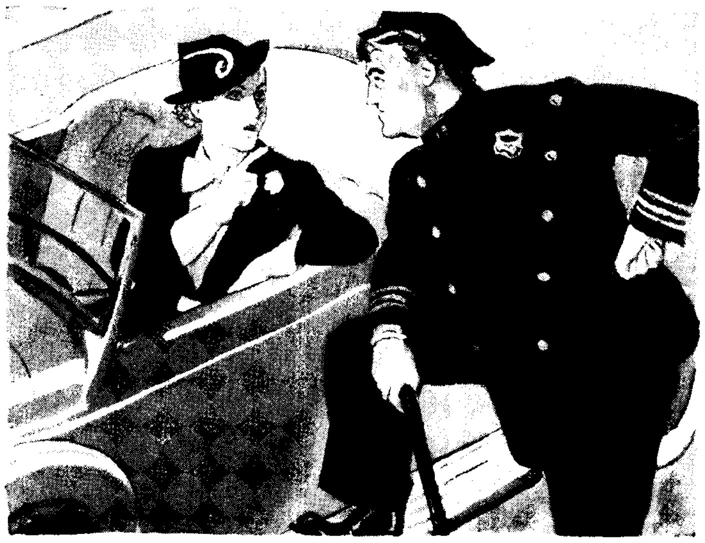
The Story of the Policeman and the Lady



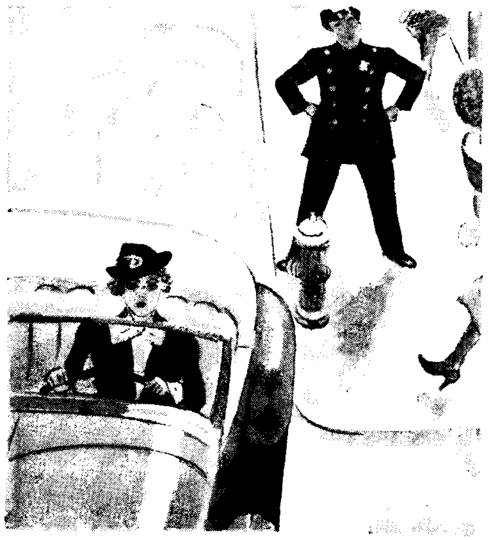
1. Whoosh... she came streaking down the street in one of them shiny red roadsters and parked plumb'n front of a fire plug. "So," said I to myself, "if it's trouble she's looking for, she's come to the right man . . . and on just the right day."



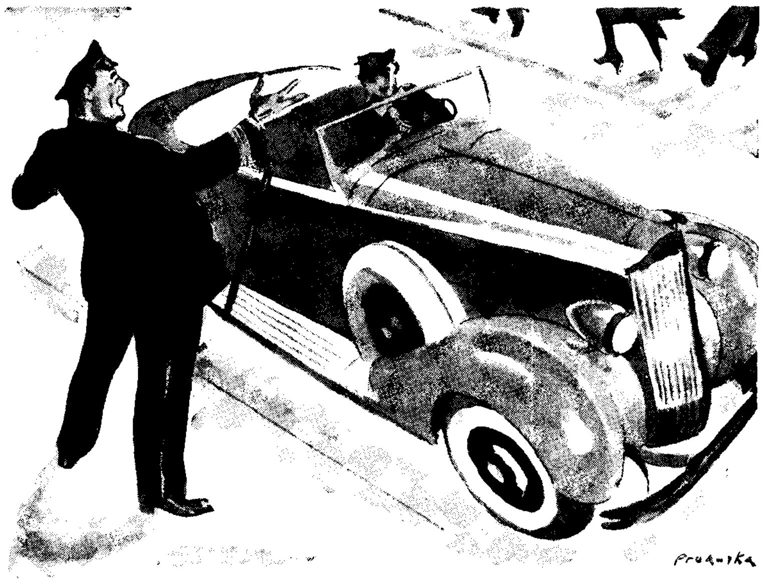
2. So over I go to where she was sitting in her car, as mad as all get out. "Sure," said I, very polite, "would you be wanting me to move the hydrant? Or maybe it's a ticket you're needing to teach you where to park around here."



3. "If you ask me," she snapped back, "what you need is something to teach you to keep a civil tongue." "It's a lot you know, young lady," said I, "about the nature of a man who loves good coffee but has been owl-eyed practically all night from drinking it at midnight."



4. "Oh don't I," she said. "Well, take the word of an ex-stayer-awake and get some Sanka Coffee. Most of the caffein is taken out, so it can't keep you awake. Divine coffee, too." Before I could answer, she's off in a cloud of dust.



5. She was meek enough when I nabbed her, next day. "Do I get a ticket?" she asked. "Ticket, my eye," I said. "Instead I'll be thanking you for wising me up to a swell coffee that lets me sleep like a desk sergeant. Along with you and watch the fire plugs."

If you have a passion for good coffee...but are on bad terms with caffein...get to know Sanka Coffee.

You'll find Sanka Coffee is real coffee at its fragrant best...and more. For 97% of its caffein is removed...so it just can't keep you awake...or frazzle your nerves...no matter how much you drink.

Make Sanka Coffee the way all good coffee should be made...strong. Use a heaping tablespoonful of Sanka Coffee for every cup. If you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

SANKA
COFFEE

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee. It's a General Foods Product.

ON "WE, THE PEOPLE"

A ghost invaded a lighthouse. At least, that's the story of Capt. Steinheise, veteran lighthouse keeper. And this incredible, eerie incident, claims Capt. Steinheise, led to a miraculous rescue at sea.

The old seaman's testimony was a high spot which thrilled the great audience of "We, The People"—radio's most unique program. Every Thursday night the humor, pathos, and drama of everyday life are vividly unfolded when real, live people tell their real life stories on this program.

LISTEN IN! Every Thursday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System. See your paper for station and time.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE. DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

The Moocher

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD BUTLER

An experiment in love by a girl who found that she had not inherited her mother's genius for playing with fire

CORA came in about four o'clock. Flushed. With dilated eyes and too much lipstick. Shirley knew all the symptoms.

"In love again?"

Cora tossed her hat across the room, shook out her tawny permanent and did a few slick taps.

"This time for keeps!"

"I suppose he's marvelous."

"He's divine, darling. Tall and dark and rich. Our troubles are over." She threw herself down and hooked one bare, brown leg over the arm of the chair. "All I ask—"

"I know," Shirley interrupted. "I'm to keep out of sight."

"Sight and sound. He doesn't know I have a daughter. He didn't ask me, and I didn't say."

Cora reached for a cigarette.

"All I ask is a week—I can hook him in a week. You run down to Granny's and let me do it. After all, sweet, it's our last chance."

"Does he know about you?" Shirley said. "Does he know you're thousands of dollars in debt and forty years old and on the social skids?"

Suddenly Cora's eyes blurred. She looked like a frightened, hurt child.

"I'm sorry," Shirley said. "Don't cry. Please. Your eyes always get swollen and you look like hell with a red nose."

She got up and went outside. She always hated herself when she hurt Cora. A mother is a mother, after all. Even a mother who looks twenty, and has no sense and is darned cute and bad clean through. Outside, Shirley felt safer. The beach-house was full of Cora and Cora's crooked thinking. But the beach itself was like a dose of healing medicine. Shirley liked to sit in the cool sand and dig her chin into her knees and watch the sea. Hour after hour.

Now, she supposed, she'd have to go to Granny's and wait, while Cora tried to land this new fish. She wouldn't, of course. Nowadays, men knew instinctively—even the innocent ones—that they didn't have to marry Cora. She was free. No down payment. No contract. No obligation. Only a few gardenias, and that was that. . . . Granny knew. Granny had always known. She would sneer and snort and ask Shirley why she didn't get a job.

"Why *don't* I?" Shirley thought, staring with hurt, angry eyes at the sea.

It was easier to share Cora's precarious destiny. To live high today and on the ugly fringes of destitution tomorrow. Never to know.

At least it was exciting.

And there was always the chance that Cora might hook a millionaire. Several times, in the past fourteen years, Cora had almost succeeded. There had been periods of tense, thrilling solvency. But the catch always got away.

Shirley could remember the beginnings of Cora's career—just after she divorced Father because he couldn't hold her, emotionally. In those days, Cora had a genius for getting what she wanted. Before people found her out, she lived on credit. Then, charmingly, for years and years, she lived on her friends. Shirley grew up in other people's houses, cared for by other children's nurses.

BUT the day came when Cora's looks dimmed a little. She grew sort of frayed around the edges. And her wit dimmed a little. And people began to fall away, with apologies and excuses, tired of being plundered. Tired of Cora's hard luck.

And then there were new friends, in new places. Cool, bright, sporting friends, who didn't seem to notice the frayed edges and the stale wit. Father's faithful little alimony checks paid for drinks and perfume and gas for the car. The rest Cora mooched.

Shirley learned, when she was a kid, to get things for nothing. Like Cora, she was pretty—slender, with red hair and curious moonstruck eyes. She picked up Cora's technique, just by watching Cora use it, in emergencies. She could wheedle cigarettes, shoes, cash, hats, orchids, bids to the country, tickets, trips, from anybody. A trick of the voice. Nerve. Sheer, brassy nerve. Flattery. The use of the eyes. And tenacity—hanging on until the victim came across. Then kisses and tears and gratitude: "You're so *sweet!*"

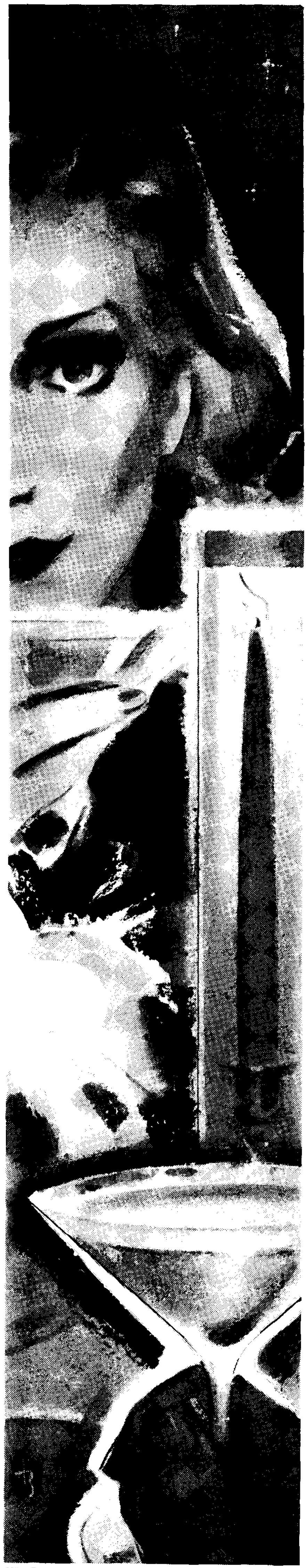
"Darling!" Cora called from the house.

"Coming."

She was in the bedroom, creaming her face before the mirror. She looked excited and happy; the pupils of her eyes were as black as a cat's, enormous and empty.

"*Please* don't stay on the beach," she said. "He's coming at five. And I don't want him to see you. I thought I told you—"

"I'm sorry," Shirley said. She sat on the edge of the bed and watched.



"I don't fizz," she said. "I simply go under." But she took the shallow glass

"It's now or never," Cora said. "The Carys want the beach-house. After saying they'd stay in Europe all summer! We've *got* to vacate next week. And then what?"

"Granny won't take both of us," Shirley said. "She told me so."

"I wouldn't go to her if I were starving! I hate her."

"So do I. She's always telling the truth. She makes me sick. It doesn't hurt to make-believe, sometimes—the way *we* do."

"This man's not make-believe," Cora said sharply. "He's real."

"When did you meet him?"

"Yesterday. At the Vendôme. He was lunching with Bert and Alice Tuttle."

SHIRLEY said nothing. But she had a sharp mental picture of Cora, pausing at the Tuttle's table—laughing and showing her white teeth and saying something funny, something audacious. She could guess how furious Alice Tuttle must have been. But she couldn't avoid an introduction. And then Cora had begged prettily for a lift home. "My car's laid up with arthritis! You couldn't run me down to the beach, could you?" Easy! The handsome stranger to the rescue: "I'll take you. Of course." And there they were, side by side in a powerful, purring, black and silver monster—Cora, and Alice Tuttle's millionaire.

"What's he like?"

Cora narrowed her eyes. "He's divine, darling. Not too young. And not too old. Smooth as ice."

"What's his name?"

"Andrews. Walter Andrews." Cora closed her eyes, briefly. "He has the most beautiful mouth!"

She wrapped herself in the sculptured folds of a sky-blue toweling robe, wriggled her body.

"I'll get my bath now. You stay in your room."

"Maybe," Shirley thought. "*Maybe.*"

She got off the bed slowly with a certain deliberate young grace, conscious of her smoothness and of her strength, her lovely long legs, and her bare feet in kid sandals. She thought: "Cora cheats. Why shouldn't I?" She wandered into the hall and stood for a moment at the window, staring out, blindly, listening to the fall of water into the bathtub. She suffered again the old, familiar pang of jealousy. When *hadn't* she been jealous? Never. As long as she could remember. Way back, when she was a homely little kid and Cora was having her first love affair. Cora, radiant and perfumed and triumphant. When *hadn't* she been jealous? Like a long illness. A long, consuming fever.

"GO INTO your room," Cora called from the bathtub, "and stay there. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," Shirley said. "I'm going."

Instead, she went very softly and deliberately out of doors. Not on the beach side, this time. She wasn't interested in oceans. Something strange and cruel had happened. She wanted to hurt Cora. Spoil her game. Just this once. She was sick and tired of watching Cora being cute. Cora flirting. Cora drinking. Cora making a damn' fool of herself. She'd lose this man, too. She always did. They found her out. Discovered what a liar she was. How cheap. And silly. Then they laughed and went away. This one would. He'd go. And they'd be on the rocks again. Desperate. Looking for someone to plunder. A pair of scared moochers. Down to their last mooch.

"I'm young," Shirley thought.

She went to the picket gate and hung there, the sun on her bare brown arms and on her bright hair.

"At least I'm *young.*"

A car was coming very fast across the flats from the highroad, dust at its heels. Shirley made ready. If this was Cora's fish, she'd bait her own hook.

It was.

He leaned out from the wheel, shouting to make himself heard above the throaty roar of the engine—a lean, dark man with pepper-and-salt hair.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Cora Cole lives?"

Shirley opened the gate and went toward him slowly, controlling her frightened eagerness.

"Mom's not here, Sparkeye," she said. And smiled at him—the smile she had learned from Cora. All sparkle and promise.

"Sparkeye yourself," the man said. "Who's Mom?"

"Cora to you."

"Where is she?"

"She went to Carmel with the Davis twins and Alex Onofre."

"Oh."

"She said to tell you she was sorry but she'd forgotten. She'll be back Monday."

"That rather smashes *my* day."

"No, it doesn't. I'll substitute. I'm Mom's stand-in. I double in emergencies."

SHE stood on the running-board and looked into the car.

"Marvelous," she said. "Can I drive?"

"Of course."

He slipped over and gave her the wheel. Through the back of her head, she heard the bathroom window open. To cover Cora's screech, she pushed the throttle against the floor-board.

"Where to?"

The man made a gesture, indicating the world at large. He had humorous, hazel eyes. Cora was right. He *was* special. A divine number. He wore his money well. Only an initiate could guess that he was terribly rich and terribly accustomed and terribly belonging. Shirley had learned from Cora to appraise the quality of a man's clothes, the shape of his hands, his haircut, his accent and his accessories—wrist watch, cigarette-case, car—at one glance.

"What a marvelous engine!"

The powerful roadster pawed the gravel and took off like a race horse across the flats. Shirley didn't look back. She could feel the hard pounding of her heart in her throat.

"My name's Walter Andrews," the man said. He sat a little sideways, watching her. She'd have to work fast, because he had planned on being stimulated and amused—and not by a carbon copy, either. By Cora.

"I'm Shirley," she said. "Mom had me nineteen years ago. Do you mind?"

"She neglected to mention you," he said. "But, then, she seems to forget easily."

Shirley swung the car into the highway, turning toward the city. She tried not to think of Cora, dripping and furious, already at the telephone, putting through frantic calls to head them off.

"I have a boat," Andrews suggested. "I had intended taking Mom there for dinner."

"Is there a phone on board?"

"No."

"Then let's go," Shirley said. "Santa Monica?"

"Newport."

Everything was swell, if only Cora didn't call the police! The chances were she wouldn't. She was too wise for that. She'd follow, probably, when she discovered that Andrews had no phone.

How wrong Granny was. Granny, with her furious Victorian morality, and her conviction that there was no fun to equal righteousness. "Earning your way," Granny called it. "Being under obligation to no man. Belonging to yourself. *That's* happiness." Granny earned her way selling homemade doughnuts to Eagle Rock grocers and coffee-stands. She lived in a miserable four-room house that always reeked of hot lard. Only last week, she had called Shirley: "I can get you a job in Pasadena—a man I know needs a smart girl in his restaurant. Twenty a week. And I'll give you a bed and breakfast. Let your mother live her own life. She's too old to change. You're young. And, so far, you're clean. I'd like to keep you that way."

Granny was a fool. Granny hadn't had anything except work. Cora had had everything. Her life had been like the flight of a rocket. She had had her moment of triumph; now she was drifting down, paler and paler, toward the abyss. But she *had* lived. "And so will I," Shirley thought. "I'll be like Cora! Granny's crazy. Granny's *old*."

The man beside her continued his quiet scrutiny; she could feel his eyes, exploring, judging, and she was glad that she was pretty. The sun was low now and a sharp wind whipped in from the sea.

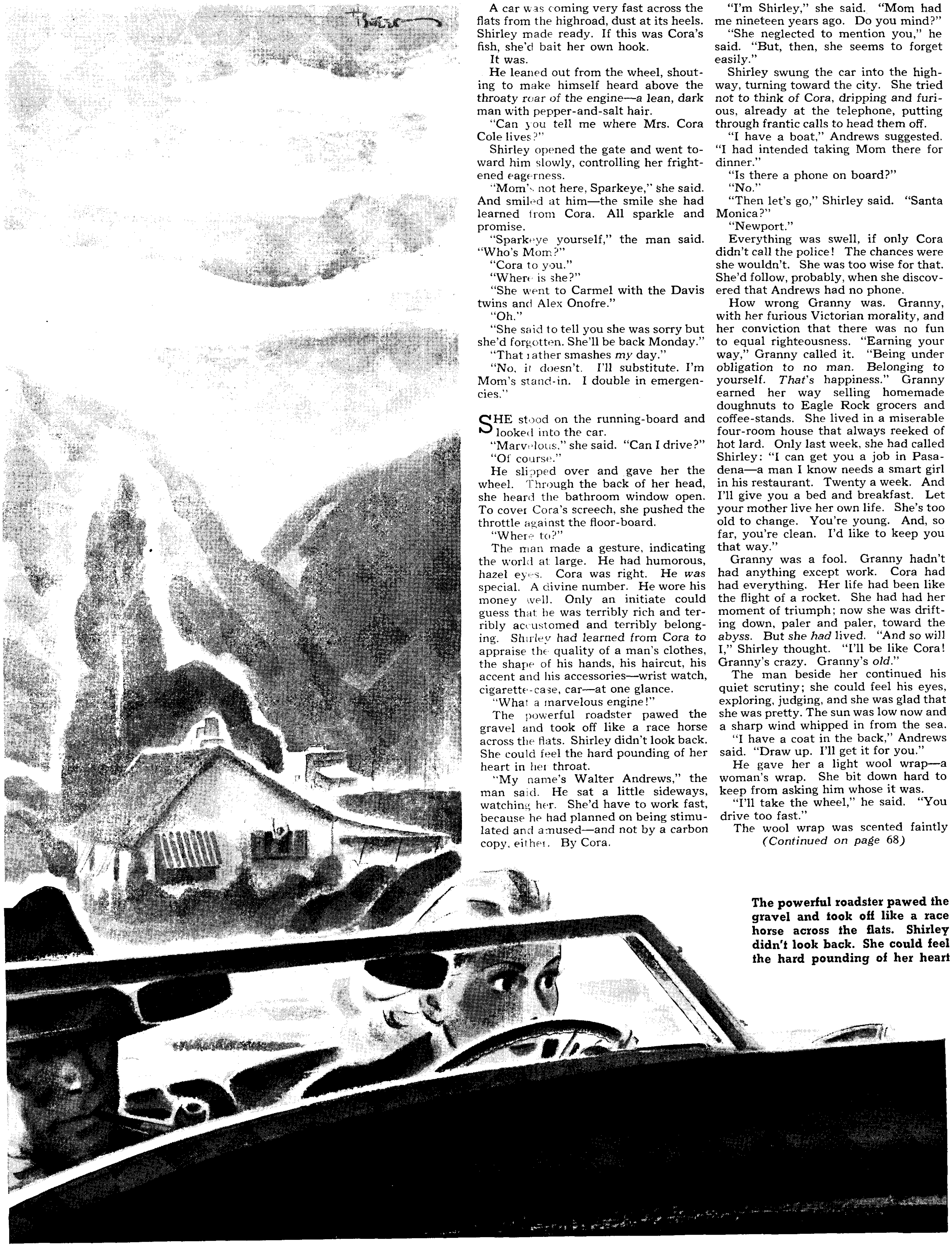
"I have a coat in the back," Andrews said. "Draw up. I'll get it for you."

He gave her a light wool wrap—a woman's wrap. She bit down hard to keep from asking him whose it was.

"I'll take the wheel," he said. "You drive too fast."

The wool wrap was scented faintly

(Continued on page 68)



The powerful roadster pawed the gravel and took off like a race horse across the flats. Shirley didn't look back. She could feel the hard pounding of her heart

In Character

By Henry F. Pringle

These are the minor actors—the eagle guaranteed to fly off with a baby, the cockroaches (that's for sordidness), the talking birds. They all have to be trained and some of them learn their roles only too well

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Curly Twyford (above) with his trained eagle, which flies off with the baby. But only on movie sets. This stunt has been done only a few times. Left: Lionel Comport, and his most valued animal, sway-backed George, who has earned several thousand dollars in fees

ON A SUNNY California afternoon two or three years ago Bill Pine, then West Coast publicity and advertising director for Paramount Productions, was meditating on the curves and other talents of Mae West. He was meditating in his official capacity, for a new picture, appropriately titled It Ain't No Sin, was soon to be released with Miss West in the non-sinning role.

Before very long a wow of an idea—press agents are that way—had come to Mr. Pine. He would teach a batch of parrots to repeat "It Ain't No Sin" and would ship them to forty or fifty leading picture theaters in the United States. They would be put on display in the lobbies of those theaters; the crowds entering and leaving would be saluted with the name of Mae's forthcoming confection. Necessarily, Mr. Pine reasoned, the customers would then flock to see the picture.

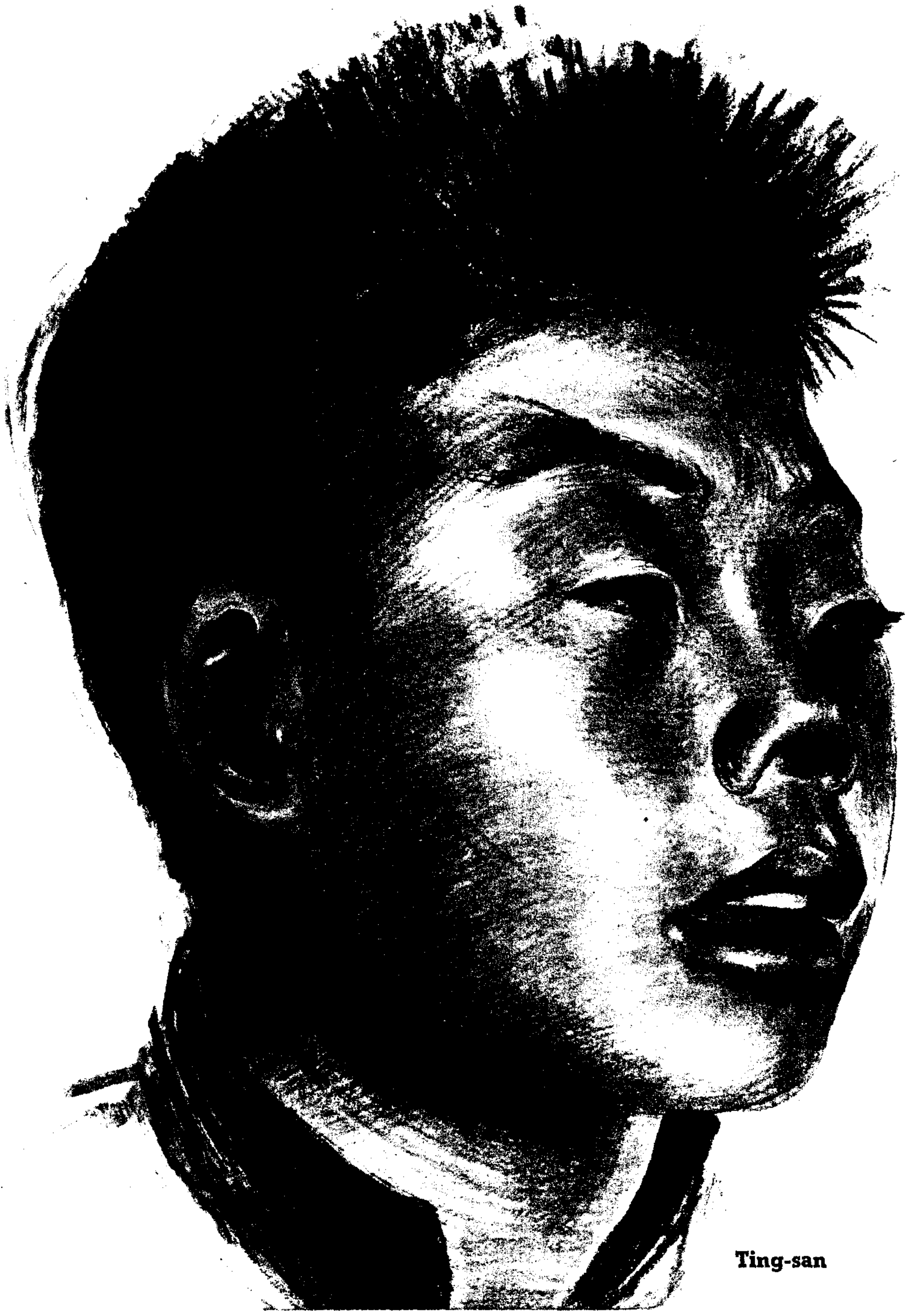
Some of the details of this idea, which had an ill-deserved fate, are officially embalmed in the files of Paramount Productions in Hollywood. Inquiry was made at the California Zoological Gardens where the ornithologists said that any really intelligent parrot could be taught the words in a few weeks. The total cost for buying, educating and shipping thirty birds would be about $900. Mr. Pine was greatly pleased. This was a trivial sum for so important a picture. He expanded the plan so that two hundred parrots were to be trained. They were obtained from a parrot importer and their IQ's were guaranteed.

Two hundred parrots were duly delivered. They were put in a large room, each in a cage, and their training began. The method was simple. A recording of Miss West repeating "It Ain't No Sin" was made and transferred to a phonograph disk. The disk was played over and over again to the parrots. Most of the parrots, being young and impressionable, learned very quickly. As the training course was ending it appeared that only twenty or so would flunk. Mr. Pine congratulated himself and prepared the letters which were to accompany the birds. But the telephone interrupted his happy thoughts.

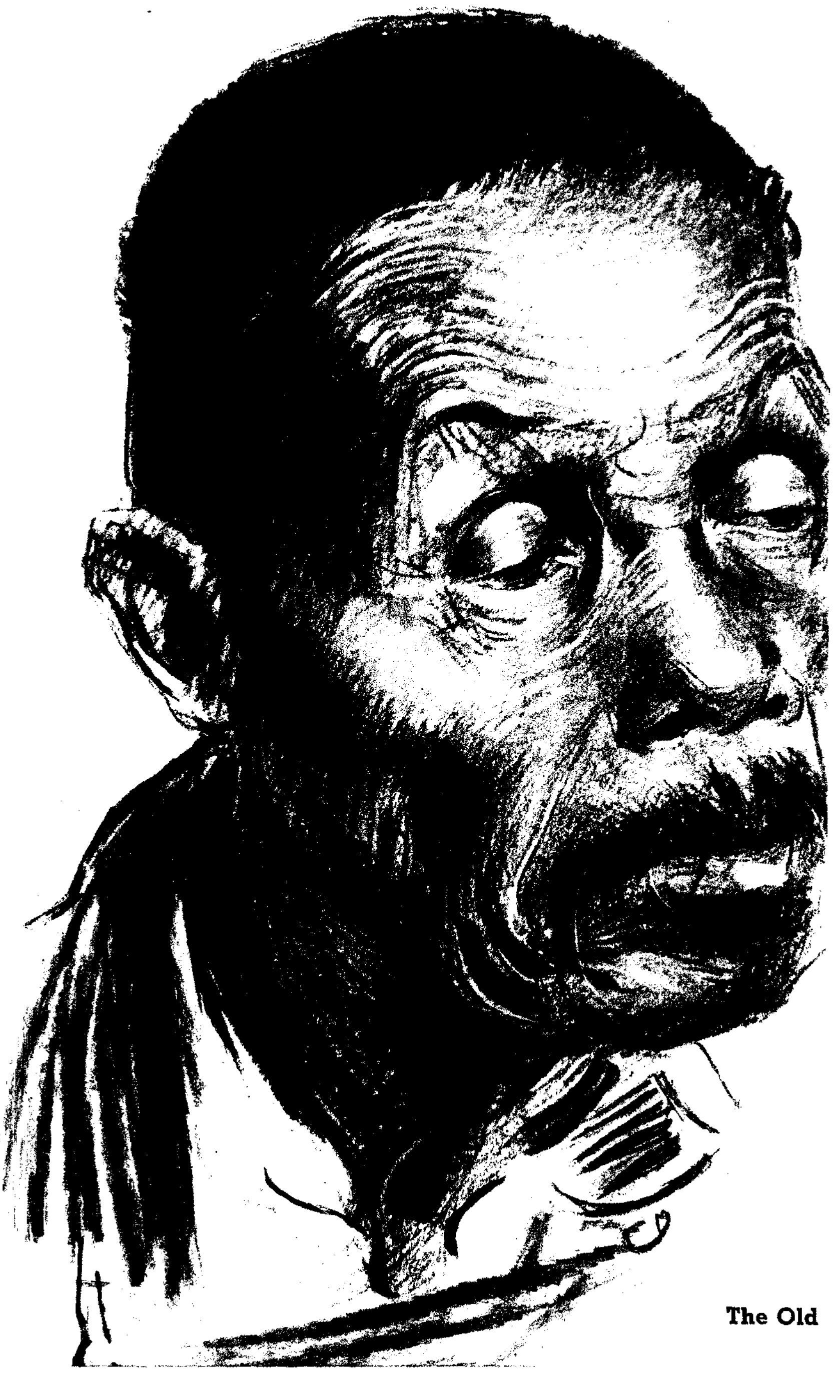
"The Hays office," said a voice of doom, "won't let us use It Ain't No Sin. The title has been changed to Belle of the Nineties."

The parrots, however, refused to recognize the authority of Czar Hays. They declined to stop repeating the words they had learned and to master Belle of the Nineties instead. They rebelled, too, against learning "Come up and see me sometime" as a substitute phrase. So Bill Pine gave up. He sold the parrots back to the importer at a heavy loss.

It was not, after all, the fault of the parrots, which carried out their share of the bargain. They upheld the theory of the animal trainers who serve the motion-picture producers that almost any animal can be trained to do anything that an actor can do—and a good many things beyond the capacity of actors. I am not referring to the animal *(Continued on page 83)*



Ting-san



The Old

TING-SAN, the ricksha runner, sat on his heels beside the Bund and chewed a penny's worth of salted squash seeds while he wished for many things.

He wished he had one of the new rubber-tired rickshas, instead of this rackety vehicle with wooden wheels and a clumsily mended shaft; he wished he could eat meat with his rice once a day, and he wished a foreign devil with the customary foreign disregard for money would summon him for a lengthy trip. But most of all he longed for a glimpse of the girl Ah-mi, who sometimes worked with the stone haulers on this stretch of road. Even with a rope hitched under her arms, even with her hair and clothes powdered white from stone dust, Ah-mi was fresh and desirable. In her dark eyes dwelt golden sparks of merriment and her laughter was like a bubbling stream of water.

Naturally they had had no speech together. What he knew of her he had gathered from scraps of conversation overheard as he squatted here to wait for the launch from the foreigners' school, filling the long, empty moments with whatever entertainment the life of the streets could offer. Just across the Bund from the boat landing was the shed where the women worked, and as they chipped the stone and filled their heavy carts, their tongues ran everlastingly. Idly at first, and afterward on purpose, Ting-san had listened to every word of the singsong chatter that rose above the clip, clip of their hammers.

Thus he had learned that Ah-mi was sister to scrawny Chue-lan, forewoman of the gang, that her betrothed had died shortly before the wedding day, and that the disobedient girl had refused to enter the household of his family, where most certainly she belonged, since the gifts had been exchanged and the betrothal tea had been drunk.

"It's not as if we had money to arrange another marriage for her," Chue-lan had sighed.

"But why should I have a mother-in-law, when I have no husband?" giggled Ah-mi. "It would be hard enough, I warrant, to obey one for the sake of a living man, but for a dead one—pah!"

"Look at her," Chue-lan had cried on another occasion. "Is she uncomely? Has she lost her teeth like us others? Is her back crooked yet, or her skin like wrinkled leather? Has the dust withered her eyelids as it has ours? Nay, and let me tell you that I was offered a good price in silver coin if I would send her to the Flower Boats. But that one! She does not wish to wear fine clothes, eat chicken stewed with honey, and drink sweet wines—"

"On the Flower Boats sweet wine turns sour all too fast," Ah-mi suggested.

"Were she mine to command," cried one of the old crones, "she'd go to any place where silver had been offered."

Chue-lan's grin was shamefaced. "Aw—aw—one would not wish to see the little firebrand throw herself into the river, as she swore before the gods that she would do."

Say what she will, she is fond of the small sister, Ting-san thought, recalling these words from the fog of past events, and making that moment live again. He saw the soft curve of Ah-mi's cheek as she sat half turned from him, saw her long, dark braid against her dusty work shaam, and heard once more her bubbling laughter. But it was all within his mind; these were the pleasures of contemplation. Today the shed stood empty and the women must be working in some different place.

TING-SAN spat out a mouthful of husks, and yawned prodigiously. Far down the river the white prow of the launch came in sight, cutting proudly through the water while sampans and slipper boats rocked with the speed of its passing. Ting-san's fingers closed round the shafts of his ricksha; he stamped the laziness from his feet. His outfit looked shabbier than ever as bright, rubber-tired *che-tsais* came up, and the shouting, quarreling and crowding for a place in the line began.

There were too many rickshas on the streets, competing with one another and with the new bus lines, taxicabs and private motorcars. Many of the runners did not find fares enough during the day to pay their license fees, many went hungry to bed each night, but Ting-san had no intention of being one of these. He found himself beside an old man who had tried in vain the trick of shaving his gray hairs to hide his age. Old, he looked, in spite of it, with furrowed skin and bleary, faded eyes. Ting-san received from him a timid, deprecatory smile as they watched the passengers leave the launch and hurry on their way.

"None will call us," the old one said.

"There are plenty still to come," Ting-san replied.

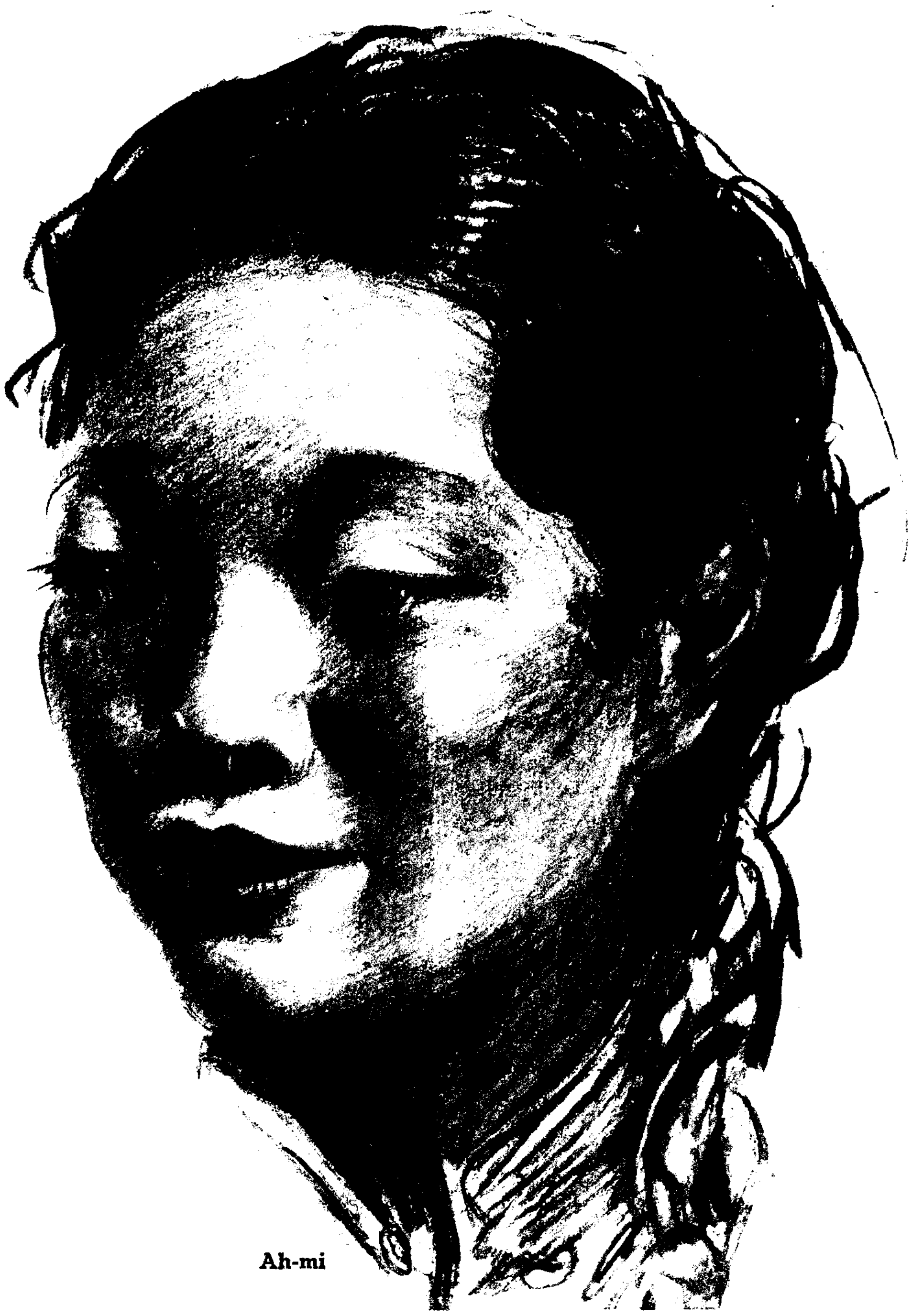
But it was undeniable that the line of people coming up the steps of the matau was thinning out. Many walked, or went along the street to the bus line two blocks away; others chose the bright, newly painted rickshas. Ting-san redoubled his cries.

The Gods Smile

By Naomi Lane Babson

Ting-san, the ricksha runner, wanted little from life, and expected less. He couldn't understand a word the American sailor said, and the sailor couldn't understand him. But their meeting brought Ting-san all the things he had desired, even a fine, rubber-tired ricksha

DRAWINGS BY MARTHA SAWYERS



Ah-mi

"Wai! Wai! Ricksha! Sit in my chair-with-wheels! I run very fast. I go very cheap."

"Ricksha! Ricksha!" a voice cried sharply. Ting-san and the old man sprang forward simultaneously, but Ting-san was the quicker to stand before the fat foreign man with the two suitcases.

"Where do you want to go? How many pennies will you pay?"

"Take me! I can run as fast. I will go cheaper," the old man bleated, half a second too late.

Ting-san could see his skinny legs, and his thin hands trembling on the shafts, he could count the bones in the grandfather-one's bare chest, and he saw that the old man's eyes were eager and ashamed as he tried to beat his friend out of a job. "No matter what he says, I'll go for half."

"Aw—" said Ting-san suddenly. Aw—" He turned his ricksha and wheeled it away just as the foreign Sinshaan would have lifted in his bags. "I am not going. I do not wish to go."

Hastily then the old man took his unexpected customer. "Thanks, friend," he murmured. "Ho toh-che nei."

"Get on with you," Ting-san replied, "before the foreign devil decides he can go faster on his own two feet. As in truth he could."

They disappeared into the flowing stream of traffic on the Bund, and when Ting-san turned back to the matau, a sampan was putting in. A foreign lady got out with a small child and they came slowly up the steps, for the little boy was lame. One leg in iron braces moved always behind the other, and he whimpered a little and wished to be carried. Ting-san clucked for pity. The cruel, unnatural mother, he thought. Why didn't she take the cage from her son's limb, why didn't she lift him in her arms?

"Ricksha!" he shouted. "Sit in my ricksha! Where do you wish to go? How much do you wish to pay?"

"We go to the big western hospital," the Senai said. "We will pay three ten-cents."

"Can do," Ting-san agreed joyfully. Thirty cents for an eight-minute pull—this was amazing luck. But he was always lucky. Taking one thing with another, he could well say that the gods had smiled on him from birth. Now a few more fares like this one, and tomorrow he'd have his rubber-tired ricksha.

WHILE the lady was settling herself and arranging the child on her lap, Ting-san saw the stonecutters coming. Ah-mi was at the end of the line, pushing against the rope harness, pulling twice her share of the weight. Her face was flushed and beads of sweat dampened her forehead, but she had breath left to talk with, and he could hear her voice and her high, sweet giggle. He lingered, fussing with one of his straw sandals, and with the strap around his broken shaft, making business for himself until the women had come up, and Ah-mi's black eyes flashed once into his.

Then he was off, running lightly up the Bund, passing every other *che-tsai* on the road in the strength of his delight. She knew him, her eyes had said. She was aware of him, and watched for him, even as he for her. Now when he had his new ricksha—when he had saved up a few dollars for a feast— Of course there were some trifling difficulties, but they could all be met. He had no money to pay a matchmaker, so he must find someone to serve as go-between for friendship's sake. He had no family, which might displease Chue-lan, but he remembered with a chuckle that Ah-mi would not object to the lack of a mother-in-law.

"Good luck to your journey, pang-yau," a voice cried from the crowd.

There was the grandfather, plodding heavily, with his back bent and his head almost level with the shafts.

"Farewell, Turtle!" Ting-san shouted, prancing past him with renewed pride in his own youth and comeliness and strength. His feet danced on the road, and the ricksha whirled behind him as lightly as a kite in the wind. The pale-faced foreign child laughed with delight and clapped his hands, speaking words that sounded to Ting-san like the pleasant, unintelligible chirping of a bird.

They came to the hospital and Ting-san stopped with a flourish. He yelled

(Continued on page 32)

The Girl who Saved the Game

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HAD she went and done wrong? My goodness, it was only a silly football game. Everybody said it was for the conference championship but then practically every last game of the season that the State U boys played was for some kind of a championship. For goodness' sakes, she certainly had wanted State U to beat the Aggies and nobody could say she wasn't loyal, her having Buzz Parkett for a steady date and all, but just the same . . .

"Hey! Lookit where you're goin', Thera!"

"Ooops, sorray!"

"Ooops, utsnay."

H'mph, the jealous thing, always passing cracks that she thought was wise but nobody ever laughed at them or thought her so clever. Too bad the tray wasn't loaded with a dollar-fifty steak instead of empties, though it was certainly no time to be wasting a precious thought on skinny-shinny Annette. After what happened yesterday at that big football game, with her right in the center of the mix-up if anybody ever found out. Goodness gracious, what wouldn't they do if they found out that *she* had been the real fundamental cause of it? Yeah, little Thera Malloy, only a servitress at the Campus Tavern, that those sorority girls alla time tried to high-hat but simply did not succeed in so doing. Well, if anybody dreamed that two football coaches and two of the biggest star football players . . .

"You guessed wrong, Red. I said iced tea, not hot coffee—"

"Ooops, sorray!"

It certainly was not *her* fault, the way things turned out. If men and grown boys get so worked up over a mere sport like football that they got to have psychology worked on them to do their best, why, they should not cast incriminations when a girl is only trying to be a pal and help them in their desires. Mr. Willingham, the State U boys' coach, surely would have an awful crust if he blamed her for what happened. It was all his childish simple-minded idea that she should help him arouse Buzz Parkett to full fighting strength . . .

"Say, Thera, is it your T-bone-and?"

"T-bone? I didn't say T-bone—I said hamburger de luxe—"

"You said T-bone."

"That's right, Al. I heard her."

"Ooops, sorray!"

H'mph, those greasy cooks, let them get fresh with her and she'd have Buzz give them a working over and what is more they knew it. That Buzz boy certainly did have a big passion for her, the big, dumb, sweet fella. Even Mr. Willingham recognized Buzz's feelings as authentic, and that is why Mr. Willingham had come to her just before this big game to apply psychology on Buzz and make him do his best activity against the Aggie boys. It seemed . . .

"Ooops, sorray!"

"Quite all right, Angel. I'd take more than catchup in the eye from *you!*"

H'mm, a kind of cute fella, but—well, besides she was purely a victim of circumstances. The Aggie boys came to town and stayed at the Campus Tavern two days before the big game, only the team stayed out on a farm near town and Mr. Murdock, the Aggie boys' coach, asked she and half a dozen other girls to go out and make the visiting team welcome and take their minds off the big game. Nobody could say it was not a perfectly respectable party, not even beer served, and after dancing a while Mr. Murdock brought she and the girls back to town, not a minute later than ten-forty-five.

Kind of by accident she happened to make a hit with Mr. George Kintner, the big football star of the Aggies' side, that everybody called Splinters, though he was not thin but pudgy. He just simply insisted on riding back with her alone in a taxicab, but did not get fresh after she told him what people thought about waitresses was not true.

So—

"Hey . . . don't pour syrup on scrambled eggs—"

"Ooops, sorray!"

So Mr. Willingham found out about it and how Buzz was all jealous and upset that she would go, although Buzz had not called her for it, so Mr. Willingham up and told Buzz a simply terrible story of the party and how *she* was made to walk home from the taxicab ride with Mr. George Kintner. She certainly never authorized Mr. Willingham to make any such a statement and when he informed her what he had said to Buzz, she was simply horrified and spoke right out and told Mr. Willingham she would deny every last word to Buzz. But, oh, no. Mr. Willingham said he done it for just a trick to get Buzz worked up against the Aggies and against Mr. Kintner especially. "Buzz needs fight-'em for this game," Mr. Willingham said, "and if you want Buzz to star and be in line for a pro-football offer you will do this much to help him." Furthermore . . .

"Psssst, Thera, your guy wants watering!"

"Ooops, sorray!"

Furthermore, Mr. Willingham was such a smooth talker and made her think she could prove to all and sundry that she was just as loyal and had just as much real spirit for the success of State U, so she finally consented to back up Mr. Willingham. So pretty soon Buzz came to her all worked up with Mr. Willingham and he pretended to be all worked up, too, and she authenticated the report of Mr. Kintner's rude behavior. Buzz said: "I'll go out there and knock his ears down," but Mr. Willingham said to save Kintner, the big heel that insults women, until tomorrow. And . . .

"I said, 'My check,' honeybunch. C-h-e-c-k."

"Ooops, sorray!"

"So would I be—paying nine dollars."

"Sorray. It's a one, not a ni-un."

Big klunk. Besides, a girl does things on the spur of the impulse that she would not do if she had time *to think it over without the whole college and the* town being so excited up over the silly football game. That is why she did it. To prove that she was not in possession of her faculty, she walked into the kitchen swinging door that scrawny-brain Annette let swing on purpose and it banged her on the eye. This happened right after Buzz and Mr. Willingham had left, showing any fair-minded person the state of nerves she was in. The door gave her a real black eye, so she had to put on her sunglasses and had a sick headache to boot, what with the bands parading that night and all the students yelling their fool heads off.

SO WHEN Mr. Murdock came in to eat about nine-thirty and ordered a big dinner and talked so nice to her and all she was just so ashamed she had put Buzz so hard against the poor Aggies. So she had almost made up her mind to kind of warn Mr. Murdock to be on the lookout for Buzz, that was so awful strong when he lost his temper, when Mr. Murdock asked her to help him. It was about Mr. George (Splinters) Kintner . . .

"Fer luvvamike, Thera. Cantcha shut off the percolator?"

"Ooops, sorray."

Poor Mr. Murdock was in an awful jam. He talked to her equal-to-equal, telling her his most intimate details of life and that the Aggies would fire him unless he won the big game. Mr. Murdock said, just like Mr. Willingham, that you had ought to be fighting mad against the other side, and Mr. Kintner was too easy-going and all. So Mr. Murdock noticed her eye that was discolored and got the idea she should tell Mr. Kintner that Buzz done it because she had went out with Mr. Kintner.

Well, she repulsed his offer to make her tell a bare-faced lie and against Buzz of all people, until Mr. Murdock put it on a high plane of fair play and good sportsmanship, and finally she said she would do it. But it was not at all because Mr. Murdock tipped her twenty dollars, although Mr. Willingham, the big cheap skate, making more dough than a professor did, had not offered his thanks even. . . .

"Psssst, Thera! Take station eight—"

"Sorray, busy."

Well, had she went and done wrong? How could you do anything wrong to the football spirit of America when you were absolutely indifferent to the game and did not even go yesterday, but went and had your hair washed so as to get a free operator with the crowd at the game? Why, she had not even seen what happened and only heard by hearsay that on the very first something of the game Buzz and Mr. Kintner started swinging their fists at each other. The referee said they started fighting simultaneously at once, so he put them both on the bench and would not let them play and the game ended in a scoreless tie, nothing to nothing. If neither side won, how had anybody been damaged? Anyway, for goodness' sake, the football season was over now and everybody would forget about it, she certainly *hoped.*

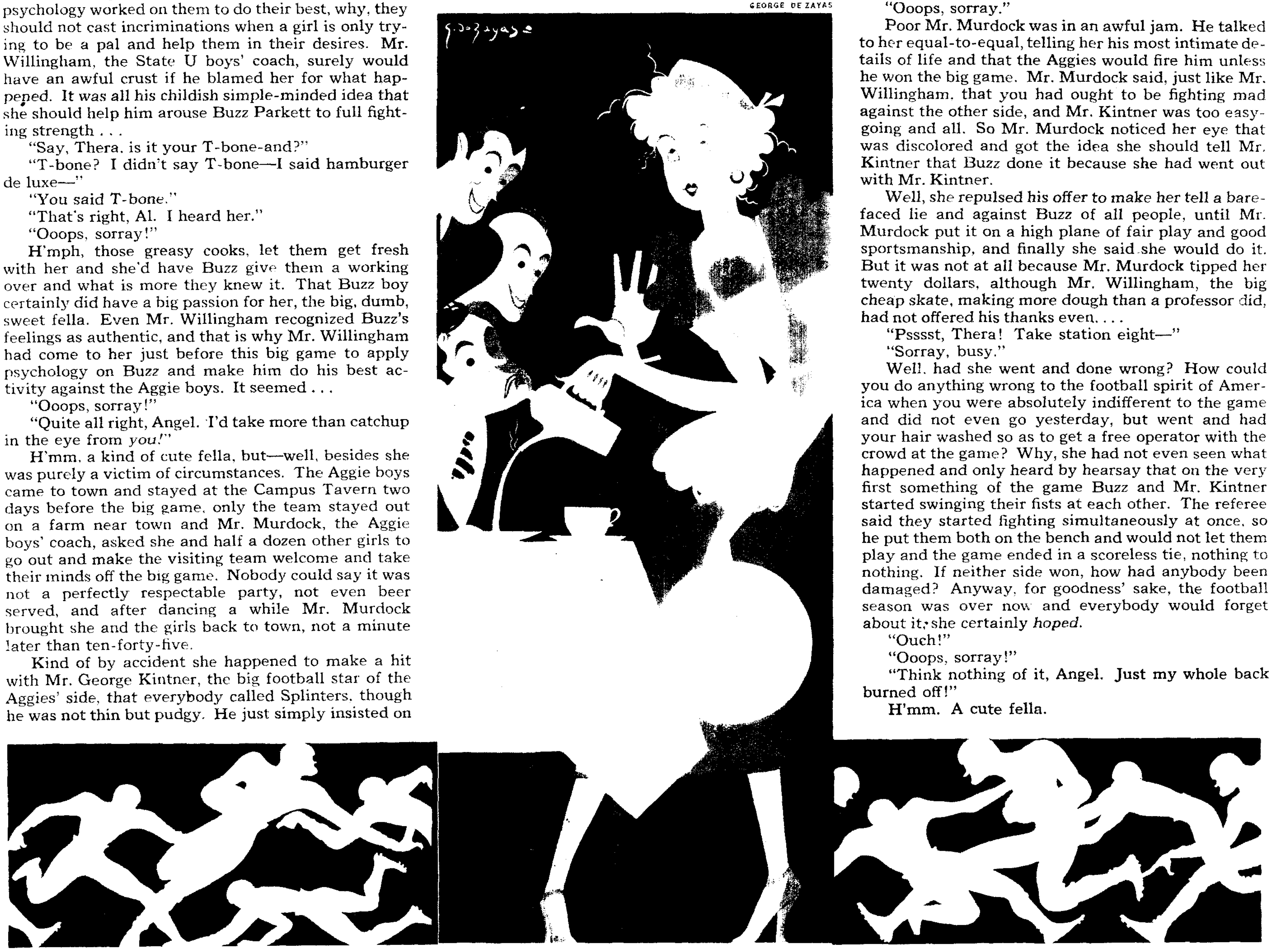
"Ouch!"

"Ooops, sorray!"

"Think nothing of it, Angel. Just my whole back burned off!"

H'mm. A cute fella.

GEORGE DE ZAYAS



IFOR THOMAS

Certain excepted classes of Chinese may be admitted to the United States under the immigration law. Mahjong helps to while away the waiting time

Our laws were not designed to aid and comfort alien criminals, but that's their effect. With honest aliens they are hidebound and tape-wrapped. A fine state of affairs

Back Where They Came From

By George Creel

LAW-ABIDING Americans, reading in the newspapers of aliens arrested for every variety of crime from robbery and arson to dope peddling and criminal assault, grow purple over the laxity of immigration authorities. Where's the government? Why aren't these undesirables deported at once? Why doesn't the President fire Madame Perkins for her inability or unwillingness to deal sternly with the problem? The answer is very simple. Deportation is not possible in a majority of instances because the laws now on the statute books are shot through with defects and jokers that Congress stubbornly refuses to cure.

The alien who steals a loaf of bread for his starving family may be deported mandatorily, but an alien habitual criminal who has been convicted a score of times can thumb his nose at the Bureau of Immigration. No mercy may be shown the mother who slips into the United States to join her family, but Uncle Sam cannot deport alien gangsters arrested for carrying revolvers, sawed-off shotguns or a choice collection of stilettos.

An alien narcotic peddler is deportable when his offense is against federal law, but let him be convicted under a state law, even if it be proved that he has been selling morphine to school children, and he can continue to stay in the country. Aliens smuggled into the United States may be shipped back across the border easily enough, but the alien criminal who smuggles them in is not deportable. Even the President is without power to avert the deportation of some poor devil found guilty of illegal entry, but any police court judge can stay the banishment of a notorious gangster or convicted murderer.

Call on Edward J. Shaughnessy, Assistant Commissioner of Immigration, at his office in Washington, and nothing will please him more than to cite cases of aliens who have made crime a lifework but cannot be deported by reason of loopholes in the law. One of his prize exhibits is Paul Kerestesy, a well-known if not distinguished resident of Cleveland, Ohio.

They're Here to Stay

In 1920, soon after his arrival in this country, young Paul was sent to the reformatory for auto stealing and after release gave himself over wholeheartedly to the compilation of this record:

1923—Assault and battery	60 days
1930—Rape	Discharged
1931—Assault and battery	10 days
1931—Annoying females	$500 fine
1932—Removing mortgaged property	Costs
1932—Highway robbery	10 to 25 years

Notwithstanding, Paul cannot and will not be deported. Neither can we deport Frank Antonio Lupino of Syracuse, New York, although Frank managed to get himself arrested for the following offenses against the law during the twelve years from 1920 to 1932:

1920—Disorderly conduct	Sentence suspended
1921—State prohibition law	$300 and 4 months (suspended sentence)
1923—Drunk and disorderly	$5
1923—Motor vehicle law	Discharged
1923—Sex crime	1 year probation
1924—Gambling	$10
1925—Eighteenth Amendment	$350
1926—Attempted assault	Not shown
1929—Arson, first degree	Discharged
1932—Arson, second degree	1 year

There is also the case of Joseph Citrino, a dynamic gent from foreign shores whose insistence on rugged individualism enabled him to establish the following police record during the course of a ten years' residence in these United States:

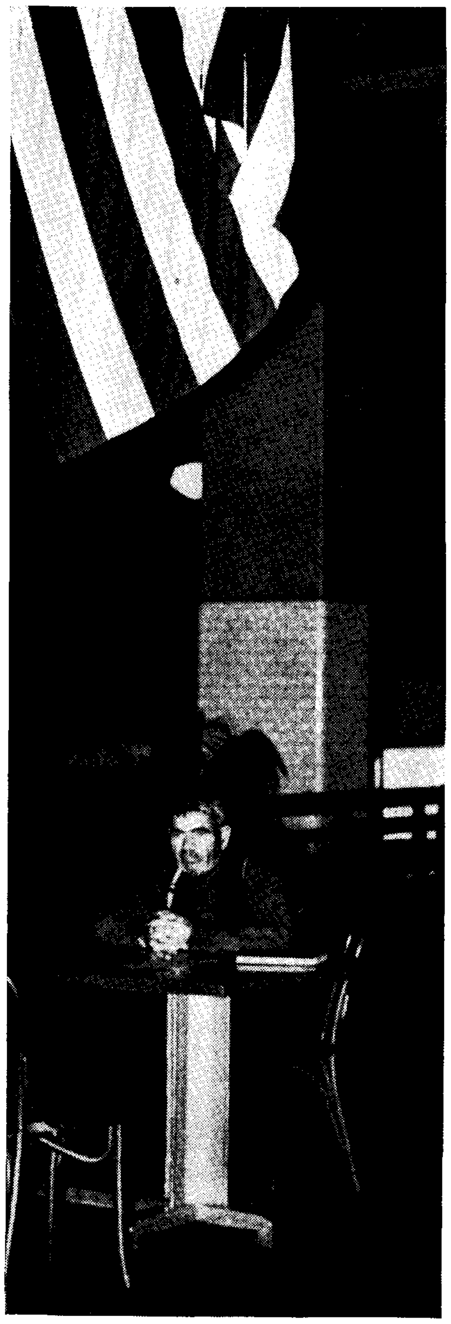
1925—Drunk and disorderly	$500 bond
1926—Assault to kill	Discharged
1927—Operating auto while drunk	Discharged
1927—Assault and battery	Discharged
1927—Drunken driving	2 years' probation
1932—Aggravated assault and battery	Sentence suspended
1932—Attempt to kill wife and children with ground glass	3½ to 7 years

The estimable Joseph, like Paul Kerestesy and Frank Lupino, grins at all efforts to deport him.

Immigration officials and police authorities agree that there are more than 20,000 habitual alien criminals in the United States today, men who have spent half of their lives in prison, and yet the federal statute, as it stands, prevents their deportation. A recent survey in Chicago, covering people arrested during a fifteen-day period, revealed that 235 of the number were aliens who made a business of crime, and yet not a *single one* could be sent back to the country from which he came.

What are some of the defects that make a mock of the law? First and foremost is the requirement that an alien, in order to be deportable, must have been convicted of a crime involving

Patiently awaiting admission to the land that will become his new home. This immigrant, undergoing the customary detention at Ellis Island, may be admitted under his country's quota



moral turpitude *within five years after entry,* and sentenced to a *year or more,* or else, without regard to length of residence, have been so convicted and sentenced *on more than one occasion.* Even the most ignorant alien should be able to grasp these clear instructions. All that he has to do is to keep away from the police for five years after coming into the country, and then he can cut loose without fear of deportation.

Assuming, however, that the alien is indiscreet enough to commit a crime within five years after his entry, his blunder will involve no serious consequences unless he is sent to prison for a *year or more.* What simpler than to form political alliances that will make a judge listen to reason? Going over Mr. Shaughnessy's record, in case after case it is found that alien criminals, arrested for serious offenses, have been let off with sentences of *less* than a year, or else they have had sentence suspended or have been released on probation. Note this treatment of Louis Karp of New York City, an alien of forty-five and in this country forty-three years.

1916—Possession of drugs	Paroled
1916—Possession of drugs	6 months
1917—Attempted forgery	11 months
1918—Petty larceny	Paroled
1920—Violation of parole	Released
1922—Possession of drugs	Paroled
1925—Possession of drugs	Paroled
1927—Possession of drugs	Paroled
1928—Possession of drugs	Paroled
1930—Violation of parole	Paroled
1931—Possession of drugs	Paroled
1933—Possession of drugs	Paroled

In that one record you have a main reason why 20,000 aliens are permitted to stay in the United States despite undisputed proof that they are habitual criminals. Although the alien in question had been haled into court exactly twelve times, and found guilty exactly twelve times, the immigration authorities could not touch him because he had never received a sentence of "more than one year."

What's Moral Turpitude?

Look back and read again the records of Kerestesy, Citrino and Lupino. Not one given a sentence of a year or more within five years of entry, or a sentence of a year on "more than one occasion." All habitual criminals and aliens, and yet the law forbids their deportation. Nor is that all! If the sentence *is* for a year or more within five years of entry, or if the alien has been sentenced for a year on more than one occasion, any petty judge has the power to stay deportation proceedings.

Surely it would seem obvious that the service should be able to deport a gangster carrying enough concealed weapons to make him a walking arsenal? But no! And why not? Because the law explicitly states that the alien must be convicted of a crime involving "moral turpitude," and various learned judges have held that there is not the least suggestion of moral turpitude in walking the streets with revolvers strapped under the armpits and a submachine gun stuffed somewhere in the pants. Just bad form, that's all.

In the matter of illegal entry, the Immigration Service makes no denial that many alien noncitizens are in the United States who have no right to be here. Not three million, as loosely charged, but several hundred thousands at least. So far from indifference to the problem, the service keeps ceaseless vigil, not only on our borders but in every city. Down where America and Mexico touch, for example, a patrol of 338 officers and men are always on the watch for mysterious planes, automobiles with secret compartments, and midnight caravans that creep across the line and wind a furtive way through the sandy stretches around the Salton Sea.

Some of those who try to enter illegally are husbands or fathers or mothers seeking to rejoin their families, and many are vicious undesirables, but whether those smuggled are good or bad, the fact stands clear that the smuggler himself is a criminal. Incredible as it may seem, however, the law does not regard alien-smuggling as a deportable crime. The traffic is chiefly in the hands of resident aliens, yet when he has paid a fine or served a sentence of less than a year the smuggler is at liberty to go back to his grimy trade.

For a full two years the Immigration Service has been begging Congress to give it the right to deport the smuggler as well as the smuggled, but nothing has been done. Neither has any action been taken on the service's repeated appeals to have the law's loopholes plugged up so that it will be possible to deport alien dope peddlers convicted under state laws as well as federal; to define the carrying of deadly weapons as a deportable offense; to wipe out the provisions about the length of residence and sentences, so that an alien may be kicked out whenever found guilty of a crime involving moral turpitude; and to take away the power to stay deportation proceedings from judges of the petty courts.

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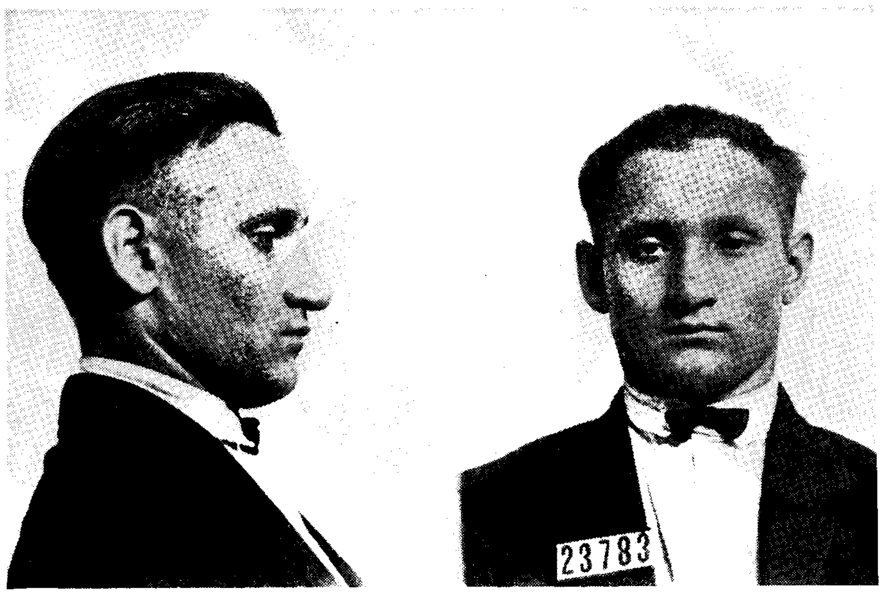
Joseph Citrino, alien and criminal, with a record of seven arrests in ten years, who cannot be deported under the present law



Paul Kerestesy of Cleveland is another alien with a long criminal record who is likewise immune to deportation at present

Frank Lupino of Syracuse, New York, alien. His career in America cannot be terminated despite his many and varied crimes

A provision in the Immigration Act grants a preference within the quotas to aliens "skilled in agriculture" and their dependents. More undesirables have come in through this means than any other, for by boldly setting up a fraudulent claim to an agricultural status, smooth rascals can acquire a priority in obtaining quota visas. Year after year the bureau has asked Congress to strike out this provision, to no avail.

A Cruel and Stupid Law

Another defect in the law is that warrants for the arrest of aliens believed to be subject to deportation can now be issued only by the high officials in Washington. Consider the case of a field officer in New Mexico or Arizona who picks up an alien who has just sneaked across the border. He cannot take action until he has written or wired to his superiors in Washington asking for the issuance of a warrant, and while he is twiddling his thumbs until the warrant arrives the alien drifts away to some other town or state. Time after time Congress has been asked to grant field officers the right to sign the warrant, but as yet the request has been refused.

The law's leniency with respect to criminal aliens, however, is more than offset by its cruelty and stupidity in dealing with cases of illegal entry, no matter how deserving of mercy the victim may be. As an illustration, the secretary of a Ukrainian benefit organization entered legally before 1925, and under the law was not subject to deportation as long as he remained in the country. Unfortunately, he attended a convention of his society in Rochester, N. Y., traveling via the Michigan Central, which passes through Canadian territory, and although he did not leave the train in Canada nevertheless the Bureau of Immigration is compelled to consider this a departure from the country and a reentry, rendering mandatory his deportation and separation from his legally resident wife and four children, two of whom were born in the United States.

An alien who entered legally in June, 1924, was asked by his dying wife to take her body to Europe for burial. He did so, and compliance with the deathbed request brought him within the deportation net as constituting a new entry.

One case before the bureau at the present time is that of an alien father who came to Canada from Ireland in 1920, and four years later married a Canadian girl. The couple entered the United States illegally and during their residence in this country four children have been born. With deportation proceedings pending against them, the parents face not only separation from their children but from each other as well. Canada will not receive the father since he is a native of Ireland, and as a native of Canada the mother must be returned to that country. And they are the parents of four native-born American-citizen children who in all probability must be left behind in the United States.

In the study conducted by the bureau in 1936-1937, there were found to be pending 2,363 deportation cases involving aliens of good character whose violations of the immigration laws are of a technical nature, not one being charged with crime or immorality or subversive political activities. If these aliens are deported they will leave behind in this

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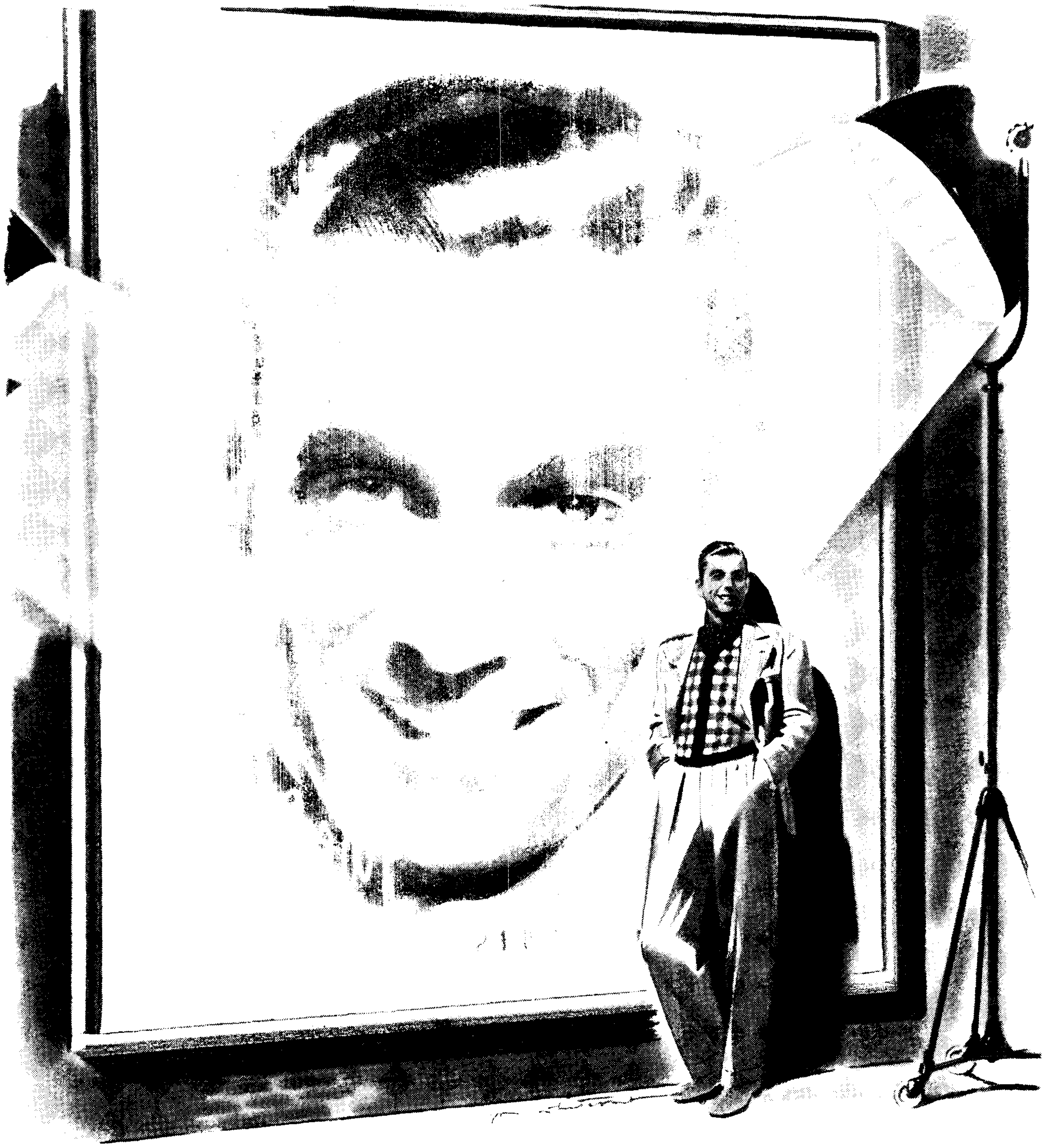


To a lot of people good old Chet Frazee was a meal ticket, a patsy, and an all-round fall guy

Simple and Dignified

By Frederic Mertz

Proving that a slightly mad family or two constitutes no real handicap to a movie star whose mind is on a girl—a girl who goes swimming in a page-boy bob and a patched bathing suit

AFTER the last retake was shot in "We Dance Tonight," Chet Frazee drove down to Encinas Grandes for a few days' rest. Encinas Grandes is not like Palm Springs, nor is it like any of the other desert oases back of Hollywood. It is an old-fashioned, solidly comfortable place out of the days before hotel architecture forsook the scroll saw for the chromium band. They give you big rooms there, and two helpings of the seasonal pies, and a chance to brood in hot sulphur baths that smell the way Chet Frazee felt—terrible.

Chet drove to Encinas Grandes with three headaches. One of them he had picked up during the Rumba in the Rain number with Mona Vincennes. The other two were in the evening papers which he bought unsuspectingly while courteous and smiling attendants gave his roadster the works at a Hollywood Boulevard filling station. He read the headlines and looked at the pictures again, lying alone in the big black walnut bed of the Encinas Grandes Hotel's bridal suite.

"Chet Just Pal, Says Newlywed Mona," one screamed. And: "Star's Kin Takes Round in Troc Battle."

When he had slowly throttled the papers and sailed them toward the wastebasket, Chet Frazee and his triple headache began a wrestling match that lasted until morning, no holds barred. Not that he cared one whoop about Mona Vincennes and her fly-away marriage. All that Chet-and-Mona stuff—their appearances together at premières and fights and the Brown Derby and the Santa Anita track—had been a build-up by the publicity boys of Resolute Pictures, who wanted a romantic news angle for the press releases on "We Dance Tonight." Even their reported engagement.

What made him sore now wasn't Mona's elopement, but the way the newspaper layouts made things look. There were photographs of Mona, dripping orchids, at the controls of her new husband's plane. There were insets of Chet, looking wistfully out of old professional stills dragged from prehistoric files. Good old Chet, looking like a disgruntled song-and-dance man who had been turned down by a smart girl for a Minneapolis food broker named Cullamore. Taken with the other headline—the one about the Trocadero—it showed who was the world's prize stooge. Who? Nobody but good old Chet Frazee.

THE Troc item was one of those reasons why they argued, over at Resolute, that Chet Frazee's family was his news angle. The family wasn't very large. Just two sisters and a brother and Dad. But they got around. Even in lean weeks, you could generally find one of them on the front page—young Stan Frazee throwing a slab of cheese cake at somebody in the Wilshire Brown Derby; or J. Chester Frazee, dear old Dad, denying charges and settling out of court; or one of the girls rushing off to Reno ("Yvette's 'Divinely Happy' Marriage Again on Rocks"). They were just such wisecracking, space-filling color as makes a city editor's holiday. They wouldn't stay intimidated by the Hays office. They did the nonchalant, dizzy things that Chet Frazee could do on the screen in a top hat and tails, and that he never did in real life at all. In real life he was an anxious-looking young man, sandy-haired and a little too thin for his tweeds.

He had intended to spend at least the morning of his first day at Encinas Grandes lying in bed, loafing over a brought-in breakfast, and maybe plotting something for a new dance routine. But he came to such a bubble, thinking about his grievances, that he rose at an ungodly hour for a man on vacation, climbed into a pair of trunks and a beach robe and a pair of dark glasses, and strode out toward the hot springs behind the hotel.

He didn't get very far.

Midway between the jigsawed hotel veranda and the hot springs festering in their glass-roofed barn, Chet Frazee had to pass the Encinas Grandes outdoor plunge. Nobody was in it at the moment except a girl, doing a crawl that took her the length of the pool in a calm and workmanlike manner. The water looked cold, even in the fresh sunshine. But Chet was in a mood of unreasoning grimness, where he didn't care whether or not he contracted pneumonia. In fact, it seemed to him that a little pneumonia might be a lesson to a lot of people. To a lot of people good old Chet Frazee was a meal ticket, a patsy, and an all-round fall guy.

HE LEFT the beach robe and sunglasses beside the pool, and took a header. The girl was at the far end by then, and starting back. She reversed when he did, and so from time to time he had a chance to note the pleasant young curve of her shoulder as it rolled up out of the water, passing in the opposite direction. The bathing cap fitted too closely against her head to tell him whether her coloring was brunette or a beautifully sunburned blond. He wasn't interested, either way; but he found it soothing to share this swim with somebody who went about the business so absorbedly, and who had such a gentle and unprovocative face. He let out presently in an eight-beat count, so that they pulled themselves up at the same time out of the water.

"Hello," she said breathlessly but impersonally. She peeled off the bathing cap, and her hair was brown, cut in a page-boy bob curling under at the ends.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JON WHITCOMB

"Hello," said Chet, drying out an ear.

"Are you training for something?" she inquired, just as she might have asked anybody who happened to be panting and dripping beside her.

He intended to say no. Then he remembered the ordeals lying ahead of him, probably for the rest of his life. So what he said was, "Yes—that is, not entirely. Uh—no. I just happen to like it early in the morning. It's quiet."

Her dark eyes concentrated on his, in an unruffled and unchallenging attention. "Later on," she said, "there are always lots of people around, talking and talking and talking. But now it's so peaceful."

"That's it," Chet agreed. "Peaceful." The sun's warmth, he noticed, was doing wonders for his headaches—what was left of them.

She studied him for a hushed half minute. "You live around here, don't you? I'm no good at remembering the right faces with the right names, but I've seen you—"

He mumbled his name, and said he'd just finished a job and was trying to snatch a few days' vacation, just lazing around. Then a troubling idea came to him. "Look here," he said, "this isn't an interview or anything like that?"

"Of course not," said the girl. "Why would anybody want to interview me?" She held out her hand and said, "I'm Jane Elliot."

Her halter-strap bathing suit was faded, Chet noticed, and a peppering of neatly darned moth holes lay against one slim thigh. She was the most tranquil thing that had happened in a long time to Chet Frazee.

HE HEARD himself ask, on a sudden surprising impulse, "Why don't you have breakfast with me? If they've stopped serving here at the hotel, we can drive somewhere—"

She shook her head. "I can't. I've got to take some supplies into the back country." She indicated an undistinguished roadster standing at the curve of the hotel drive. The rumble seat bristled with chicken wire, rolls of roofing paper, and the handles of garden tools.

Again Chet felt himself measured by the candid, unirritating scrutiny of her eyes. "You could have breakfast out there," she said at last. "That is, if you can get along on eggs and bacon and biscuits and coffee."

"What?" said Chet Frazee. "No griddlecakes?"

She smiled back at him. "Buckwheat cakes and white sage honey."

Chet scooped up beach robe and sunglasses. "Give me ten minutes."

He and Jane Elliot drove out to a ranch on the other side of the Encinas Grandes hills. She seemed to have the run of the place, though she didn't live there. The rancher's wife was churning, so it was Jane who fried the bacon and eggs, and made the hot cakes and coffee. They went out afterward to inspect a lath house, a stable, and a kennel, all in process of construction. Even before that magnificent country breakfast, he was in love with her. But by the time he was taking her to lunch—this was hours later, somewhere near Santa Barbara—he knew it. His headache was gone. He felt handsome and carefree, and ready to cope heroically with all situations, no matter how cockeyed.

Also he had learned a few things about her. He knew that her parents had just acquired the ranch where Jane had cooked breakfast. He knew that she lived uphill on one of the live-oaked slopes overlooking the Encinas Grandes Hotel. And he knew that he was going to ask her to marry him in forty-eight hours or so. He decided on forty-eight hours because he didn't want the proposal to strike her as sudden and impulsive and in the emotional tradition of a Frazee. He wanted everything to be simple and dignified.

He was relieved to find that she wasn't at all impressed favorably or unfavorably by his being a picture actor. Maybe this was because of the way he explained it.

"I'm not a star," he said. "They just say I am, because it's a nice four-letter word they happen to remember. I'm really a contract player trying to be a darned good actor, so that when I get too old for musicals I can keep on doing character parts forever, if I have to."

JANE accepted these revelations with a composure deepening, after a time, into prolonged thoughtfulness. "I suppose," she said at last, "it's a profession where you meet all kinds of people."

"If you buy a quiet place somewhere," he assured her, "you can go off there and just sit around."

"People don't half appreciate just sitting around," she said in her practical, grave way. "I like it, too."

Perhaps this bond of sympathy brought him to his decision. On the way back to the Encinas Grandes Hotel he told her what the rest of the Frazees were like. He wasn't bitter. He kept the story simple. It was like describing sinus trouble or arthritis. He was at the wheel of Jane's car, so that at first he didn't see her with her hands against her face, looking uncertain whether she wanted to laugh or cry. He pulled up by the roadside, in the romantic shade of an abandoned hot-dog stand. He said, "That's how it is. That's why I want a quiet place so badly."

She was smiling at him while she winked back the tears. "You poor thing," she said. "You poor, good old Chet Frazee."

He was going to put his arms around her. But he didn't, because he wanted to keep everything dignified and regular, untainted by any symptoms of the Frazee tradition. "Jane," he asked as he was bringing her roadster into the driveway of the Encinas Grandes Hotel, "are you engaged?"

She shook her head.

"Could we do something about that?"

Her eyes came up very steadily to meet his. "I don't think I'd be very good at the Mona Vincennes kind of thing, Chet."

He had explained about Mona. Now he said, "This wouldn't be the Vincennes kind of thing, Jane. This would be Mr. and Mrs. John Chester Frazee."

IT CAME to him suddenly that this was his father's name, too—flamboyant old J. Chester, with his oil royalties lawsuit, his Santa Anita escapades, and his sensationally cummerbunded entrances at the Coconut Grove. He wondered whether some vision of the Frazee family head was bringing that look of thoughtfulness to Jane Elliot's face.

"It sounds so restful," she said after a moment. "John and Jane."

"May I come up to your house tonight?"

The look of thoughtfulness deepened. "Not tonight. I—I'll come down in the morning, though, if you're going to swim."

She slid over to the driver's wheel, and he stood for minutes on the hotel veranda watching the trail of dust from her roadster as it swung upgrade among the live oaks masking the hill. Absently, he signed albums for two old ladies from Phoenix.

He stopped at the desk for mail, but he didn't ask the clerk about the Elliots or the Elliot place. A corner of his mind worked on that problem while he skimmed the day's output of Frazee follies: a letter from Stan's lawyers; a heavily red-crayoned prospectus for a

(Continued on page 53)

Highly original, at times, is the Hollingbery idea of how a football coach should act, but results are uniformly excellent

Just Call Me Babe

By Richard L. Neuberger

You might just as well. It's shorter than saying Orin Ercel Hollingbery, poet, football coach, expert automobile repairman and amateur buffoon. Those are a few of his accomplishments, but added all together they still don't explain why he has to his credit four championships of the Great Northwest. Perhaps you had better meet him

THE [illegible] late that Thanksgiving afternoon in [illegible] Olympic stadium at Los Angeles could [illegible] been made more dramatic by a galaxy of scenario writers from the near-by Hollywood studios. It would have delighted the heart of the most fanciful movie director.

U. C. L. A. and Washington State College were locked in a bitter football battle. The championship of the Pacific Coast Conference and the right to carry the colors of the Far West into the Rose Bowl hinged largely upon the outcome. U. C. L. A. was unbeaten and was tied for the conference lead. Washington State was just behind with only one defeat.

There had been no score through 59 minutes and 58 seconds of terrific struggle. The invaders from the uplands of the north had fought the heavily favored home team to a standstill. Only two seconds were left to play. Fifty yards from the U. C. L. A. goal post, Jonathan Eubank of Washington State had dropped back to attempt a place kick. If successful, it would be longer than any field goal completed on the collegiate gridirons of the United States all season.

Forty thousand spectators watched in rigid silence. The timekeeper's gun was in the air. Two seconds to go! Time for only one quick play! The University of California at Los Angeles linemen strained forward like race horses at the barrier. If the kick cleared the distant crossbar, dim now in the lengthening shadows, their chance for the championship and the Rose Bowl game was as vanished as the chalk lines that had once striped the torn turf on which they crouched. Washington State braced for one final scrimmage. The center bent over the ball. The kneeling halfback thrust forth his hands to snap it down. The quarter began to bark signals. Eubank poised his kicking foot. The crowd was tense and still.

It was a setting made to order for suspense and drama. The most dyed-in-the-wool Frank Merriwell fan couldn't have asked for a more spectacular finish. The closing gun would sound while the ball was in the air. The game would be ended before the waiting throng in the stadium—and the other thousands listening excitedly at their radios—would know whether the kick had cleared the crossbar or fallen harmlessly to earth without scoring the all-decisive three points. Elegantly clad Hollywood stars in the front-row boxes were hushed and quiet, and so were the dollar spectators down at the end of the stadium. The atmosphere seemed electric with excitement.

It was the greatest do-or-die football finale in the history of the big concrete stadium Los Angeles had dedicated to the Olympic Games. Everything about it would have fitted into the most sensational gridiron thriller ever to flash on a movie screen—that is, everything except one little item.

Was the Washington State College coach watching grimly from the side lines, his hand shielding his determined eyes from the last rays of the afternoon sun, as his heroic, gallant underdogs made their dramatic eleventh-hour bid for victory and glory?

He was not.

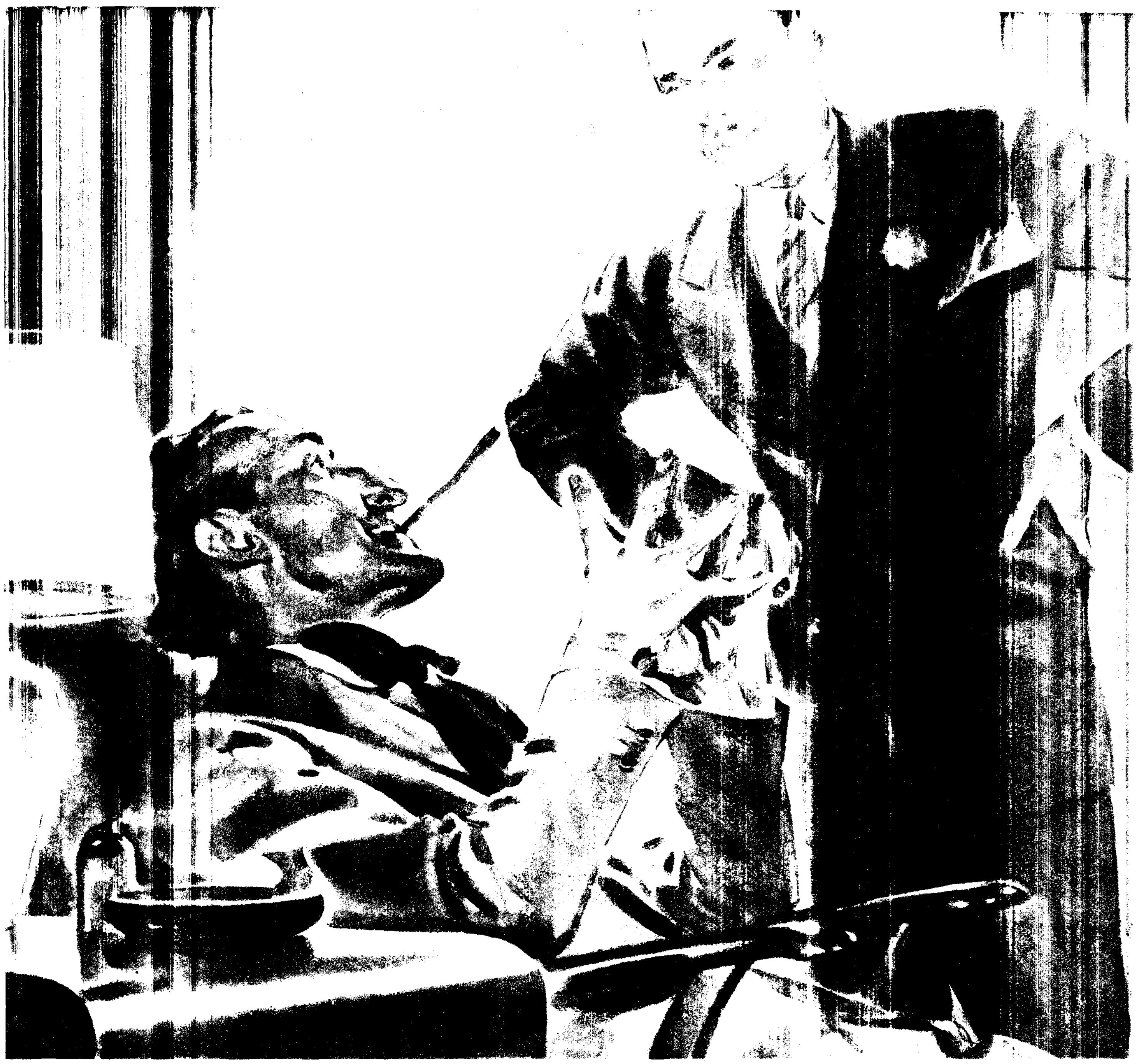
You Never Can Tell About Babe

Orin Ercel (Just Call Me Babe) Hollingbery had turned completely around and was the only man in the entire vast assemblage facing the grandstand. "Tell me what happens, boys," he ordered a couple of Washington State student managers. "I can't look!" Alone of all that tense multitude, he did not see the ball leave Johnny Eubank's foot as the gun went off, to soar fifty yards and over the crossbar for a Washington State triumph and the season's No. 1 Rover Boy finish.

Babe Hollingbery has always been—and still is—like that. You just can't tell about him. He is the only one of 227 major football coaches recently listed by the Olympic Athletic Foundation who never attended college himself, yet he has the second best long-time coaching record in the rough-and-tumble conference along the Pacific seaboard. Babe is that way in every respect. He's as unpredictable as South American politics. When he should be watching the field, he's pretty sure to be looking up at the grandstand. When he should be sitting on the bench, you generally can spot him pirouetting along the side lines like a combination between a whirling dervish and a member of the Ballet Russe. He conforms to no behavior pattern. When he should placate his alumni, he warns them instead that all colleges will have to get together and stop the recruiting of athletes. He is as hard-boiled as any lumberjack in the Washington tall timber, yet *(Continued on page 47)*

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The famous green "good luck" suit is an important factor in Washington State wins



Van Arden was still frowning. "Of course," he said, "you wouldn't li [illegible] me, Zorane"

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE shadowing Stefan Zorane, a labor racketeer who has been causing trouble in New York City, Guy Van Arden, a government agent, inveigles Sally Porter, a clever newspaper columnist, into co-operating with him secretly. Then, unknown to Sally, he "sells out" to Zorane.

A senatorial committee, headed by Senator Larsen, is investigating *Zorane's* activities. Eric Larsen, the senator's son, meets Sally, learns that she is the "mystery woman" in the Zorane case—and falls in love with her! Whereupon (although he is well aware that the girl is engaged to Barney Teel, a reporter) he succeeds in making it appear that Sally is his fiancée; he does this, so he says, to make a favorable impression upon the senator, who heretofore has disapproved of the girls in whom Eric has been interested.

The senator is delighted: *now*, at last, Eric has found a girl whom he will be proud to have as his daughter-in-law.

Sally is playing a dangerous game with Van Arden. She has no desire to be exposed, and Eric insists that he will expose her if she refuses to play the role he has given her. Thus blackmailed, she reluctantly pretends that she is going to marry Eric. She tells the truth to Barney Teel, but Barney does not believe her.

Van Arden learns that the senator has brought an alligator briefcase from Washington. Feeling sure that the case contains evidence against both Zorane and him, he orders Sally to steal it. Sally goes to the senator's hotel suite, enters it. The senator is asleep in his bedroom. Sally tiptoes into the room, finds the briefcase, takes it and slips into an adjoining room. Eric enters the room, finds her!

Amused by the situation, Eric takes the case and, when the senator, awakened by the sound of voices, comes into the room, announces that *he* had taken the case with the intention of turning it over to the hotel management for safekeeping. . . .

Another girl, Coral Mayberry, is in love with Barney Teel. Coral is rich, spoiled, willful; whenever she is in need of advice, she turns to Eric, whom she has known for years. A short time after the briefcase episode, she goes to Eric's apartment and asks him to find out everything he can about Teel and his father. Eric at once phones John Featherly, the senator's chief undercover man, and asks him to investigate the Teels. Coral leaves. "I think," Eric muses, "that Barney and Coral would be very happy together."

IV

SALLY'S alarm clock went off at eight-thirty, and she awoke with that desolated feeling that comes of going to sleep with an unsolvable problem and waking four hours later with it still hanging in the mind like Florida moss. It was, in other respects, a morning for rejoicing, a sunny June morning, with the curtains at her windows billowing in a fine breeze and small gray birds cheerfully bickering in the trees in the back yard.

She flew into her clothes and reached the shop of the little German jeweler around the corner on Madison just as he was unlocking his door. Her ring was ready. She had Mr. Heinzelman saw through the band of the emerald ring, told him to repair it at once and send it to Mr. Eric Larsen, whose address she gave him.

Out in the sunny June morning again, she held up her hand and let the sun flash and sparkle on the facets of her diamond. Just having the ring on again made her feel better. There had been something unpleasantly symbolic about the emerald ring and her inability to take it off. The diamond Barney had given her was no gayer than the emerald, but it seemed gayer, and she was sure that Barney's ring was a lucky ring, and that the miserable luck that had been dogging her would be replaced by good luck.

Della had her breakfast ready when she returned to her apartment—grapefruit juice, toast, strawberry jam and coffee.

Barney came in when she was finishing her second cup of coffee. He looked as if he hadn't slept well, and he looked worried.

When Sally got up from the table, he took her in his arms, held her very tight and kissed her. He kissed her several times, with fierceness rather than passion, and he held her tight against him.

"Oh, God," he groaned. "Darling, I damn' near died. I couldn't sleep. When I left you I walked all the way to the Battery. It was daylight when I rolled in. Forgive me, darling. I don't want any explanations at all. Just tell me you love me."

His voice broke and he stopped. Something melted in Sally. Her eyes filled with tears. She gave herself up to the joy of being in his arms.

"I love you, darling. I love you so *much*."

"That's all that matters," he said. "I trust you. No matter what happens, I trust you. I was such a louse. Now, finish your coffee. I'll have some, too. Della! Coffee!"

Sally dried her eyes and they sat down and looked at each other. He looked better already. He looked happy.

"You're all sparkling with dew," he said. "There are times when I really think you're going to be a nice-looking girl when you grow up."

HE HAD a curious way of looking at her when he was joking. He had a marvelous smile. There was a lot of fun, not merriment, in his smile. He was facing the light. His eyes, which were brown, had a great deal of depth. Brown eyes, Sally reflected, catch more light than blue eyes. That's why a brown-eyed person seems to have more expression. Because of the way he was looking at her, her seeing so much farther into them than if they were blue eyes, she could see what he was thinking, or what she thought he was thinking, and what he was thinking was how nice she was. It was one of the nice things about Barney—he always looked at her to the exclusion of everything and everyone else. It was one of the things that made him so appealing. So many men seemed to see just your eyes. He made a girl feel she was *something special.*

There was a look of great kindness in his eyes now, a gentle kindness and thoughtfulness that was quite feminine.

Della placed the coffeepot and a cup and saucer before him. He poured the cup full and put in cream and three lumps of sugar. He had fine hands, with lots of personality, and long, straight fingers. He used his hands with a sort of flip. They were impudent hands.

"The main thing I've decided," Barney said, "is that we've got to fight our battles together."

"Yes, darling," Sally said huskily.

ERIC LARSEN, about to cross the street to call on Sally, saw Barney Teel enter the building and changed his plans. He ran to the corner florist, on Madison, and said, "How many orchids have you? Quick!"

"About two dozen."

"Put them in a box while I write a card!"

Della took the box from the boy and gave it to Sally. When she saw the name of the corner florist on the box, she looked quickly at Barney, but he hadn't the look of a man, a little pleased with *himself, who has just sent flowers.*

It was a large box. He said, with firmness, "Let's see that box." He opened it. There was a profusion of purple orchids lying in green waxed paper. There seemed to be hundreds of them.

He took out the card and read it aloud:

"'Darling, darling, darling. I love you fifty-two times. Eric.'"

The telephone began to ring. Sally answered it.

Eric Larsen's voice said: "Hello, darling!"

"No," Sally said, "this is not Gladstone three-four-nine-two," and dropped the phone into its cradle.

Barney was watching her expression, and his eyes were as busy as bees. "That was Larsen."

"Oh, Barney, no, it wasn't," she cried. "It was Eric Larsen."

"Darling, it was not Eric Larsen."

"Why are you lying again?"

"I'm not lying, darling."

He looked at her steadily a moment longer. "Okay," he said. "It wasn't Larsen. But let's settle it. Promise me you won't see any more of him."

All right."

"Promise me you won't see him again."

"All right."

The telephone began to ring.

"Out of my way," Barney said, and picked it up. "Hello," he said. "No, she isn't here. I'm the exterminator man. I didn't know whether to answer the phone or not. There's nobody here but me. Okay, sir. Yes, sir."

He put the phone back. He was pale. He was furious. Then his normal color returned.

"He left a message for you to call a Mr. Van Arden."

The telephone began to ring again. Sally's eyes began to swim. Barney looked at it. He picked up his hat from a chair and strode to the door.

"Sometime when you're not so busy," he said. "Goodby!"

He slammed the door. The telephone continued to ring. Sally picked it up and said, "Hello," huskily.

The cheerful voice of Eric Larsen said, "Hello, adorable. It's Eric. Did you get my flowers?"

"I think you're despicable."

"Weren't they nice flowers?"

"I want you to know I think you're the most contemptible, the most loathsome—"

"Will you have cocktails with me?"

"I will not."

"What was that sound? It sounded like an ambulance siren. Say, the Pelican at five o'clock?"

"No!"

"It isn't an ambulance siren, after all. It's a police siren. I'll be right up."

"No!"

BUT when the doorbell rang, less than three minutes later, she had Della let him in. She was afraid not to let him in. He looked fresh and recently shaved and his eyes glowed with kindliness and admiration.

"I dropped in to see how you were. You're lovely. You're beautiful."

The telephone rang. Sally reached for it, but his hand covered it a split second too soon. He said, "I must censor the calls my fiancée receives. I am a jealous fiancé."

He picked up the phone and said, "Hello. Who is this? Whom do you want? Just a moment." He looked at Sally, whose face was crimson with indignation. "It's Mr. Van Arden."

He gave her the telephone, and he watched her, with his long arms languidly folded.

"Hello, Van."

Van Arden said sharply, "Wasn't that Eric Larsen?"

She hadn't the strength for another inquisition. "No, Van. It's the exterminator man. You know, the apartment sends him around once a month to exterminate cockroaches if there are any."

"That place must be swarming with them this morning. Isn't one of them Eric Larsen?"

She hesitated. Her heart was beating rapidly. "Yes."

"Good! Find out why he forced you to dine with his father. Work on him. I must know."

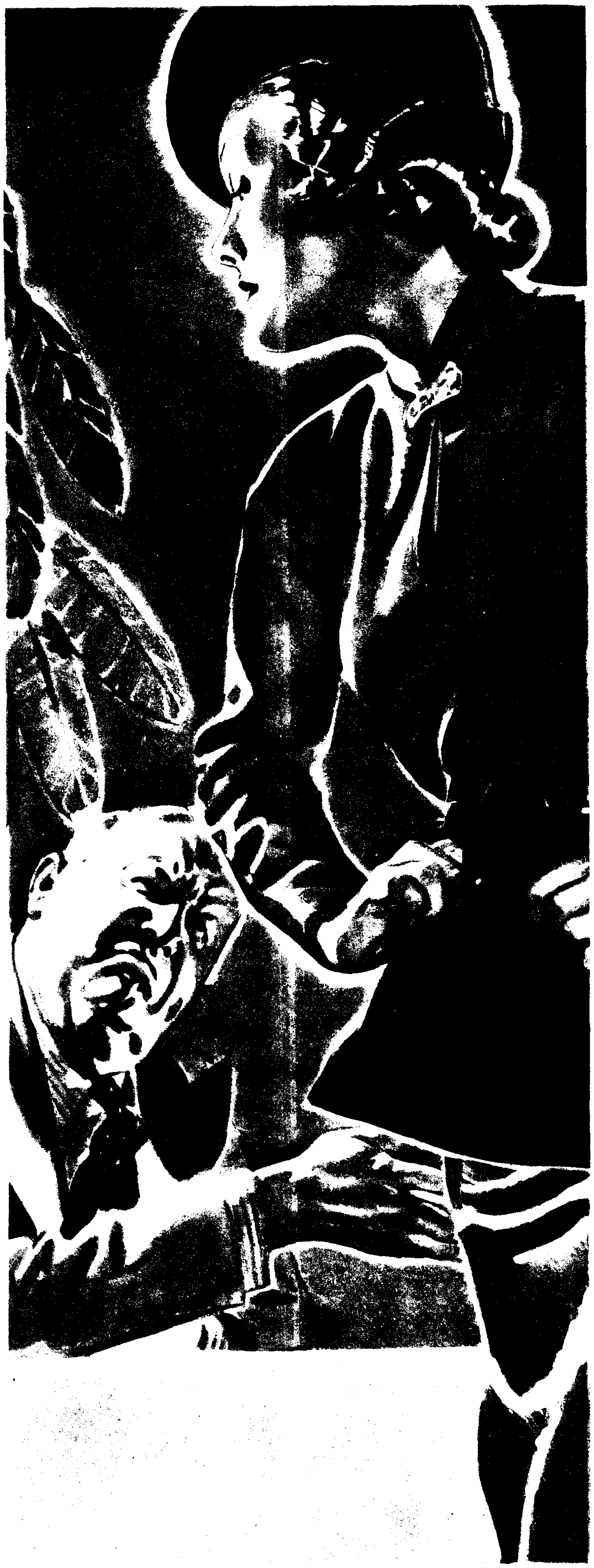
"All right, Van."

"Have you ever had any dealings, any contacts at all, with Pop Kresco?"

"No."

He broke the connection. Eric was lighting a cigarette.

"More orders?" he said. "Or don't you know what I'm talking about?"



ELMORE BROWN

"Next Thursday," Kresco said. "No later." As she walked past him he added, "Don't think I'm kidding about it, baby"

"I seldom know what you're talking about. You know, Mr. Larsen—" She crossed the room, took a cigarette out of a box and lighted it. "You're really very mystifying."

He looked puzzled a moment, then he smiled. "That's nice." He nodded several times. "Yes, I like that. You must be interested if I'm mystifying, mustn't you?"

"Why did you lie to me?"

"Did I lie to you, my dove?"

"You didn't have to impress your father last night to get money. He isn't your angel."

"Of course not! You are."

"Why did you do it?"

He shrugged. "One half of a Larsen's mind never knows what the other half is thinking. It's a trait that you'll learn to love. One half of me is an enigma. The other half is another enigma. But both halves love you dearly. Don't ever question that. It's like having two men in love with you."

SHE realized the futility of trying to cajole or trick out of this man the information that Van Arden wanted. She made a final forthright attempt:

"Why did you blackmail me into having dinner with your father last night?"

"Because I fell in love with you. But that isn't the point. The point is, will Van Arden believe that? Or shall I cook up something more along his lines?"

She said huskily, "You have to go. I'm late for work."

"Very well, my pet." He picked up his hat and went to the door. "The Pelican at five?"

"No," Sally said with firmness.

"There's something I must discuss with you."

"You mean, you want Barney to walk in and find us as he did last night."

The lanky young man stared at her with astonishment. "Sally, you're mistaken. You said that last night. Why on earth should I want to drag Barney Teel in? I want to discuss something with you this afternoon—something I'll be working on most of the day—of the most vital importance to you."

His brown eyes were serious, and his large mouth was serious. His eyes weren't like Barney's, although their color was the same. Barney's were crystalline, Eric Larsen's were velvety and they lacked the depth of Barney's. She considered him dubiously.

"All right," she decided. "The Pelican at five."

When the door closed, Sally said, "Make me some fresh coffee, Della." She felt rattled. She was hopelessly involved again. And the morning had started off with sunlight and gaily bickering birds!

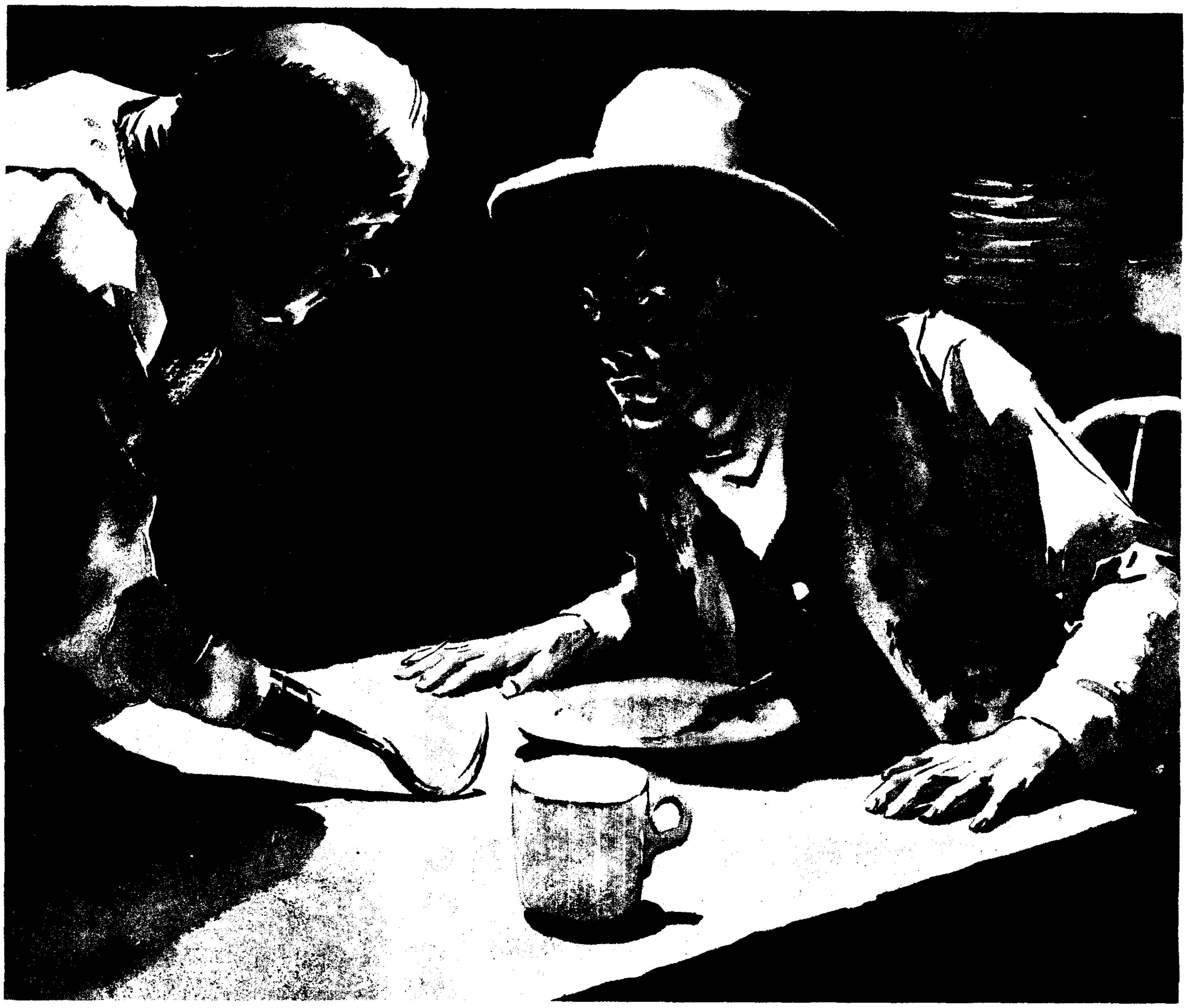
THE special messenger from Washington had come and gone, leaving a bulging, worn brown briefcase. Eric opened it and glanced at its contents. It was packed with letter-file folders containing a chronological record of Stefan Zorane's daily activities for the past three months.

He said to his valet, "I'll be at the public library for several hours, in case anything important comes up. I'll be home for a late lunch. Call up Barney Teel at the Globe. If he isn't there, keep calling until you reach him, and leave word, too, in case he calls in. Ask him if he is the reporter handling the Zorane case. He will say yes. Tell him if he will drop in at the Pelican at about five-thirty this afternoon, he will find something of great interest. When he asks who you are, tell him you're a special agent in the Department of State."

When Douglas had repeated these instructions and was sure of the details, Eric telephoned John Featherly.

The senator's head investigator said:

(Continued on page 25)



"You're a great man, Sundown," Broderick said. "If I talk out of turn it is because I hate to see you go wrong"

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of fighting, two hostile factions—old Pedee Barr's crowd, and the Ketchum-Oldroyd-Sultan group—accord Jim Majors, a young deputy United States marshal, a cold reception when he arrives and takes a hotel room in Reservation, the Silver Lode Range region's only town. No one will answer his questions; everyone is savagely hostile.

Outnumbered by his enemies, Pedee Barr, desperately in need of support, has taken Ben Maffitt, a man of most unsavory reputation, as an ally. Maffitt takes it upon himself to intimidate the new arrival, force him to leave Reservation. Within a short time, however, Majors—by the skillful use of both his gun and his fists—makes it quite obvious that he is a man of rare courage, and that he will not go away until he has captured, or killed, five bandits he is trailing.

Impressed by his bravery, his self-evident honesty, three girls—an orphan known as "Tony;" Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine, and Buff Sultan's sister, Edith—befriend him. Two of the girls are in love: Tony with old man Oldroyd's son, Matt; and Edith Sultan with Dan Barr, the son of her brother's bitter enemy, Pedee Barr! Katherine (according to the gossips) is interested in no one; as a matter of fact, within a few days after Majors' arrival, she *is* in love—with Jim Majors. And Majors is in love with her.

In two clashes between the hostile forces, Ring Barr, one of Pedee Barr's sons, and old man Oldroyd are killed. Majors realizes that a bloody, useless war will soon be raging—unless he is strong enough, clever enough, to stop it by playing a number of leaders against one another and so disrupting the opposing bands.

Working adroitly—dropping a word here, a word there—he succeeds in weakening both factions. Due to his machinations, Maffitt deserts Pedee Barr, and Dobe Hyde, a thoroughgoing scoundrel, takes command of the Ketchum-Oldroyd-Sultan crowd.

Well aware that Buff Sultan dislikes him, he forces a situation (with Sultan looking on) in which he makes it appear that, rather than put the life of Edith Sultan in jeopardy, he lets a prisoner go. The prisoner is Dobe Hyde. After the episode, Sultan, completely won by Majors, announces that he will not fight against the Barrs.

Incensed by Maffitt's desertion, Pedee Barr rides to his home, calls him out. Whereupon, Maffitt shoots him. A few moments after Barr dies, Brick Brand, one of Maffitt's hirelings, leaps on a horse. "You fellows think you're smart pickin' Hyde for the right man," he shouts. "I'll pick a righter one!" And he rides away into the dark as Maffitt shoots futilely.

IX

JIM MAJORS came into Reservation and left his horse by the hotel. It was past the dining room's closing time but he went on to the kitchen and found Tony cleaning up the last of her chores. He didn't say anything. He sat down by the serving table and put his arms on it and let his legs sprawl out, watching her move silently around to find him a meal. Broderick came in.

"You went," said the hotelman with a driving directness, "to get Dobe Hyde. Where is he?"

"Didn't get him."

Tony put a plate before Majors and drew silently into the background, watching him with round, soft eyes. Her lips changed, drawing faintly apart; and breathing stirred her breasts a little. Majors went about his eating but Broderick stood over him, his vast belly steadied against the opposite side of the serving table.

"You tried?"

The question freshened Majors' sense of defeat. He said, "Be quiet, Broderick."

"You're roughin' up the wrong man," Broderick instantly warned him. "I have got to—"

Majors laid down his fork. He put both hands flat on the table, the fingers spreading and whitening from pressure. His legs crept backward along the floor and he looked at Broderick with his muscles set for a dive across the table; his face was stone-still. Wildness was in the shine of his eyes, pulsing like the flow of his blood.

Broderick didn't give ground. He shoved the steel arm hook half across the table and rapped it sharply on the wood, and let it lie, point upward, like a weapon. They faced each other in this manner, implacably and deadly willful.

Majors settled back partially. He said: "You're right, Broderick. My apologies."

RELIEF loosened Broderick completely from head to feet and a great breath swept in and out of him. "You're a great man, Sundown. I will say it again: I admire you. If I talk out of turn it *is* because I hate to see you go wrong. All right?"

"All right," said Majors and slouched quietly back in the chair.

"Well, you came here to break up the Valley. You have done it, which is somethin' no other man could do. I have watched you make your plays, some seemin' very foolish. Which was my mistake and the town's mistake. None of 'em have been foolish and I have learned somethin' I never expected to learn, that bein' how one man with nerve and smartness could bust a country wide open. I take my hat off to you, Sundown."

He looked away from Jim Majors,

(Continued on page 75)

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Smart Girl

Continued from page 21

"I switched the best man we have in the Middle West, Sam Green, who's been working in Flint, Michigan, to Fort Bend. He left Detroit on the six-o'clock plane. He is one of the slickest articles in the business. He was on the Capone case, the Lindbergh case and the Dillinger case. If he doesn't bring home the bacon, there isn't any bacon."

AT TWELVE-THIRTY, Sally's secretary said: "A Mr. Kresco is calling, Miss Porter. He says it's very urgent."

Sally picked up her telephone. "Yes, Mr. Kresco? This is Miss Porter."

A soft whispery voice said, "The girl that does the Let's Be Smart column?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where the Café Riviera is?"

"Yes."

"Meet me there as quickly as you can and we'll have a bite of lunch, Miss Porter. I want to talk to you about a little matter that came up yesterday afternoon."

Sally was suddenly angry and rebellious. She wasn't going to be victimized any further. She said coldly, "I'm sorry, but I have a luncheon engagement."

"Sister, I'm not joking," the soft whispery voice said. "Buckle on your roller skates and get here fast."

A click in her ear ended the conversation. The telephone slipped out of her hand and fell to the floor. Sally picked it up and put it back on its base.

"Jane, will you call up the business department and tell Mr. Gibney I can't have lunch with him? I've something important to attend to."

SHE had never seen Pop Kresco, but she recognized him from newspaper photographs. He was a short, paunchy man in his fifties, with his gray hair clipped short. She had never seen ice that looked colder than his cornflower-blue eyes, and the implications of his thick, self-indulgent lips were dismaying. Eric Larsen had said he would make a wonderful comedy character, he was so tough. She felt herself growing tense with antagonism for their inevitable disagreement.

Pop Kresco was waiting just inside the entrance of the Café Riviera, smiling with his mouth but not with his eyes.

"Miss Porter?"

"Mr. Kresco?"

"Right this way, sister." He led her to a booth and said to a waiter, "Nobody's to sit in the booth on either side of us."

"Okay, Mr. Kresco."

He settled down across from Sally Porter and spread his elbows on the tablecloth. There were layers, or bands, of fat under each eye, starting just below the inner corner and proceeding diagonally down above each cheek. They gave him a grossly dissipated air.

"You've been in here before?" he said in his whisper.

"Yes." Sally was trying to relax and to be very alert at the same time. Her heart was racing, and she supposed she was pale. She was frightened, but she was still rebellious. If this heavy-eyed man wanted to quarrel, she would meet him halfway. She was sick of being put upon.

"Well, I own this place. And I don't like the way you sneer at it in your column."

"Then," Sally said briskly, "why don't you make it the kind of restaurant I can't sneer at?"

"Never mind working for the laughs," Pop Kresco said. "You're a friend of Guy Van Arden, ain't you?"

"I'm afraid you're mistaken."

"Don't try to kid me. He put you up to that interne gag, didn't he? Sure. I know all about that."

"Then there's no argument, is there, Mr. Kresco?"

He looked at her mouth for several seconds and said, "There's something phony about this." He looked at her mouth for several seconds longer. "Waiter!" he called.

"Hey, keep your eye on the traffic! I'll keep you posted on how much money you're making!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

A waiter came to the table.

"Plug in a telephone."

The waiter went away and was back in a moment with a telephone which he plugged in.

"Will you order now, Mr. Kresco?"

"Later. Go away." He poised his short, thick forefinger above the dial. "What's his number?"

Sally hesitated, and told him. He dialed the number.

"Van Arden?" he said in a moment. "This is Pete Kresco. Yeah. Yes. Look. I've been thinking that maybe the time has come when you and I can do a little dickering. I'll tell you. You see, if I could settle with this Zorane without any trouble, nice and quiet, I'd prefer it. Zorane is bad medicine for me now after all this publicity. Maybe you and I can get together. You keep your mad dog away from me and—I don't do any talking."

Sally was watching him with round and steady eyes.

"Sure, sure, I'll talk about anything. You see, Van Arden, the world is full of people who know things. Now, there's a beautiful babe having lunch with me right this minute who knows a lot of things. She's a friend of yours. The little girl who slipped the interne suit to Zorane. Yeah."

POP KRESCO chuckled softly. "What am I talking about? Not what, Van Arden. Who. Sally Porter. Silver Slippers. Know her? What has she got to do with Zorane? Listen, Van Arden, shall we stop playing simple? Because she told me with her own beautiful red lips. She told me a lot of things, and she may tell me more."

The contractor was watching Sally Porter. He was holding the cord with one hand, prepared to pull out the plug if she yelled or tried to snatch the telephone. Sally, aware of it, was watching him and not moving or intending to move.

"Yeah. You see, Van Arden, she's obligated to me, in a way, and anxious to please. But to get back to this business of you and me getting together in a mutually helpful way— I am peddling what? Goofer feathers? That's a good one, Van Arden. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Ah, well, if the time ain't ripe yet, it will be. Here's hoping you land butter-side-up, Van Arden. But if you want the opinion of a guy who's been through a lot more monkey business than you have, I'm saying your number's just about due to come up—without any butter on it."

He yanked out the plug. "He said he was no longer fascinated, Miss Porter. And so what?" He pushed the telephone aside and spread out his elbows again. "It's a mystery." He was frowning at her. "You're a mystery, too. Things don't fit together like they should. He was too sure of himself."

"Why shouldn't he be?"

Pop Kresco projected his lower lip and looked at her heavily. Then he smiled. "Will you have beer or wine with your lunch, Miss Porter?"

Sally felt better. "I never drink before the sun goes down, Mr. Kresco."

He nodded with approval. "You're just as smart as you look. Let's be smart!" He laughed. "What'll you have?"

"A salad."

"A nice combination salad?"

"That would be nice."

"Rudolph!" he shouted.

The waiter who had been waiting twenty feet away came swiftly over.

"Rudolph, bring Miss Porter a nice combination salad. And I'll have the

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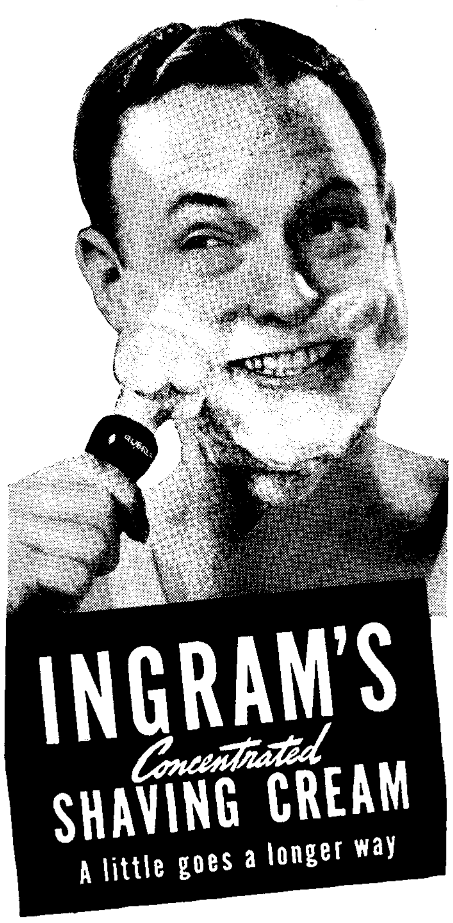

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pigs' knuckles and some of that Rhine wine, and an order of some of that potato soup first. Dust."

The waiter swiftly vanished.

Pop Kresco tossed the menu aside and spread his elbows again. His eyes were playful now.

"Now, sister, let's get down to business."

"What business?" Sally said coolly.

"All this sneering you do about this café. What's wrong with this café?"

Sally pressed her lips together for a moment, and there was a light in her eyes. "All right, Mr. Kresco, I'll tell you, and it won't cost you a cent. First of all, your waiters. They look and talk like thugs. Do they all carry guns, or is it merely my imagination?"

"They're good, clean boys," Pop Kresco said indignantly.

"And the cooking isn't good. Heavy, dreary food. Fine for farmhands, but not for the kind of clientele you're catering to. Your chef has no imagination either. Fire him. Get a good one."

"Oh, you're telling me how to run my business."

"You asked for it. I'm an expert on these things. Another item: the wall decorations — too heavy and dreary. You're catering to smart people and you wonder why they don't patronize you."

"No, I don't, baby. My place is okay. All it needs is a good write-up to start the crowd coming, and they'll keep coming. And you're going to do it."

Sally started to laugh, then she stopped. There was something about his mouth.

"In your column," Pop Kresco said.

His assurance made her feel faintly ill. One reason for the success of Let's Be Smart was that it was not only bright and witty and informative but also clean. She was as proud of its integrity as an admiral of his honor.

"A whole column write-up would do it. All over the country. Front page of the Globe."

"I won't," she snapped. "Nobody can use that column. It can't be bought and it can't be blackmailed."

He said gently, "I'm not asking you, baby. I'm telling you."

"I will not advertise this restaurant in my column!"

"Oh, yes, you will, Smartie. Or do I tell the cops? Maybe that kind of publicity would help your column. I'll give you one week to get it in your column. Come up here as often as you want, eat all the food you want, drink all you want, bring as many friends as you want, inspect the kitchens, talk to any of the help you want. And make it a good snappy write-up. You've been saying a lot about an ideal restaurant. Your ideal restaurant has this and that. Well, this is it. Say so. Everybody wants to know where this ideal restaurant is. Tell 'em."

Sally got up quickly. He looked up at her. "How about your lunch?"

"Thanks, I'm not hungry." Her face was pale. Her lower lip was a shiny bud.

"This is Friday," he said. "Make it next Thursday. Next Thursday, no later."

As she walked past him, he added, "Don't think I'm kidding about it, baby."

STEFAN ZORANE blew thin, blue, aromatic smoke from the pinhole formed by his lips. He put his coffee cup down and said in his deep melodious voice: "I told you she is too beautiful to be good. She is double-crossing you, my friend."

They had been having luncheon in the dining room of Guy Van Arden's apartment when the telephone call came from Pop Kresco. Since then, Van Arden had been at a window staring down at the passing cars and busses in Fifty-seventh Street.

He turned and looked at Zorane. The labor agitator's long-lidded eyes were amused.

Van Arden returned to the table and folded his arms on the back of a chair. The lines beside his mustache looked like black threads.

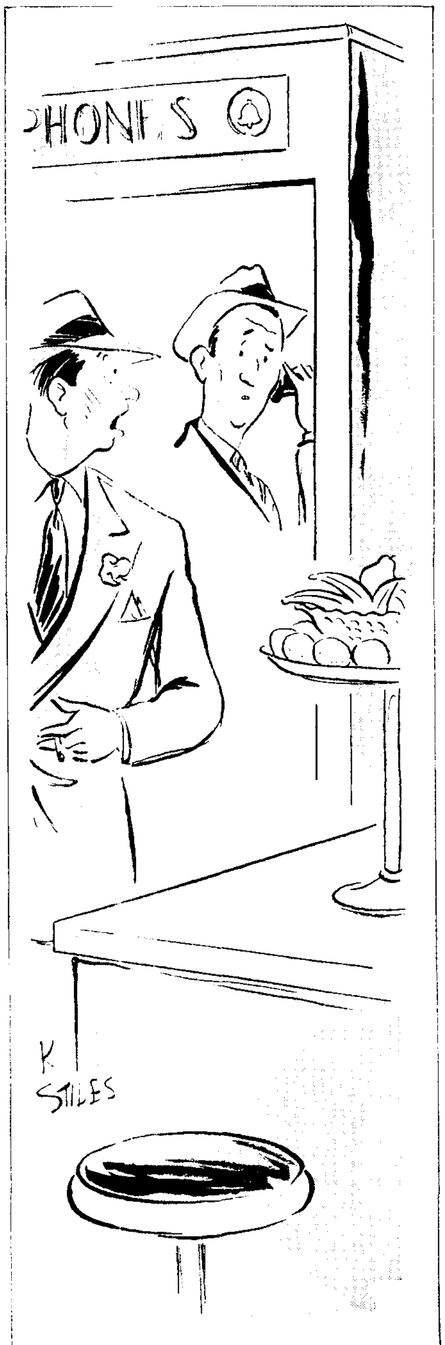
"Do you know that Senator Larsen owns a controlling interest in Zero Zephyr, Incorporated, which manufactures air-conditioning equipment for the railroads?"

Zorane was nodding. "Yes. In Buffalo."

"Zero Zephyr's greatest competitor," Van Arden went on, "is the Arctic Breath Corporation, whose main factory is at Erie, Pennsylvania. Supposing you could persuade Senator Larsen to give you his check for five thousand dollars to instigate a strike tying up the Arctic Breath factory, thereby enabling his own company to get the business for which they're both competing?"

THE labor agitator smiled. "We would then be in a position to expose the senator as a hypocrite and a traitor. A very neat plan. How does it work?"

Van Arden pulled out the chair and sat down. "You go to the senator. You tell him you will talk—for a price. He knows you are in a position to give him information for his investigation which he can't possibly secure from any other source. He wants to indict me. It's all he wants. And he would have an ironclad case if you would talk. Tell him you will give him all this information backed up by ample documentary evidence for fifty thousand dollars. Five thousand now, as an earnest of good faith, the balance on delivery of a large portfolio of documentary evidence. The banks will be closed when you talk to him. You will mention that his check will be acceptable. If I know Senator Larsen, he'll write that check without an instant's hesitation."



"Yuh can quit stalling, Eddie—I heard her hang up"

KIRK STILES

Zorane's black dabs of eyebrows were well up on his forehead. "Then I will go to Erie, Pennsylvania?"

"The instant you've turned that check over to me," Van Arden affirmed, "you'll take a plane for Erie. And the instant I receive word from you that you've laid the groundwork for a strike at Arctic Breath, I'll call in the reporters, let them photograph the check, and give them a statement. Your presence in Erie will complete the case against him. You will, of course, give out a statement confirming mine. It will be a national scandal. He will be ruined politically. His investigation will be automatically dropped."

The agitator's eyebrows had come down. "I will be the sacrificial offering."

"I'll withhold giving the order for your arrest until you are safely out of the country. The truth is, your usefulness is at an end here, anyway."

Zorane made a little grimace. "I see. Very well. But there are other objections. The senator may not write a check without consulting his son, and his son is a very clever young man. The other question: How can I leave this building, with Kresco's men guarding every exit?"

"We'll attend to both your objections at once."

THE rich melodious voice of Zorane said: "Mr. Larsen, I am very anxious to have a little chat with your father. There are some things I might tell him to his advantage. But I would like to be assured that he will receive me privately, that there will be no trickery and that I will not be annoyed in any way by Mr. Kresco's men. I am telephoning from Mr. Van Arden's apartment, where I am virtually a prisoner. Mr. Van Arden has stepped out and I will be alone here for about thirty minutes."

"I'll call you back in five," Eric said. He held the telephone lever down, released it, dialed the Savoy-Carlington and asked for Senator Larsen.

He said, "Look, Dad. Zorane just phoned me. I think he wants to spill the beans. He wants to see you privately and have what he calls a little chat."

The senator said excitedly, "Eric! We've got them! We've got them on the run!"

"Don't be too optimistic, Senator. This may be phony. Use an X-ray on every word he says. Have you any influence with Pop Kresco?"

"Yes."

"Tell him to call off his dogs. Clear the decks and call me back."

A half hour later, Pop Kresco entered Senator Larsen's suite at the Savoy-Carlington. He waited just inside the door with his derby in his hands while the senator finished dictating a letter. The contractor looked slightly uneasy. The senator presently turned to him and said:

"Thanks for getting here in such a hurry, Pete."

"Sure! That's all right, Senator. I jumped right into a taxi. I know my way around this town, you know."

"You've been making things pretty hot for Stefan Zorane."

"That fellow! Listen, Senator, that fellow has almost ruined me. He's lost me close to two million bucks."

"Yes, I know. It's very unfortunate, but we're doing our best to control such conditions, and I'd appreciate it if you

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would step out of the picture. I mean, leave him alone."

Pop Kresco grinned nervously. "Sure, Senator. Anything you say."

"Have a cigar, Pete."

The contractor accepted a cigar and bit off the end. "You know, Senator, I was wondering if you were looking into a special agent in the Department of Labor called Guy Van Arden."

"Why should I look into him?"

"Well, ever since he took over the Zorane case, nothing has happened. Zorane is as free as a sparrow, and I just wondered."

Senator Larsen looked surprised. His bushy eyebrows were up and they hesitated a moment before coming down. "Do you know anything, Pete, that is making you wonder?"

"Nothing particular, but the way I look at it, why is Zorane right now at Van Arden's?"

"This morning's paper quoted Van Arden as saying he doesn't want you to beat him up. In a way, Van Arden is responsible for him until his next trial comes up. Actually, although Zorane is out on a writ of habeas corpus, he is Van Arden's prisoner."

"Yes, I read the papers, Senator. But why is there all this delay? I told Van Arden I will gladly testify at a deportation trial. Why is he stalling? My testimony would send Zorane back across the Atlantic so fast his shirttails would smoke. There is a dead fish somewhere. Another thing: There is a person who, if you could put the finger on her, might do a lot of the right kind of talking. It's a girl friend of Van Arden's."

The senator was still wearing his slightly surprised air. "What's her name?" he said carelessly.

"Supposing," Pop Kresco said, "you let me do a little work on it. I'll work on it and let you know."

"It just happens, Pete, that I'm rather curious to know something about this person you mention. It seems to me I want to question her about some trifling angle."

"Sure, Senator, and I guess she has plenty to say. But let me work on it a while."

"As a matter of fact, Pete," the senator said, a little less carelessly, "I am always available to you day or night. What is this girl's name?"

"It seems to slip my mind right now, Senator. But I'll go to work on it, and I think maybe I'll have something for you very soon."

Going down in the elevator, the contractor reasoned: "That was the smart way to play it. If I'd told him her name, he might push her into a corner; she wouldn't get around to writing up the Riviera, and I would be out of the picture both ways. I was right about Van Arden, after all, and she's in plenty deep. I think I am in a very nice spot. I will get the write-up, the senator will be obligated to me, and I will teach her not to make smart cracks about my wife's rubber plants."

STEFAN ZORANE walked to the bedroom door, opened it, looked into the bedroom and closed the door. Senator Larsen said: "I assure you, Mr. Zorane, there is no one else here."

The labor agitator's steel-blue eyes flicked to him a moment as he resumed his inspection of the room.

"I hope you'll pardon me, Senator, but I place very little faith in anybody."

"It's quite all right," the senator said.

"I am always afraid of dictaphones. You don't mind if I look behind these pictures?"

"Not at all."

The senator lighted up and Stefan Zorane resumed his prowling. He looked behind pictures, he opened the drawers of the desk. He lifted rugs. When he was assured that he and Senator Larsen were not only alone but that he was safe from all forms of eavesdropping, he said, in his deep, resonant voice:

"Very well. Now, Senator, you are conducting an investigation into alien activities in industrial centers where strikes are occurring or have occurred."

"Correct."

"You would like to have evidence, would you not, that the jury that tried me on charges of passport falsification and let me off was fixed?"

"I would, Mr. Zorane. Quite frankly, I would."

"And you would like to secure proper, documented evidence that I bribed Max Argyle, would you not?"

The senator, with a cigar jammed in one corner of his mouth, nodded.

"Very well, then. There is no use our beating about the bush, Senator. I will make you a clean-cut business proposition. I will supply you with this evidence, giving names, facts, figures and dates in return for fifty thousand dollars and your guarantee of my safe departure from this country. There it is, Senator Larsen. I can assure you you can secure this information in no other way. I will go so far as to say that it will complete the case against a certain man whom you are very anxious to get your hands on."

THE senator was slightly appalled by Stefan Zorane's bluntness. Accustomed as he was to blunt, straightforward business dealings, he could not accustom himself readily to cash-on-the-line treachery.

"Have you this information with you?"

Stefan Zorane smiled. "Naturally not. But I have a large portfolio containing all these documents which I will relinquish to you if we can agree as to terms. Unfortunately, there is a certain need for haste. A ship is sailing from New York at midnight. I would, for obvious reasons, prefer to sail on that ship. Now, this is my proposition: I want now five thousand dollars as an earnest of your good faith, the balance payable tonight on delivery of the portfolio, after you have examined its contents and satisfied yourself that I am selling you what I claim."

"I can't raise that much cash by then," the senator said. "The banks are closed."

"Your check will be satisfactory."

"Let me think a moment." The senator discarded his cigar and lighted a fresh one. He went to a window and looked across at some pigeons fluttering about the eaves. He turned and went to the desk. "Mr. Zorane, I'll make you a better proposition than that. Bring me that portfolio as fast as you can. Let me examine it. If it contains the information you claim it does, I'll pay you a hundred thousand, and I'll guarantee your safe departure from this country."

Something like a veil had appeared over Stefan Zorane's sharp blue eyes.

"I'll have to think it over, Senator."

"Take your time," the senator said carelessly. "The hundred thousand will be ready when you are."

"Thank you, Senator. I'll let you know."

GUY VAN ARDEN was pacing up and down the living room of Zorane's apartment. There was a tight look about his mouth, a restless look about his eyes.

"Why was he so sore?"

Zorane, relaxing in a chair, puffing at one of his twisted Turkish cigars, said: "The check. Everything went nicely until I mentioned the check. Then he jumped out of his chair. He called me a foreign rat, an alien skunk and other things too unpleasant to mention. Incidentally, he said he was too old a dog to be fooled by puppy diplomacy."

The special agent was frowning. "Did he offer to talk business on any basis?"

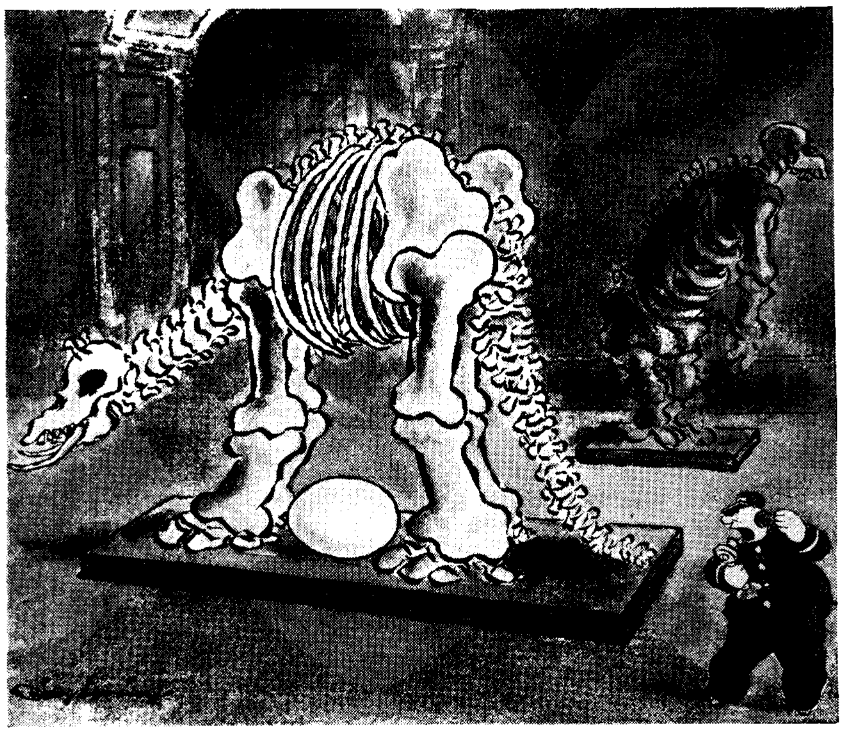
"No. He lost his temper completely. I was glad to get out with my skin."

Van Arden walked slowly toward him. He was still frowning. A curious glitter in his eyes gave him a menacing look. He put his hands to his hips and said softly, "Of course, you wouldn't lie to me, Zorane."

Stefan Zorane waved his cigar in a gesture of mild distaste. "My dear fellow," he said in his rich, resonant voice, "we are in much too deep for lying. You'll have to think up something better."

"I will. In fact, I have."

GUY VAN ARDEN was a very good salesman of his own enthusiasm, and he had a definite, likable personality, but when Sally Porter went into his apartment that afternoon, she detected something a little forced in his enthusiasm at seeing her, and something a little vague about his personality. He looked pale and drawn about the mouth, and his eyes, usually so steady, were restless. He did not sit down. She perched on


"But, Professor Andrews, I'm positive it's a fresh egg!" JAY IRVING

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the bellying blue arm of a chair, and he leaned back against a heavy carved teak table with his arms folded.

"First of all," he said, "I want to know all about your conversation with Kresco. What he wanted, what he implied, and everything else."

"Did you know he owns the Riviera? He threatened to report me to the police if I didn't devote an entire column to his restaurant within a week."

"A week's a long time, Sally."

She realized that he wasn't concerned at all with her troubles. He was interested in her only as she applied to his own projects and his own troubles.

"Tell me about that telephone call," he said.

Sally wondered if the curious vagueness about him was the result of worry.

"Wasn't it pretty obvious from what he said to you? He thinks you're crooked and he was trying to bluff you—trying to make you think I had talked."

Van Arden shrugged with impatience. "That, of course, was ridiculous."

Sally looked at him with mild amusement.

"You see, Sally," he said energetically, "it's one of two things. Either Kresco was honestly trying to bluff me into dickering with him for Zorane—he honestly believed what he was saying. Or he is playing ball with Senator Larsen in an attempt to frame me."

Sally shook her head. She said huskily, "Van, let's stop pretending. I know what you are. I've known it all along. Everything Barney Teel and Eric Larsen say about you is true."

His eyes became steadier. His grimace, which might have been one of surprise or tentative amusement, went away, and she sensed his hardness.

"Those are harsh words, Sally."

She said calmly, "After all, give me credit for having some intelligence, Van. I've known the truth about you, but I've had no choice in the matter. Whether you were honest or dishonest had no bearing on what I've had to do. What I want to know is, is the rest of what they say true. Are you apt to be indicted?"

Van Arden pushed himself away from the table and plunged his hands into his coat pockets. He ran the tip of his tongue along his upper lip, all the time looking at her.

"Yes," he said. "It's true. I'm in one hell of a jam. And so are you. Last night I told you that what was in the alligator briefcase was cleverly misleading documents that seemed to constitute a case against me. As a matter of fact—"

"I know," she stopped him.

"Apparently that comes as no great surprise to you."

SALLY looked at him curiously, wondering just how worried he was. He didn't seem worried. He seemed exceptionally alert. "Did you really think I believed everything you told me?"

He smiled. "Well, it didn't matter greatly one way or the other. Often a little polite fiction makes a relationship like ours so much easier."

Sally put one hand over her eyes and lowered her head. "How about my relations with all these other people? I'm doing everything you tell me to do in order to save Barney and at the same time everything I do is making me lose him. I have to do what Eric Larsen says and every time I do what he says, I'm losing Barney. And I like the senator. I hate to see him hurt. He's been grand to me and he's really fond of me. And it puts me in more of a whirl than ever, on top of everything else, to be so fond of him."

Van Arden was slowly shaking his head. He said disgustedly, "Oh, my God, Sally—that pompous old windbag. I don't see why a girl as clever as you are isn't more hard-boiled. Listen to me, Sally. You're in a confused emotional state. You've got to forget all these crosscurrents. You've got to hew to one thing. We are on one hell of a spot. We're facing prison."

"I know," Sally whispered.

He looked at her sharply. "And there's no use your thinking you can double-cross me, that you can save your skin by exposing me. Because if you let me down, I let Barney down."

Sally looked up and her eyes were faintly speculative.

He said, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking there's a possibility that you can do just that. You can tell Eric Larsen everything and put it up to him to fix everything. There's only one thing the matter with that idea. He couldn't save Barney if I chose to let Barney down."

"I know that," Sally snapped.

He looked at her gravely. "You hate me, don't you, Sally?"

"Of course I hate you! Why shouldn't I hate you?"

Van Arden sighed, looking at her whimsically. "I hope it won't last."

He left the table, walked over and stood looking down at her. The whimsical look went as quickly as it had come.

"Listen to me, Sally. You're the focal point of this whole situation. You're the keystone of the arch. Once they grab you, everything collapses. In this whole setup, the one unfortunate thing is that one of Kresco's men chased you up to Eric Larsen's apartment. That was a tough break. And our good break was that Eric Larsen took one look at you and fell in love with you. He's the only thing that stands between us and arrest. He's so crazy about you that he's double-crossing his father. And that's all that saves us, because if the senator once finds out you're the girl he's looking for, we're lost. He's ruthless. Our only hope is for you to keep Eric feeling that way about you."

Sally said hopelessly, "You don't know what you're talking about. You don't realize how it is. I hate him. He deliberately mocks me and tantalizes me until the first thing I know, I've lost my temper and I'm shouting at him."

Van Arden was smiling. "What you don't seem to realize is that when you're mad you're irresistible. But try to control yourself. He's hoping you'll soften."

"I can't soften."

Van Arden laughed. "With so much at stake, you could put on an act."

"I can't put on an act. I've tried. I can't."

"That makes you irresistible, too. There are three things you must do alone, and two things we must do. You must keep Eric Larsen in love with you, you must try to keep away from the senator, and you must stop worrying about Barney. All this will work out. Forget this hundred-yard dash and think of the marathon."

"What are the other two things?"

"We must get the alligator briefcase somehow. And we will. And we must arrange to distract the senator's attention so thoroughly that he'll forget us. We've got to put him in a position where he'll be so busy explaining himself to an aroused and jeering public—"

"A frame-up?" Sally said. "What are you going to do?" She suddenly looked tired.

"My dear Sally, I realize you won't talk, yet I'd prefer your not knowing too much if only for your peace of mind. You've too much on your mind as it is."

SALLY said with alarm, "What are you going to do?"

He shook his head gently. "Sally, you're getting emotional again."

She said desperately: "I think you're out of your mind. You can't get away with it. What good would it do to frame the senator? If people like Pop Kresco and Barney Teel suspect you, there must be others. How about the Department of Labor?"

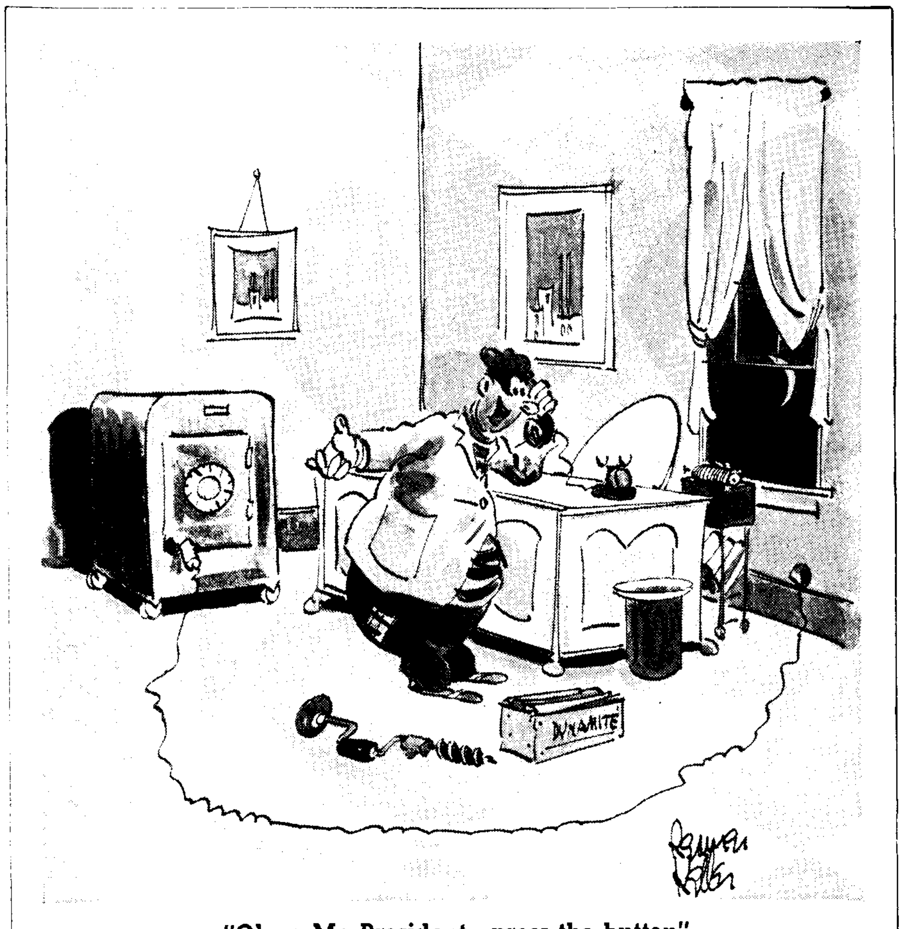
He was still faintly smiling. "Don't forget I'm a special agent in full charge of this case."

"What good will that do when they begin to suspect?"

"By that time, there will be nothing for them to suspect. After all, Sally, I'm not a novice. Can I shake you a drink?"

Sally looked at her watch. "No. I have a date to be irresistible to Eric Larsen at five."

(To be continued next week)



"Okay, Mr. President—press the button" REAMER KELLER

TOUCH TUNING

Completely electric —
Completely automatic

IT'S THIS YEAR'S BEST RADIO BUY

OF COURSE you'll want completely automatic tuning in your next radio. The new General Electric brings you this newest development at its best. General Electric Touch Tuning is the biggest radio improvement in years — the supreme achievement in electric, automatic tuning.

Here's how it works: The new General Electric has 16 push buttons—S-I-X-T-E-E-N! A separate button for each of your favorite stations—each one marked with station call letters. You pick the program you want by merely pressing a button. And silently, instantly, and automatically your program is tuned-in with hairline precision.

No dials to twist, twirl or swish! No fumbling with knobs! Touch Tuning puts an end to hand-dialing—makes conventional type radios obsolete.

Stop in at your nearest General Electric Radio Dealer's for a thrilling demonstration.

18 Super Value G-E Models to select from

Beautiful new console models, personal radios, armchair radios $19.95 to $295. Prices slightly higher South and West. Subject to change without notice.

Press a button
—that's all
WITH THE AMAZING
NEW G-E TONE MONITOR

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Your G-E Radio Dealer now has on demonstration a brand-new G-E Touch Tuning model, F-96. This remarkable instrument is sensationally priced—to bring Touch Tuning within reach of EVERYONE. It costs no more than you would pay for a good conventional hand-dialed radio.

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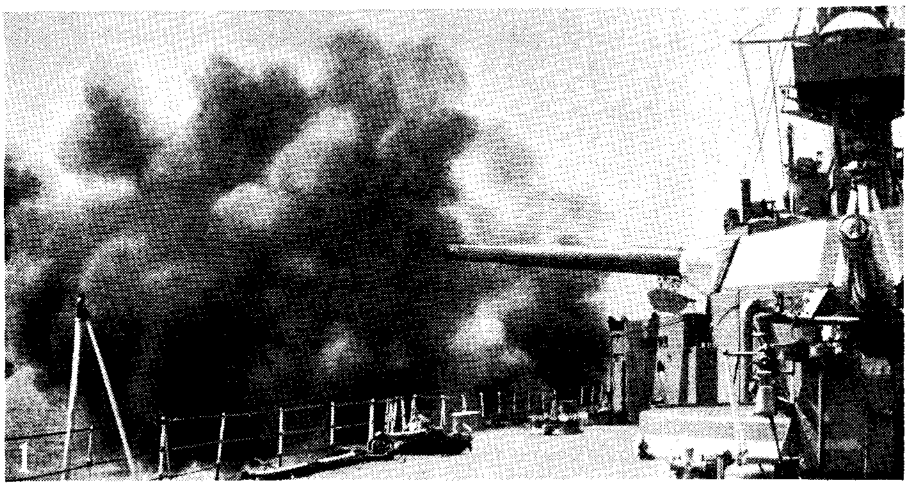
RADIO

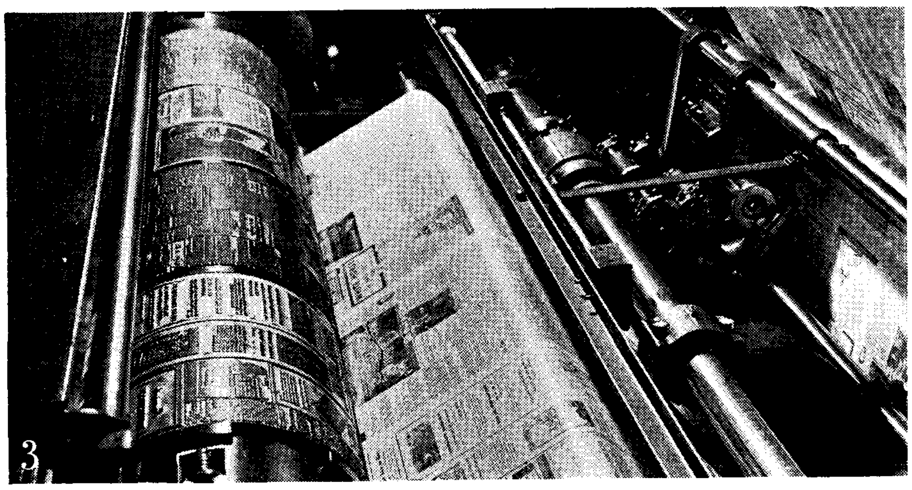
FOR REPLACEMENTS SPECIFY GENERAL ELECTRIC PRE-TESTED TUBES

LISTEN TO THE G-E HOUR OF CHARM, MONDAY EVENINGS, 9:30 E. S. T. NBC RED NETWORK



When war is declared . . .

. . . when a baby is kidnaped . . . you read it in your newspaper printed on . . .



. . . presses like this. Many of the nation's newspapers rely on Sinclair lubricants. You, too, benefit from Sinclair's vast experience in the field of lubrication when you take your car to . . .

4
SINCLAIR
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. . . a Sinclair dealer. Now is the time to ask him about his special Sinclair-ize-for-Winter service which includes requirements for safe driving recommended by the car manufacturers. You'll like the way he treats you.

The Gods Smile

Continued from page 13

at the beggars who would have surrounded the Senai, driving them away from the gates. "Quick be stronger," he said to the child. Then they were gone, and he stood looking at two twenty-cent pieces instead of the three tens promised him. Ah, the foreigners! They were all as rich as grease.

"Wai, ricksha! Take me to the Tea House of a Thousand Flowers."

It was a wealthy Chinese lady who had called him. Her hair was stiff with lacquer, and pins set with jade and pearls held it in place. Stones with hearts of fire flashed from the rings upon her fingers and her long, tight gown was made of blue brocade. Ting-san was well acquainted with the Tea House of a Thousand Flowers, where the wives of wealthy men met to gamble at mahjong, and after a moment he thought who his passenger must be. This was the wife of Wong Yamo, Master of the Mint, who even now lay ill in the hospital of the foreign doctors. Some said he had been poisoned; some that he had been stabbed. Only yesterday a learned passer-by had read in Ting-san's hearing from a news placard telling that the great Wong Yamo was looking in the eyes of death. It did not seem strange to Ting-san that the lady should go from her husband's sickbed to a party of pleasure, for the lives of the rich were so far removed from his life, their ways so different from his, that nothing she could do would have seemed odd to him.

The Tea House of a Thousand Flowers lay far within the city. They left the wide thoroughfares with their noisy bustle of motorcars for narrow and more quiet streets. The tall buildings made in a foreign style were behind them and the low, tiled roofs of the Chinese city appeared. On some of them small pink flowers were blossoming. They passed a pagoda and heard the tinkle of bells that hung at each of its many corners, then Ting-san strained his muscles for the swift hump of a bridge, curved high above its reflection in the canal beneath. Beyond this moon-bridge lay the garden of the tea house.

The lady did not overpay him. Carefully she counted out the coppers: twelve pennies for twelve minutes. Her painted face was cold and proud like the carved face of an image, so that the plea for cumshaw trembled unspoken on Ting-san's lips. She whispered a password to the gateman and entered the garden, and while Ting-san still stood there mopping sweat from his face and shoulders, he heard shrill cries of welcome from within the tea house, and the soft crash, crash of the mahjong counters began.

There was no use in waiting for these rich ones to leave. They would spend hours at their game, so he moved slowly away from that place, looking for trade. At length he arrived back on the Bund and stopped at the entrance to the Big World Hotel.

Here many people came and went, both foreigners and Chinese; it was an excellent place to wait, but was unfortunately overpopular. Whenever any person came out of those wide doors a score of ricksha men rushed up, quarreling, swearing, locking their wheels together till none could move. Suddenly, therefore, a policeman came in his white suit and helmet; he spoke loud words and swung his round black stick with energy. Ting-san got a blow across the knuckles, and then because he could not move out of reach with sufficient speed, another one that almost cracked his shoulder bone.

AT LAST he was out of the melee, moving slowly down the Bund. His shoulder ached and his fingers were swollen and purple. For the first time that day he felt depressed.

Far behind him a siren sounded, a prolonged scream of warning, which came swiftly closer while people spilled out of the way in panic. Crowded with many others at one side of the road, Ting-san saw a big dark car speed by. Beside the driver sat a soldier with one of the wicked guns that shoot faster than a man can snap his fingers, and on each step knelt two more fighters, facing forward and back. From within the car a white, impassive face stared out.

"Ahhh! Did you see? The Civil Governor," a man beside him said.

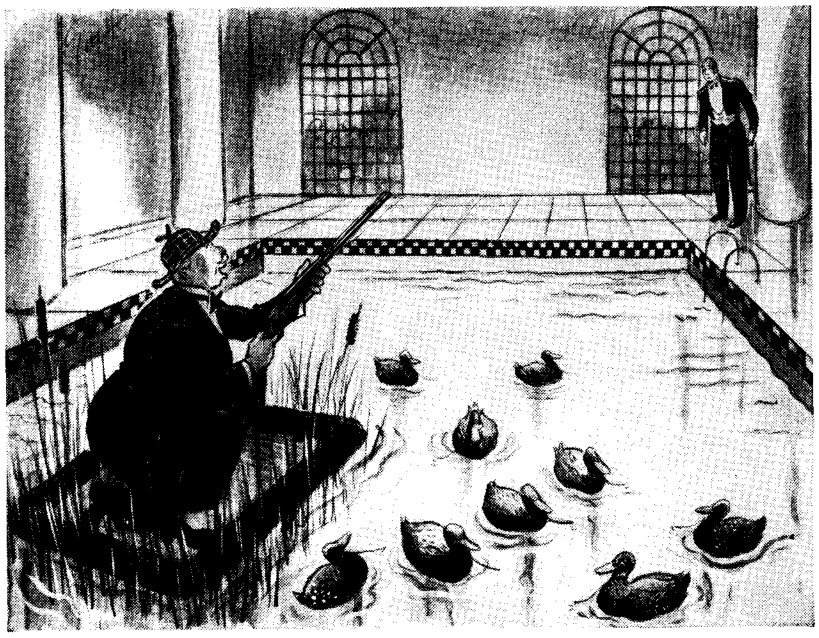
Others denied the statement.

"No. The Honorable Military Governor."

"You are wrong. I clearly saw the Mayor of the City."

"It was—"

But all the guesses died at once when the shots began. Still within their sight

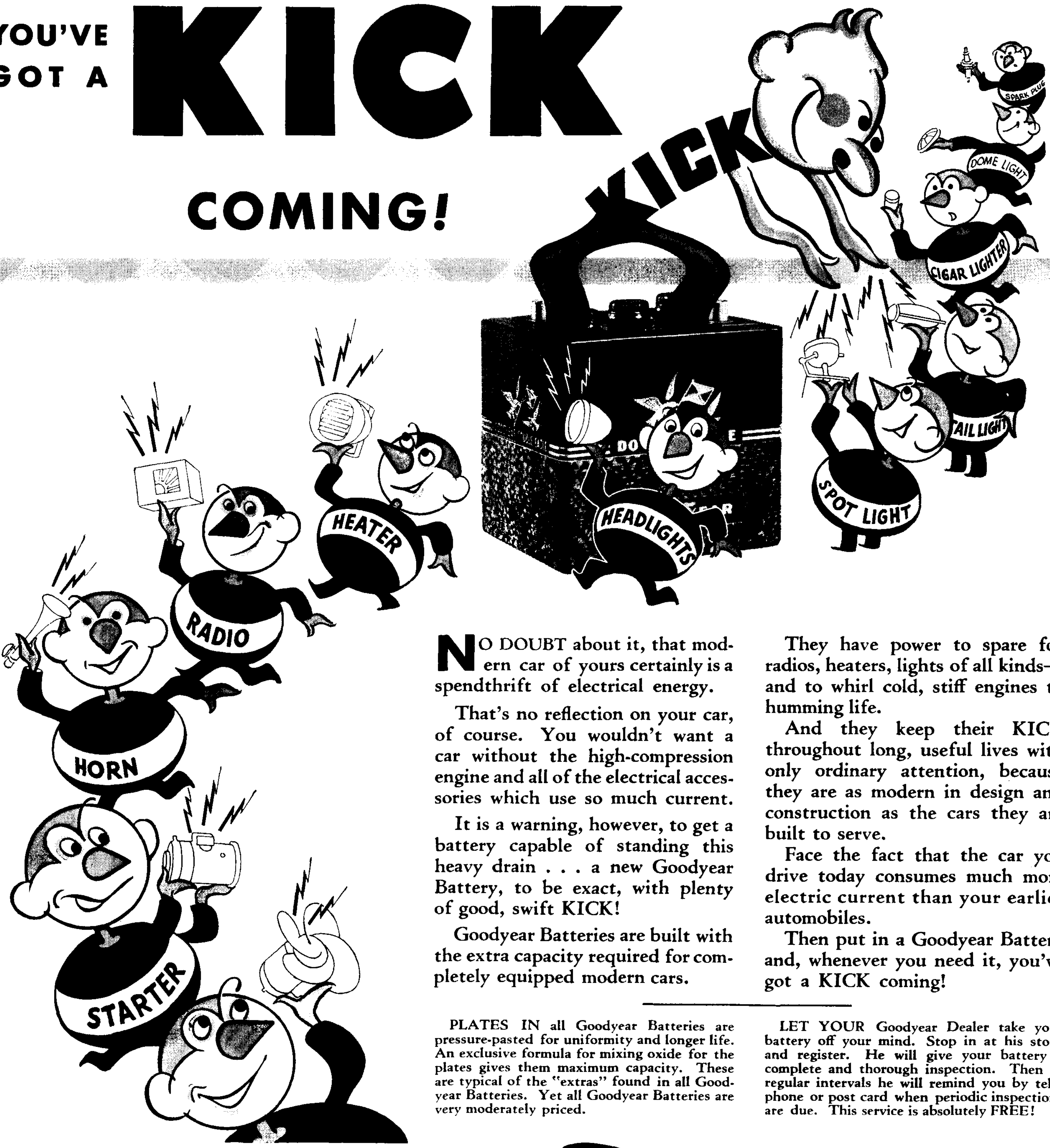


"All right, Reeves, you can open the window now!"

GEORGE WOLFE

WHEN YOU'RE PAYING OFF THIS COSTLY CROWD . . .

YOU'VE GOT A KICK COMING!



NO DOUBT about it, that modern car of yours certainly is a spendthrift of electrical energy.

That's no reflection on your car, of course. You wouldn't want a car without the high-compression engine and all of the electrical accessories which use so much current.

It is a warning, however, to get a battery capable of standing this heavy drain . . . a new Goodyear Battery, to be exact, with plenty of good, swift KICK!

Goodyear Batteries are built with the extra capacity required for completely equipped modern cars.

They have power to spare for radios, heaters, lights of all kinds—and to whirl cold, stiff engines to humming life.

And they keep their KICK throughout long, useful lives with only ordinary attention, because they are as modern in design and construction as the cars they are built to serve.

Face the fact that the car you drive today consumes much more electric current than your earlier automobiles.

Then put in a Goodyear Battery and, whenever you need it, you've got a KICK coming!

PLATES IN all Goodyear Batteries are pressure-pasted for uniformity and longer life. An exclusive formula for mixing oxide for the plates gives them maximum capacity. These are typical of the "extras" found in all Goodyear Batteries. Yet all Goodyear Batteries are very moderately priced.

LET YOUR Goodyear Dealer take your battery off your mind. Stop in at his store and register. He will give your battery a complete and thorough inspection. Then at regular intervals he will remind you by telephone or post card when periodic inspections are due. This service is absolutely FREE!

GOODYEAR BATTERIES

AS GOOD AS THE NAME THEY BEAR

KREML
LOOK, MA! THIS GUY DIDN'T KNOW KREML'S PRICE IS DOWN
Howard Baer

IT'S good news for men with falling hair that Kreml has fallen in price. For here's that pleasant-to-use tonic that removes dandruff and checks falling hair.

If you're getting old-looking before your time because of thinning patches—if dandruff is "snowing" on your coat collar and lapels—get yourself a big square bottle of Kreml today at your favorite drug counter.

And besides making your hair and head feel good, it keeps you neatly groomed, too—without being sticky or greasy.

Next time you go to the barber tell him to keep up the good work and douse on Kreml and rub it in well. Women call for it at beauty shops, too. They like the sheen it brings to their hair . . . the way it makes a permanent look its best.

Try Kreml Shampoo, too. It's made from an 80% olive oil base. It cleanses thoroughly and leaves your hair silky and easy to manage.

KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

the black car swerved, skidded, and came to rest slantwise across the road. One of the kneeling figures crumpled and slipped from the running board, the others jumped and ran, firing as they went, but from within the car there came no sign of life. There, nothing moved.

The shots continued like the popping of firecrackers, and for a second time the street emptied itself of life. Ting-san fled with the rest, but when he found abandoned rickshas blocking every entrance to the narrow byways, he hesitated. It was better to risk his skin than to let go of his precious *che-tsai*. So he turned north again, along the strangely quiet Bund, and as he passed the now deserted doorway of the Big World Hotel, a man in military uniform came swiftly out.

"A silver dollar, friend, if you will take me to the Street of the Blind Tailor."

TING-SAN backed away. His ears still rang with the sound of gunfire, and this one here no doubt was taking part, on one side or the other, in whatever conspiracy was under way. He shook his head.

"Look," said the officer. "It is here. A big, round dollar. Look at it."

Ai-ya, who could resist that sight of so much wealth? Moreover the man was young, and very full of fear. The pockmarks on his face glistened like little silver fish with the sweat of his terror. It made Ting-san ache in his vitals to see a brother-one so frightened.

"Get in, then," he said. "I'll take you, if we can find a way through the confusion. And if you are one of those they seek, and bullets find us out so be it. *Mo fat-se*."

Hastily the young officer jumped in. He took off his hat and jerked up the rain canopy, trying to conceal the uniform he wore, and Ting-san ran his swiftest, conscious of a prickling along his spine. But as they drew away from the river front they came to quiet streets untouched by panic. In the little alley known as the Street of the Blind Tailor, life went on as usual. At the corner sat an old man weaving spoons and tea strainers of twisted wire, a water seller swung his buckets out of their way, they heard the comfortable clop, clop of firewood being chopped, and a housewife bargained with a fish merchant for a squirming eel. Ting-san left his passenger at a narrow blue door which seemed to stare at them like a single strange blue eye. Ting-san put out his hand for the money but the soldier shook his head.

"Not now. Return in an hour and you shall have this dollar and another one. I promise it."

"Your promises are empty wind! Give now!" the coolie answered.

The other laughed a little. "Then when I need you, you will not be here. Return in an hour, if you would feel this silver in your hand."

"I will come, then. What else can I do?"

"Do not linger here," the officer ordered. "But come again when the clock in the tower of the Customs House strikes four."

"Without mistake. I will remember. I will be here."

For that hour he would rest, Ting-san decided. He came from the maze of narrow streets near the park of the Laichee Wan, and saw in the grove of trees across the canal the gambling houses, wineshops and pleasure haunts of the wealthy. But on this side were rough shacks where the poor could spend their pennies.

Ting-san passed a long shed overhung by the sickly sweet fumes of opium smoke. Many rickshas waited there; many coolies lay within, forgetting for a space their aching legs, sore hands and calloused feet, their lean purses, hungry bellies, and long, long hours of toil. Ting-san grunted. His head was already filled with many dreams. He did not need to seek them in an opium stupor. He spent a frugal copper for a dish of tea, and sucked it slowly, calling for boiling water again and again, renewing his strength with the hot liquid and with the warmth of the sun-baked earth where he sat until the distant clock chimed three quarters, and he went slowly back toward his rendezvous.

This time the little street was curiously quiet. The spoonmaker had vanished from his corner; there was no peddler in sight, nor even the whine of a beggar to tear the empty silence. Ting-san's skin roughened once more into goose flesh, but he went to the blue door, gave his three knocks—waited—knocked again. There was nothing. Then of their own accord his heels were lifted in flight, he was running, and his heart hammered, his breath came in whistling gasps.

Slowly the terror left him. He was back in busy, noisy streets, surrounded by the everyday tumult of the city. Ah, what a poor day this had been; so much running, for such small reward. The afternoon shadows were lengthening and he hesitated, wondering where to look for work. At one of the big shops he might find a foreign lady wishful of riding to the Tai-Hok landing. Foreign Senais paid generously, he told himself, not admitting that he sought an excuse to return to Ah-mi's neighborhood.

He turned downriver and trotted lazily along, willing for a few moments to let others strive for business. Then his interest quickened. On the sidewalk were two of the sailors from an American gunboat in their white suits and hats. Their steps were somewhat unsteady from drinking too much wine, and Ting-san knew that their notions of ricksha fares, under those circumstances, were apt to be lavish. He began to follow them, and when they wavered toward the street, his ricksha was one of the circle that hemmed them in; his voice joined the strident chorus of voices shrieking at them:

"Wai! Ricksha!"

"Wai! Wai! Ricksha!"

THE sailors hesitated, looking from one face to another, not sure in their minds, Ting-san believed, what thing they wished to do. They were young, he saw. One of them with round blue eyes and hair like a day-old chick's, was perhaps of his own age, which was nineteen years, as well as he could reckon. Full of curiosity, he stared at the sailors, wondering about their strange lives on the ship of guns, about the funny sounding words they spoke.

"Come on, feller. We better get back on board."

"Shore leave," the other cried. "Save up our money for weeks, and what do we get to do with it? Buy their damn' paper fans and ivory beads, and drink their lousy liquor—"

"Aw, forget it. Get a move on."

"What would you give, Bill, for the sight of an American girl? Whatju give for a hot-dog san'wich?"

"Get a move on, I said."

They stumbled into rickshas and called out the name of their boat landing. Ting-san, drawing the younger and more talkative one, turned in the right direction, but the second coolie shouted: "They don't know where they're going. Let's take them to the Dragon Gambling House. Games to play, and singsong girls, that's what foreign devils like."

"Not good," Ting-san replied. "Not good to do so."

"If they stay there, Wah-se will get all they have, and will pay us five per cent," the other urged.

Ting-san thought of his long day's toil and the little he had earned for it. He remembered the rich lady carefully counting coppers into his hand, the silver dollar promised and never paid, the blows from the policeman's stick. He had earned rice money, but he had earned no more, and there was the rubber-tired ricksha he wanted, the marriage feast he dreamed of. What was it to him if the foreign devils were robbed? Why should he worry because the patrons of Wah-se were sometimes found floating face downward in the river? Obediently he turned his chair, and followed the other runner toward the gambling house. Yet as he went, he saw within his mind the rosy face and sky-blue eyes of the one who sat behind him, and his heart was heavy because never before had he betrayed a client. After all, the Big-Nose was a man like himself, a man of his own age. He too, perhaps, had dreams of the future; for him also there might be somewhere in the strange world where he dwelt a woman like Ah-mi.

"I cannot do it," Ting-san shouted. "I take him where he ordered me to go."

IT WAS too late. Already they had reached the grilled gates of the gambling place, which opened promptly. Two suave, blue-frocked servants came toward the new customers. The older foreign devil stepped from his ricksha, puzzled but not displeased.

"Say, what's this?" he said. "Say, this looks good."

"M-ho!" Ting-san cried loudly. "Not good to enter there!"

He swung up the shafts of his chair, tilting it backward so that his passenger could not alight, and turned to leave the place. Instantly one of the bluecoated gatemen caught him by the wrist.

"Do you wish to be struck dead?" he whispered, while the other reached a hand to the young sailor.

"Come look-see, Mister. Pretty girl, nice song."

"Okay," the boy began. He got no further, for with all his strength Ting-san had kicked the pincher in the stomach. That one went down like a popped balloon, and his companion yelped as a ricksha wheel passed over his thin cloth shoe. Then Ting-san was racing toward the river. Behind him came the other sailor, crying that his friend was kidnaped; after him, in turn, ran the second coolie, clamorous for his fare.

The landing was not very far away, and there the older sailor tossed two twenty-cent pieces to the ricksha men.

"Damned if you deserve it, after all that funny business."

His own coolie caught both fares, and darted off, not sharing with Ting-san. "That for your stubbornness, my cockroach!"

"Wai!" shouted Ting-san, in anguish, and turned to his passenger with outstretched palm. "Sinshaan, pei tsin! Pei, pei!"

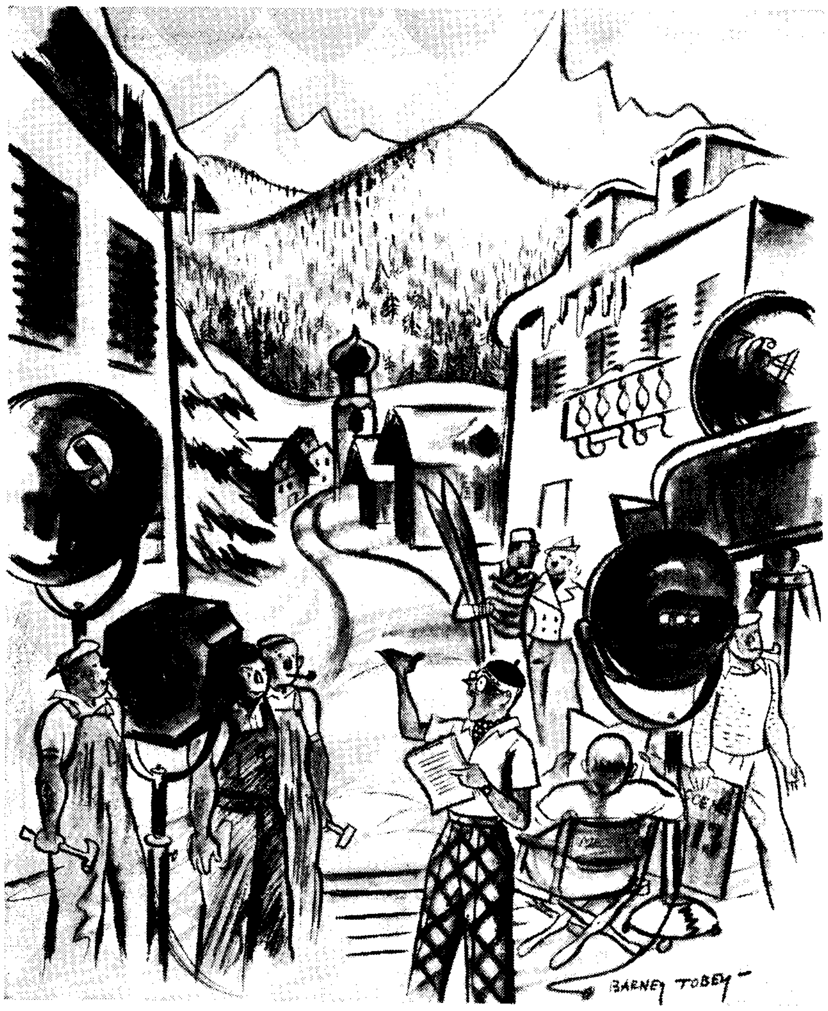
The yellow-haired boy regarded him solemnly. He saw dark eyes in a sunburned face, lips parted in a beseeching smile. "Why, Chink, darn it if you don't look human," he said. "I dunno what 'twas all about, but I bet you had the right idea, at that. I bet you did. And I s'pose that jabber means you want some money. Well, I got lots o' that. I'm travelin' round the world and gettin' paid for it."

Ting-san caught at a sound he understood. "Pay, pay," he repeated.

The sailor fumbled in his pocket, and brought out some folded bank notes. "Here y'are, China boy. Big ones, see? And no damn' use to me. Go buy yourself a time, huh? Buy your girl a gol' watch. An' if you want a bit of advice from a friend, why, this is it: Don't never adopt the idea of seein' the world through a porthole. . . . Gosh, feller, what wouldn't I give for a hot-dog san'wich."

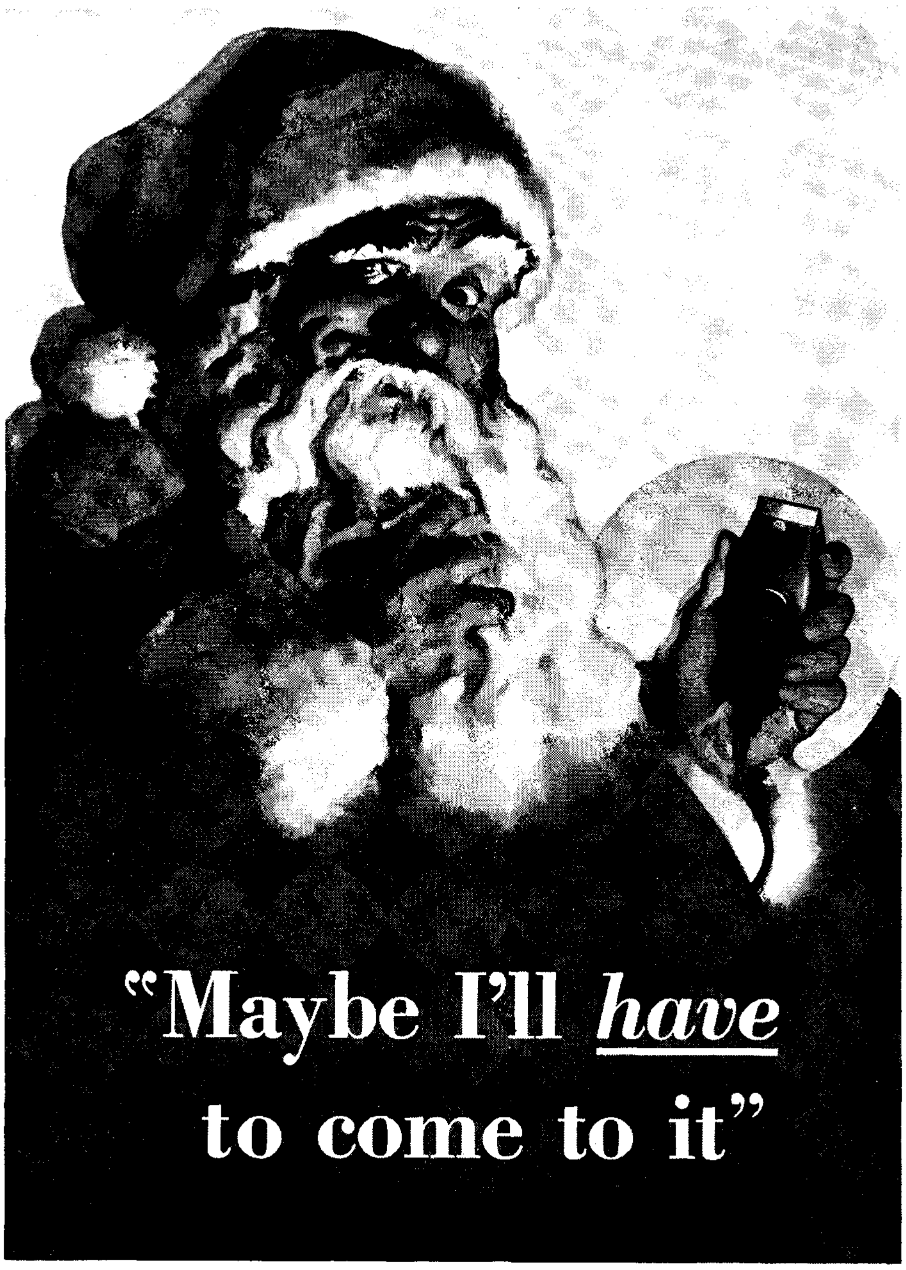
"I don't like paper money. Give silver?" Ting-san asked hopefully.

"Feller, I don't unnerstan' you. And



"Okay, boys—tear it down and put up Miami Beach"

BARNEY TOBEY


"Maybe I'll have to come to it"

For the children's sake, we hope Santa Claus resists the temptation to use a Schick Shaver.

But every other male of shaving age should have someone to give him a Schick Shaver for a Christmas gift. It will bring such sheer joy and pleasure into the morning shave that he will remember as long as he lives and be everlastingly grateful.

Never again will he fuss with soap-and-water lather, brush, cream, powder or lotions. Never again will he cut or scrape himself, and he will come in a whistling, singing mood to the breakfast table.

A poor shave with other methods has ruined many a day. A Schick shave starts every day right. And why not let his first happy shave be on Christmas morning, assuring him of "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year"?

Ask any authorized dealer

He will show you the Schick and explain how simply it gives a quick close shave. If the receiver of your gift would like a demonstration or explanation of the Schick after he owns it, any one of our dealers will be happy to answer any questions, or help the owner to learn the simple knack of using the Schick. **$15**

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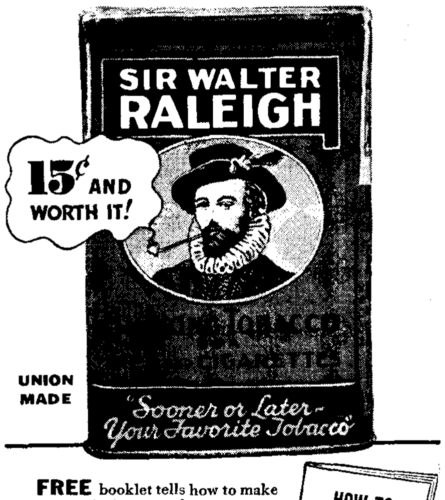
SCHICK ● SHAVER

FAN'S PIPE MAKES CLEAN TACKLE!

... then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

IT sure looked like a touchdown run, till the old grad's pipe laid the halfback low. A stinky pipe *always* spoils the other fellow's fun! Be a sport! Clean out that sludge and try a fragrant-smelling tobacco you and those around you can enjoy. We recommend Sir Walter Raleigh. Words can't describe this mellow blend of fine burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. You'll have to try a tin and see why a million men swear by it. 15¢ buys two full ounces.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter: how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C711

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

you don' unnerstan' me, so let's us say goodbye."

Ten minutes later Ting-san arrived at the Big School landing. He had come here solely to see Ah-mi before her work was over. Some minutes of daylight still remained and the women would not put their hammers down till it was dark. Ah-mi looked tired.

He lit a cigarette, and across the street another match flared. She, too, rested to smoke. Rickshas came and went, bringing passengers for the last launch of the day and presently the grandfather was there, plodding flat-footed, with an amah and two lumpy foreign children going home from some festivity. The little ones wore crinkly paper hats and carried balloons made in the shape of animals, and Ting-san's eyes flashed pleasure in the sight to an answering golden spark in the eyes of Ah-mi. Beside him the grandfather squatted down to rest. His voice was amiable: "How has the day gone, pang-yau? For myself, I have not done badly, since you gave me a start this noontime."

"I have received but little silver," Ting-san replied. "And my legs are weary now."

"Ai-ya, ai-ya, mine, too. And the cold, rainy days of winter are on the way. Already the nights grow sharp; already the streets are bright with the harvest of oranges and kumquats."

"I do not fear the winter. Most days I earn plenty of rice money, and a full belly makes a warm back, old man."

"When one is young, it does," the other muttered. "I see you have bruised your fingers, friend."

TING-SAN looked at his swollen hand almost with surprise. "It was nothing," he said. "One of those small things that happen. Not important."

"Today they tell me there was a shooting in the city. Did you hear aught of it?"

"Did I hear it!" crowed Ting-san. "Was I not right beside it? Did I not carry one away from that place, with the bullets saying spik-spik-spik in the dust about us? Ai-ya, what a tale I could tell you of this day's adventures, and of all the rich persons I have carried here and there. Though truly I have little enough to show for it."

"The rich—it is they who own the whole great world, as one might say," the old man stated.

"Truly they do," Ting-san agreed. "You should have seen the lady of Wong Yamo, whom I hauled to her gambling place. Every finger on her hands sparkled with jewels."

At that moment in the Tea House of a Thousand Flowers, Mrs. Wong was taking off her finest ring. "Today the luck has gone against me," she said in a low voice. "This must I add to the money that I brought."

Wong Senai wondered what she would say to her husband, who lay ill in the foreign hospital. Yesterday she had promised him not to gamble any more. No one knew what would happen in the city from day to day; none knew when an official might need all his money for a sudden journey. And now—five thousand dollars *in a single week—it did not* seem possible. Tomorrow—but perhaps tomorrow her luck would change.

"Ho!" said Ting-san. "I carried that fortunate lady and I had also a man who could be no less than a general. Him I took to the Street of the Blind Tailor—"

"I know it. It is a dark and narrow byway."

It was so narrow that dusk came early there, and in the room behind the locked blue door it was already night, and no one could see the pock-marked face of the young officer lying on the bedboards, or know that between his chin and the high collar of his tunic rested the shining blade of an ax.

"If I see him again, I shall ask for the dollar he promised me," sighed Ting-san. "Likewise I pulled a foreign lady with a lame son. She had a gentle face although her way with him was cruel. Those two went to the big I-uen in the city."

But they were at home again now, in a house on the campus of the foreign college. The child was asleep.

"They said, no better, Tom," she whispered to her husband. "They said, keep on trying. Make him use it, they said."

"Don't cry," he murmured against her hair. "We haven't given up."

"He clapped his hands and laughed today because the ricksha man ran so fast. Oh, Tom, even a ricksha coolie—"

"They are the fortunate ones of the earth, without a doubt," Ting-san was saying. "So rich and happy they are. Last of all I pulled a soldier from the foreign gunboat. He gave me this."

Curiously he turned the piece of paper in his hands, looking at the pictures, and tracing strange letters with his finger: "T-E-N—"

The old man looked on with popping eyes. "Ai-ya," he cried. "Do you not know? This is of value, truly. You must take it to the money-changer tomorrow."

He gaped and stretched, then rubbed his bony fingers along his leg muscles. "And tomorrow will soon be here. Already the sun is going down like a red orange."

"You, with your talk of oranges!" Ting-san jeered. "Come, then, I will buy you some, Grandfather." For, having done the old man a favor that day, he was now well inclined toward him and counted him as a friend. He purchased a handful of small, sweet kums from a fruit peddler and soon they were smacking their lips over the juicy pulp. One, *as if by accident, Ting-san dropped, then* kicked it with his toes and it rolled across the street to Ah-mi's side. Swiftly she hid it with her hand, looked at him, and giggled.

"HEH!" said his companion. "Heh, heh! Do not think that I have failed to note your soft glances, friend. But that one, let me tell you, is daughter of the sister of my brother's wife's cousin. Headstrong, disobedient and rebellious she is said to be. Have no dalliance with her."

Ting-san gave his little crow again. "Ho! The woman I cannot manage has yet to be born, old man. Tomorrow I shall get a rubber-tired ricksha, and then I can begin to save my money for the wedding feast. Tell me, how do you think my chances are?"

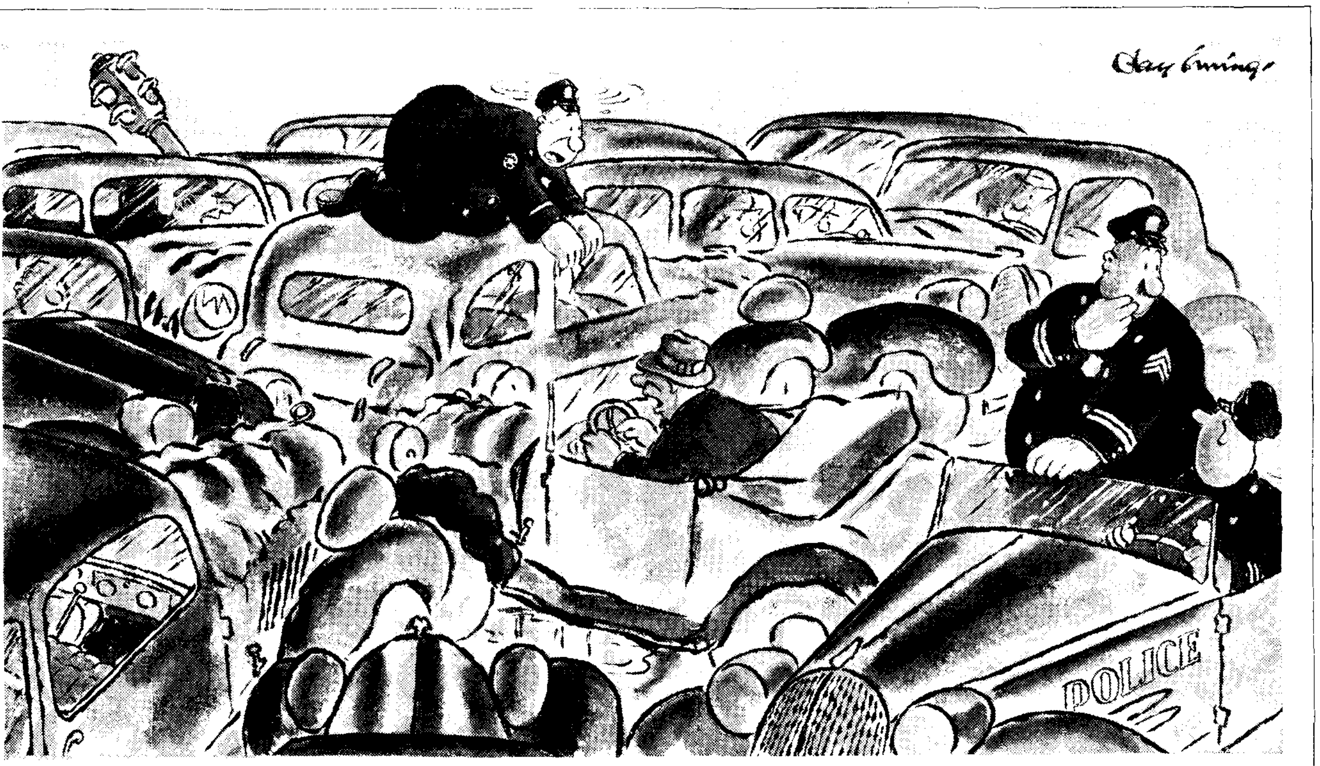
"Heh, heh, heh!" the other cackled. "You do not know your luck. With that green paper you showed me, you can provide a nine-course feast already."

"Is it so truly? But the blue-eyed one has given me three of those."

"Then the match is as good as made. Come to me when you are ready for a go-between. I will speak a word for you."

He ambled away and the last p'ut-p'ut of the launch died from the river. The boat people grew quiet above their evening rice bowls, the sun set, and the wind began to blow. The stoneworkers put down their hammers and harnessed themselves once more to their cart, and as she fitted the ropes in place, Ah-mi looked over her shoulder at Ting-san.

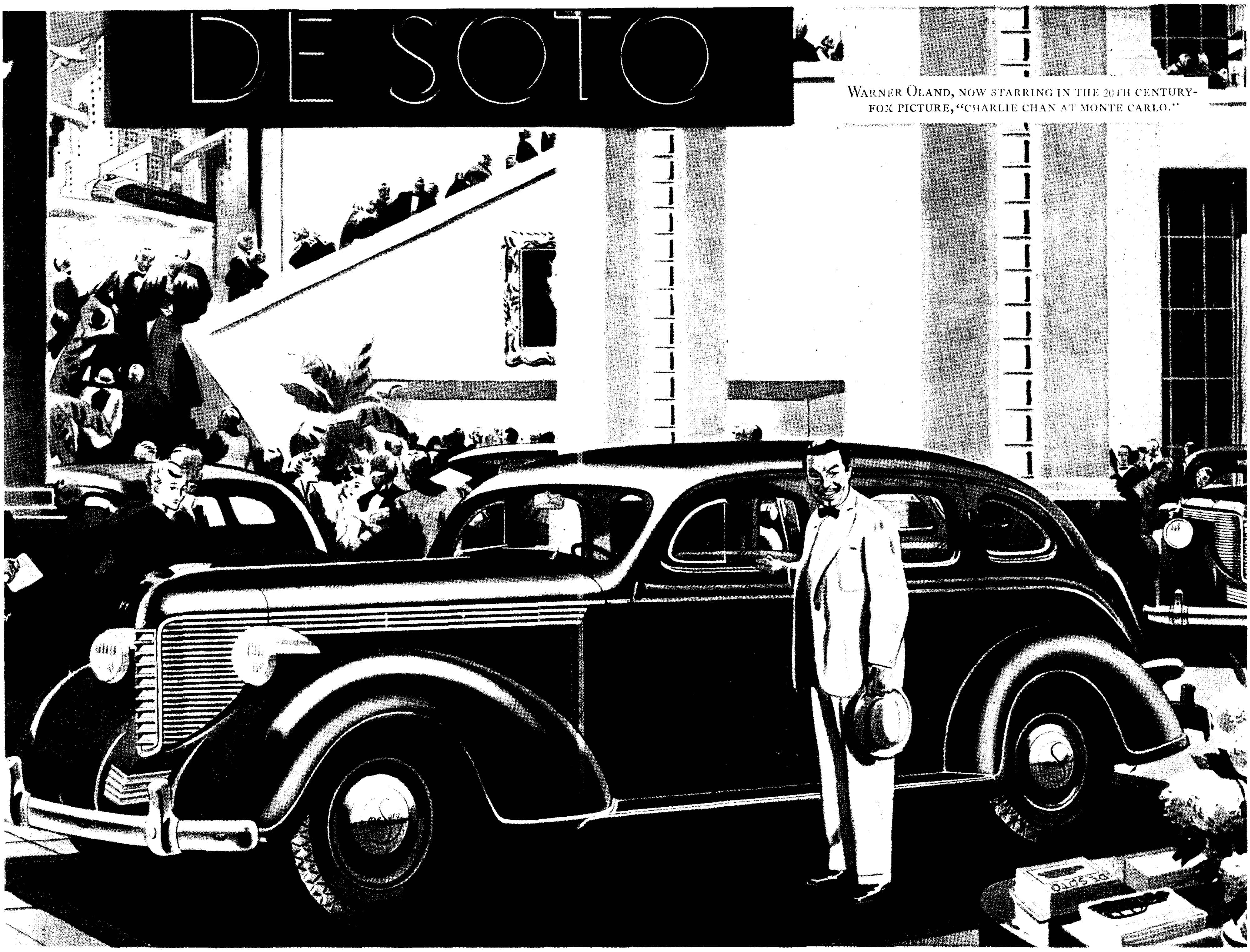
When she was out of sight, he curled his fingers round the ricksha shafts and ran swiftly up the Bund to find his evening's work.



"I'm afraid Clancy will never make a go of this"

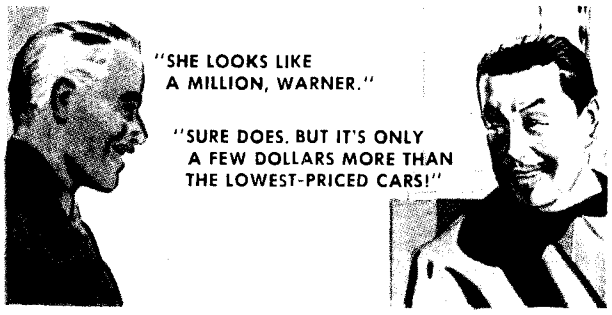
JAY IRVING

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE AUTO SHOW



Warner Oland, now starring in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo."

Warner Oland was quick to "detect" the Extra Value in this Great New De Soto


"SHE LOOKS LIKE A MILLION, WARNER."
"SURE DOES. BUT IT'S ONLY A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!"

DARNED CLEVER, these movie stars! Romantic, yes—but *practical*, too. That's why so many drive De Soto!

Warner Oland, for example. Like thousands at the auto shows, this great star was impressed by De Soto's advanced styling and luxurious comfort. He drove one... liked it...and now he owns a De Soto.

Drive this great new De Soto yourself. You'll be amazed at its "lightning-fast" pick-up...its smooth, relaxing ride on roughest roads...its effortless handling ...the quick response of its *bigger* hydraulic brakes!

IT'S AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

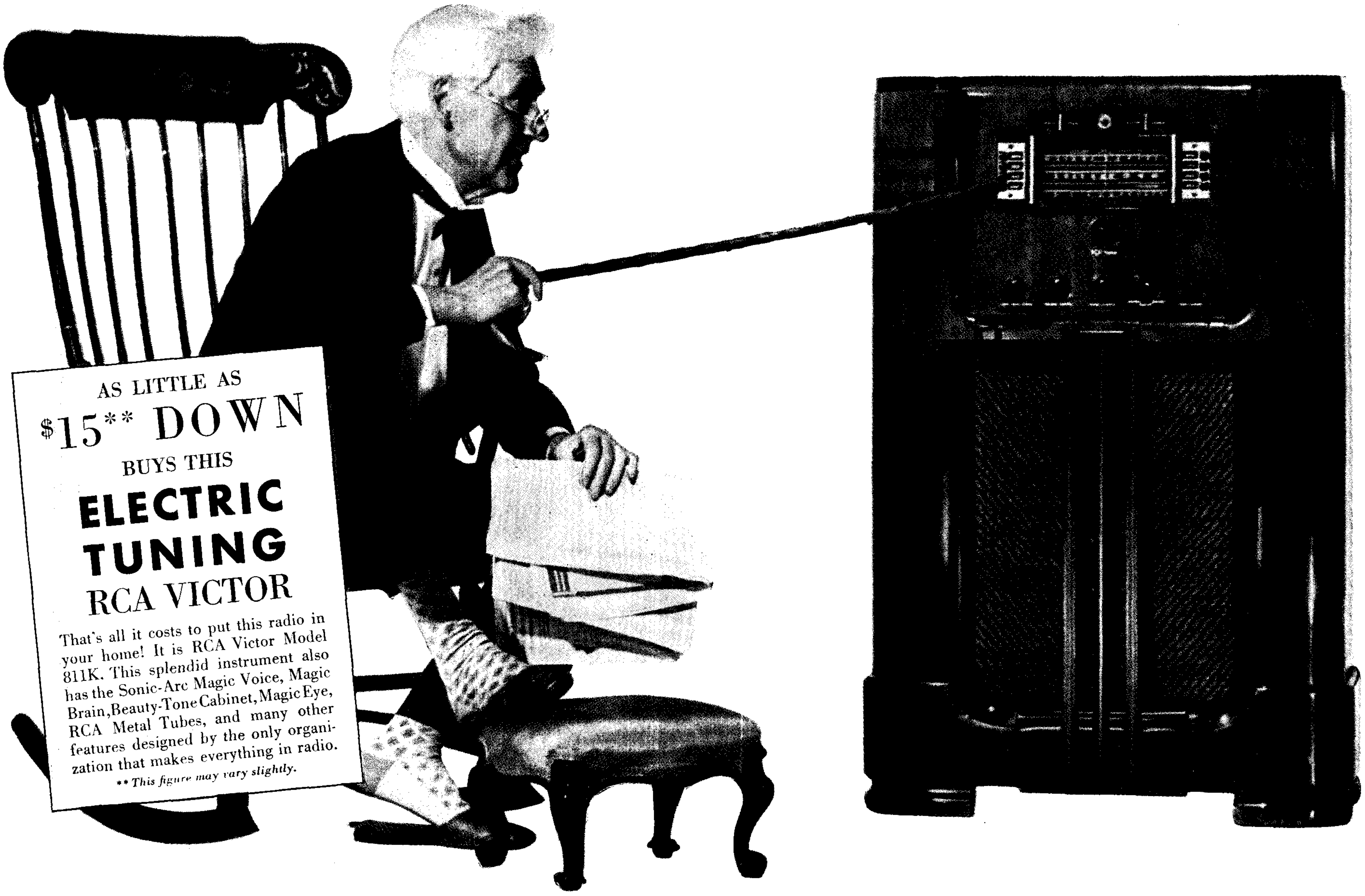
QUICK FACTS: 1. "Lightning-fast" pick-up... Improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. 3. Longer wheelbase...119 inches. 4. Bigger hydraulic brakes. 5. Easier shifting. 6. Safety-steel body rubber-mounted on a bigger, stronger frame. 7. Luxurious Safety Interior. 8. "Cushioned" ride with airplane-type shock-absorbers. 9. Easier steering..."no road-shock." Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—COLUMBIA NETWORK—THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

The price? Just a few dollars above the lowest...and this *big* car actually costs no more to run than most *small* cars! See your De Soto dealer today. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

SEE YOUR DE SOTO DEALER

FOR A GREAT CAR, FINE SERVICE AND A SQUARE DEAL



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$15 DOWN**

BUYS THIS

ELECTRIC TUNING

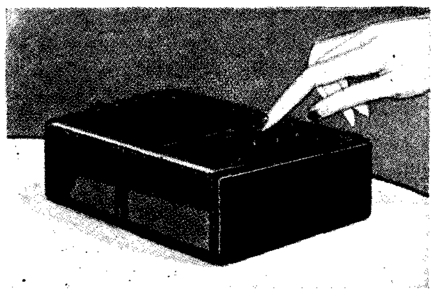
RCA VICTOR

That's all it costs to put this radio in your home! It is RCA Victor Model 811K. This splendid instrument also has the Sonic-Arc Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Beauty-Tone Cabinet, Magic Eye, RCA Metal Tubes, and many other features designed by the only organization that makes everything in radio.

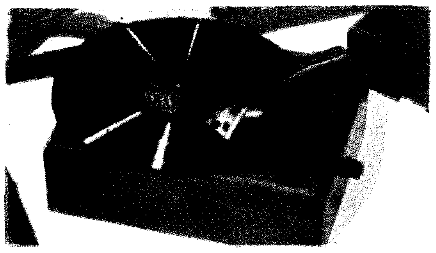
*** This figure may vary slightly.*

See what dealers say is radio's biggest sensation

RCA Victor *Electric Tuning*



Armchair Control— **Final Tuning Luxury**
You can tune your RCA Victor Electric Tuning Model from across the room with Armchair Control. It costs only $14.95* extra.



THIS AND YOUR RADIO PLAY VICTOR RECORDS
RCA Victor Record Player R-93A transforms any modern AC radio into an electric phonograph-radio. Can be attached easily and quickly. You can operate it from your armchair. $19.95*

The whole nation is excited about RCA Victor Electric Tuning. Its thrills and its simplicity have made it the biggest radio news in years.

And now actual figures prove that listeners everywhere want this new, marvelous, Electric Tuning. Push a button, there's your station delights dealers and listeners alike. A survey of 15,000 radio merchants just made by a trade organization shows that Electric Tuning appeals to set buyers three to four times more than any other new radio feature. And reporting dealers say, overwhelmingly, that RCA Victor shows by far the greatest advance in worthwhile features this year over last.

These men know what they are talking about. They sell radios. They constantly talk with listeners. They know what people want...and like. They say that the clamor for RCA Victor Electric Tuning models is unprecedented. These dealers know values, too. They say that RCA Victor Electric Tuning is the greatest radio value in years. Thousands of families agree.

Visit an RCA Victor dealer. Test Electric Tuning. Watch the uncanny ease with which the instrument tunes itself. See how a touch of a button brings in the station you choose, "right-on-the-nose". You'll want an Electric Tuning model. And you will find that reasonable prices, generous trade-in allowances and modest payments mean that you can have one . . . that your family can join the thousands who are enjoying this newest and finest radio feature.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T., on NBC Blue Network

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. easy payment plan.

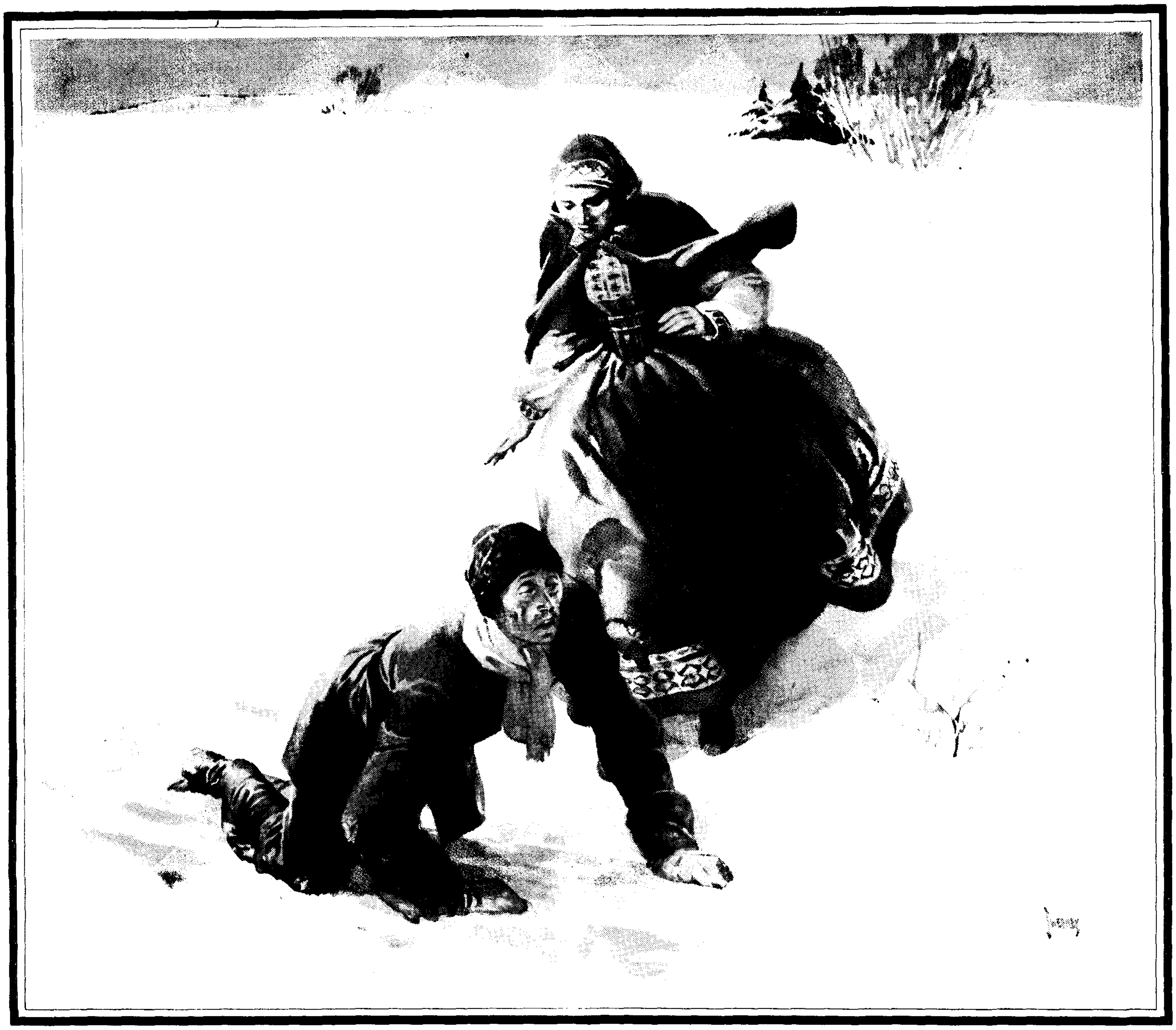
Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Antenna System. *All prices f.o.b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice.

RCA METAL TUBES
Sign of a Modern Radio

For radio tubes it pays to go "RCA All the Way!" First in Metal—Foremost in Glass—Finest in Tone.

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



DAN SWEENEY

The girl came closer and looked at Gregor. He was patently blind and helpless, incapable of defense

Enemy of the State

By Will F. Jenkins

For Gregor there was no chance. Every man's hand was against him, and he had only animal cunning to match against their rifles

FOR the first time in many long months, Gregor was not alert to danger, nor prepared instantly to sell his life for the highest possible price; he being scheduled to be shot. He did not even see the furtive figure of the girl who watched him from the hillside above the trail. There were reasons for his obliviousness, though. Starvation was one, and exhaustion was another, and despair may have been a third. He was snow-blind. He crawled on all fours through the snow.

But he knew that he was among high mountains, though he could not see them. He knew that the sun was shining brightly, though he could feel no trace of warmth from its rays. He knew that he would never get beyond the pass, above him somewhere; would never see the warm green valleys on the other side; would never again see any of those who had been his friends and had been wiser than he. They had gotten away when the party began to exterminate its enemies. But nothing actual seemed to matter to Gregor, now. He had endured too much, too long. He was light-headed. He was absorbed in visions.

They were startlingly vivid, those visions, and since he had been snow-blind they gained in brilliancy. His home, with the fig trees he'd played under, and his brothers and sisters were clearly before him. Home was long since burned down, of course, because it had harbored traitors to the doctrines which were now the official ideology. But he saw it plainly, just as it had been when he was a child. And Peter had been killed when he was arrested by shock troopers, and Alex—an attractive little boy in that sailor suit—had died of typhus in a concentration camp, and Gregor did not like to think about his sister Mariana. But he saw them all very clearly and very long ago. Like snapshots, except that there were colors and they moved. Mariana was playing tag with Peter and Alex. Her slim legs twinkled beneath her little-girl skirts. She tagged Peter triumphantly and laughed. . . .

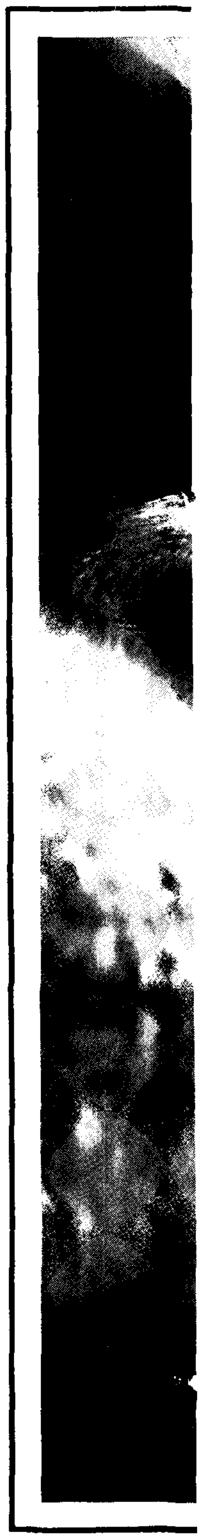
Gregor's left elbow buckled. He went face downward in the snow. Automatically, he raised himself and crawled on. He was not really paying attention. His body did not bother him any more. He knew that it was moving, because every so often it fell down.

The girl on the snowy hillside watched furtively. She saw that Gregor stayed in the beaten trail simply because he was too feeble to move in the softer snow. Twice, as she watched, Gregor

(Continued on page 58)

BR-R-R_IT'S COLD!

YOU PARK YOUR CAR..



STOP AND GO WITH

Mobiloil Arctic

MOBILOIL AND MOB

ENJOY THE MOVIES...

TWO HOURS LATER...

"It's Wonderful to Have A Car that starts Easily —Even on the Coldest Days!"

JUST DRIVE IN at your neighborhood Mobiloil dealer. Ask the attendant for Mobiloil Arctic...

In a moment — the world's finest winter oil is in your crankcase!

It flows instantly on zero days. Keeps its full, rich, lubricating body at high operating heat. Gives you this *double* protection from costly engine wear — *plus* sure, easy starts!

You'll quickly discover why, for over 25 years, more motorists have bought Mobiloil Arctic than any other winter oil! Drive in *today* — wherever you see the familiar Mobiloil Sign, or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse.

"BETTER ONE WEEK EARLY—THAN ONE DAY LATE!"

Winter-proof Your Car Now!

START QUICK with Mobiloil Arctic — the world's largest-selling winter oil.

SHIFT EASY on the coldest days with Mobiloil Gear Oil. No more fighting with your gears when you shift.

RIDE QUIET. Winter Mobilgreases end nerve-racking chassis squeaks.

PREVENT RADIATOR FREEZE-UPS with Mobil Freezone, the new anti-freeze made possible by petroleum.

GAS [illegible] UM
OI [illegible] C.

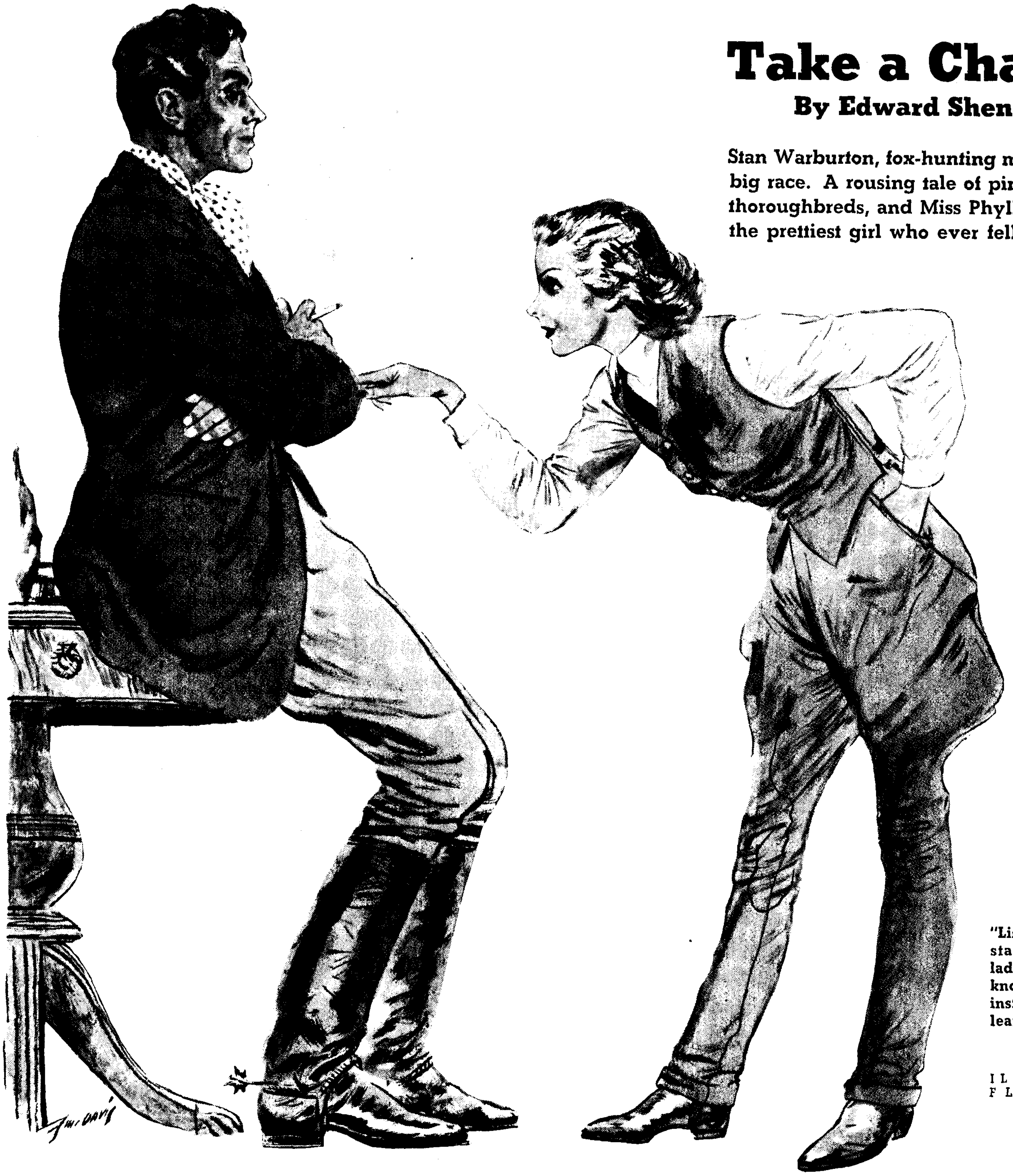
Mobilgas

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Take a Chance

By Edward Shenton

Stan Warburton, fox-hunting man, and the big race. A rousing tale of pink coats and thoroughbreds, and Miss Phyllis Harcourt, the prettiest girl who ever fell off a horse



"Listen, my fine lad, you stay away from that lady," Phyllis said. "She knows more tricks by instinct than you'll ever learn from Kraft-Ebbing"

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

STANLEY WARBURTON was a fox-hunting man. As a matter of fact, all the Warburtons had been. There was Great-uncle Struthers Warburton, M. F. H. of the Meadowfield Hunt back in the '90's until he came a pearler on the wrong side of 1,200 pounds of horse; Grandfather Phineas A. Warburton, who, according to legend, had broken one hundred and fifty-seven bones of the human skeleton's possible two hundred and six; Cousin Isham Pell Warburton, who passed in a blaze of glory by having a stroke while in mid-flight over a four-rail fence, yet so perfect was his seat that he rode for a half mile before the field actually became aware of his achievement. There was—but the complete record is written in the annals of Meadowfield. All, that is, except the first Warburton, old Fletcher Cartwright, who couldn't have told a fox from a tomcat, and whose only contribution was the fortune which released the succeeding generations from the annoyance of earning a living.

If the Warburton history had a slight taint of hospital and morgue about it, young Stanley, lone survivor of that thin, pink line, would hasten to explain that it was not due to fox hunting *per se*. The more lamentable mistakes had taken place in what might be called extracurricular affairs, such as steeplechasing or point-to-point racing.

"Fox hunting," he would tell Phyllis Harcourt. "You know, art." He rumpled his hair, clattering up and down the Harcourt living room in his field boots. "'Chasing and point-to-points, childish diversions."

Phyllis was in her customary pose of sitting practically on her shoulder blades. Her long legs in biscuit-colored jodhpurs dangled over the arm of the davenport, yet she contrived somehow to look graceful and refined. She flicked a tawny glance across the tip of her short nose, the way a juggler tosses knives at a target.

"Phooey," she said, giving the word an elegance that made it sound almost like intelligible rebuttal.

"Dangerous," said Stanley. "Take Uncle Struthers. Fine hunting man. Great M. F. H.—"

"A bawdy old boy, they tell me," Phyllis said.

STANLEY whirled abruptly, sinking a spur in one leg of a Chippendale table. It was difficult to maneuver six feet of outdoors physique in a room reflecting the magpie habits of past decades.

"Damn! Sorry, Phil."

"Wait till Mother sees that."

"Your mother," Stanley said, "woman of tact. Would never mention it."

"Was it true?" Phyllis asked, looking at him through long sun-whitened lashes, "about your uncle Struthers and Mrs. Liddle?"

Stanley cast a despairing glance at her.

"Well—yes."

"Interesting family you come from. Still, you're not much like Uncle Struthers."

"No, indeed," Stanley said indignantly.

"Nor Grandfather Phineas."

"Crazy. Always crocked up trying to put a horse over impossible fences."

"Or even Cousin Isham Pell."

"My heart, absolutely sound."

"Heart? Oh, yes," Phyllis said, "I see what you mean."

Stanley lit a cigarette and watched her in brooding perplexity. She had found a piece of string and was busy with the intricacies of a cat's cradle. Puzzling creatures, girls. There she was, just as he had seen her for, well, ever

(Continued on page 62)

Half & Half Makes One Swell Smoke!

LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM
BRIGHT CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

You'll be grateful for a tinful of good old Half & Half. Cool as the thought you've been hooked for a raffle. Smooth as the news: "The turkey is yours." Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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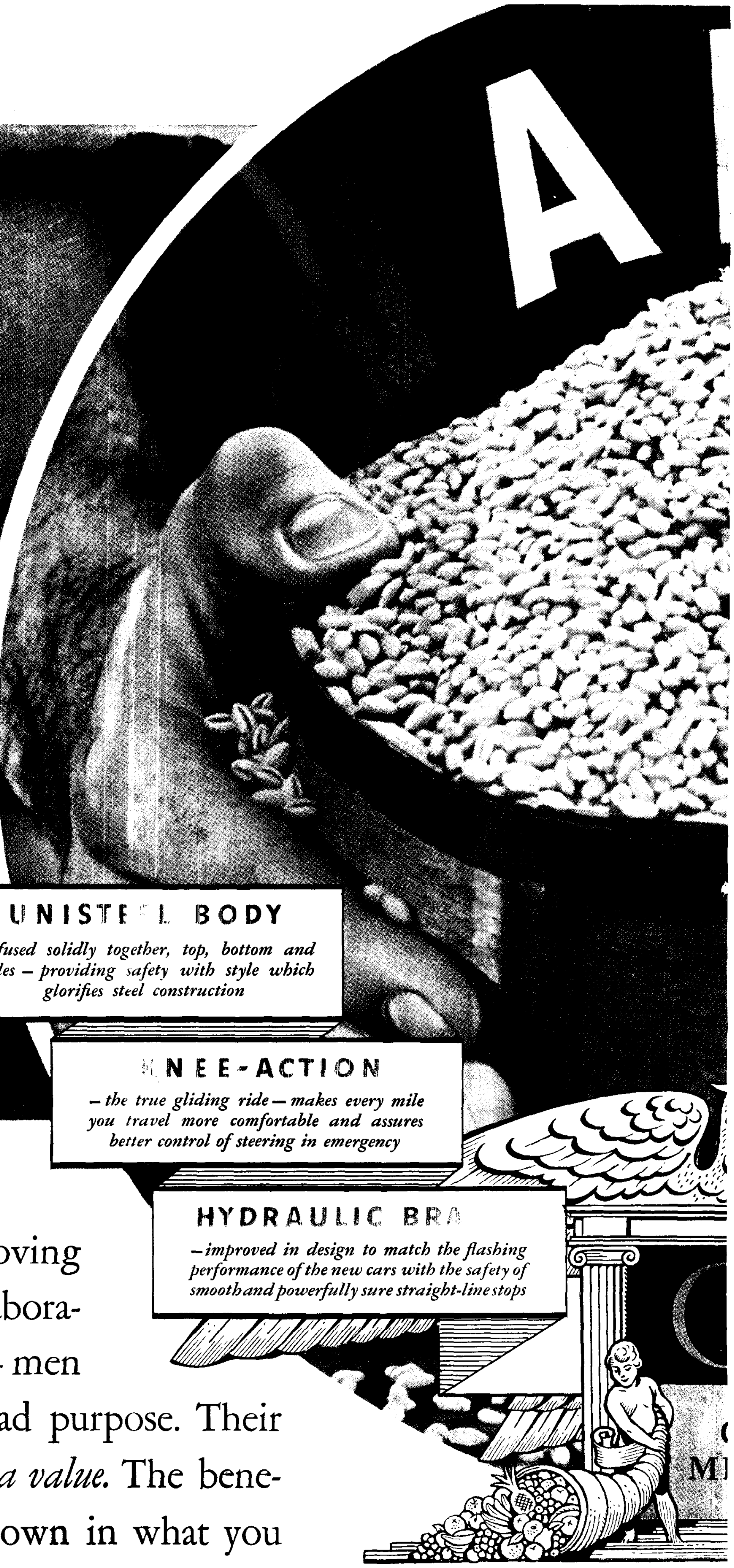
Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

THE "BATHTUB" *on the General Motors proving ground is only one among scores of tests used to check engineering features on new cars.*



UNISTEEL BODY

—fused solidly together, top, bottom and sides — providing safety with style which glorifies steel construction

KNEE-ACTION

— the true gliding ride — makes every mile you travel more comfortable and assures better control of steering in emergency

HYDRAULIC BRA

—improved in design to match the flashing performance of the new cars with the safety of smooth and powerfully sure straight-line stops

OUT on the General Motors proving ground — in the research laboratories — along the assembly line — men are busy working to the same broad purpose. Their steady aim is to give the public *extra value.* The benefits of these activities are clearly shown in what you

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TURRET TOP

—puts the safety of solid steel over your head in every closed car of the General Motors family

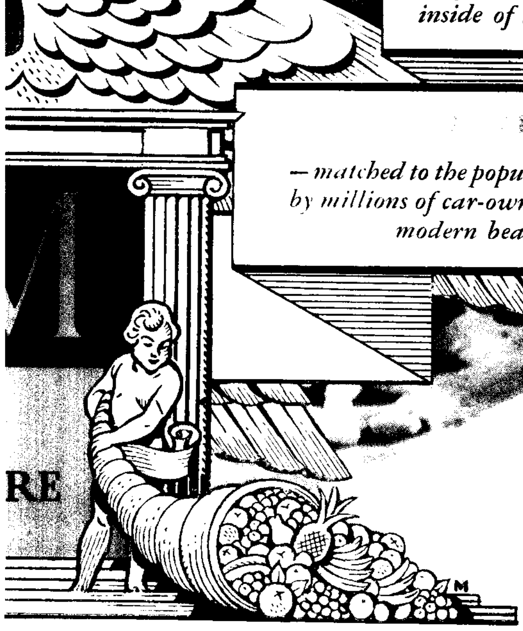
NO DRAFT VENTILATION

—keeps the air you breathe healthfully free from drafts and makes driving safer by keeping the inside of the windshield and windows fog-free

NT STYLING

—matched to the popular taste, and approved by millions of car-owners as the expression of modern beauty of design

AN ARMY OF EXPERTS *mans every General Motors plant—specialists who insure the value of the whole by building worth into each part.*



get for what you pay when you buy any car in the GM family. How well these cars serve human needs—for more comfort—more safety—better performance—is known by millions of car-owners. The next time *you* buy a car, remember—General Motors means Good Measure.

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Just Call Me Babe

Continued from page 19

he pulls a toy bank from his back pocket and levies a ten-cent fine each time a player curses or swears. The fund thus collected is emptied out of the little bank at the end of each season and given to charity. Babe drives his team like the master of an Egyptian galley; occasionally he even holds a long practice after a desperately contested conference game; before the annual battle with Idaho a few years ago he thought the squad appeared nervous and on edge so he called a vicious scrimmage session right there in the stadium before the astonished spectators. But despite these iron-and-steel coaching methods, Babe's supreme indulgence in strong language is "hum-ti-diddy"—and that only under extreme provocation. Although he is the solitary big-time football coach in America without a higher education, he plasters the walls of the Washington State locker room with stirring quotations from great statesmen and philosophers.

The Al Schacht of Football

Orin Ercel Hollingbery is full of such unconformities. A sports writer in Seattle once observed that Babe has as many paradoxes as a royal court and more eccentricities than a world's tour of university pedagogues. He is as far from the popular notion of a successful football coach as Cape Horn is from the Yukon River. In addition to having never attended college, Babe insists that his real business is not football at all but managing his superultra de luxe service station at Golden Gate and Polk streets in San Francisco. He openly disapproves of the frantic scramble to recruit prospective gridiron stars, and he denies to the newspapermen that there is any such thing as the Hollingbery system. "We just go out and play," he explains.

A photograph of the average coach on the bench in a big game looks like a composite picture of Napoleon at St. Helena and a granite cliff. Football brings forth grimness and stern, resolute determination in its coaches. They generally sit on the bench as harsh and forbidding as the Himalaya Mountains. Babe Hollingbery is the most notable exception to this rule. He is to intercollegiate football what Al Schacht is to baseball.

On a November afternoon last year a traditional adversary was tearing huge holes in the Washington State line. Eight and ten yards at a clip, the opponents marched toward the W. S. C. goal. Finally Babe sent in a substitute for a big end who had muffed every tackle. As the disconsolate player trudged off the field, he was terrified half out of his wits by an individual in a green suit of clothes who suddenly dashed onto the gridiron and spilled him with a neat, flying tackle right at the knees.

While the spectators roared in laughter and amazement, Babe Hollingbery picked himself up off the turf and pointed a finger at his sprawling athlete. "Now if I can do that, why can't you?" he asked.

The big end returned to action and performed like an All-American.

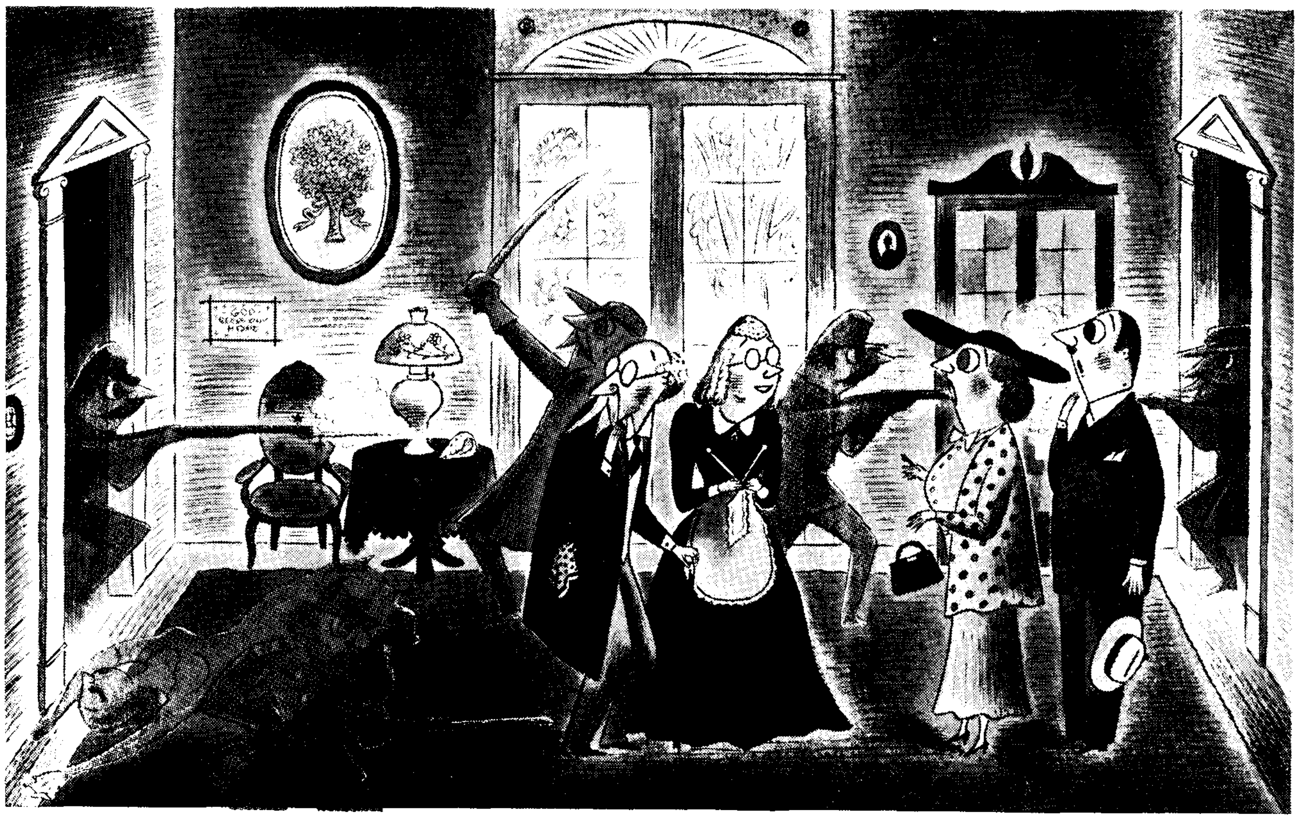
Babe never uses the bench during a game. He's always running along the side lines, sitting on the ground or looking up at the stands. Sometimes he perches on the yard markers or the cheerleader's megaphone. At Los Angeles last year he walked back and forth behind the bench like a businessman dictating letters.

Occasionally Babe's restless antics nearly result in disaster. In the 1936 game with California, the Washington State team, trailing 13 to 7, put on a terrific drive late in the battle. As his lads approached the land where points are found, Hollingbery cavorted about like an Indian brave at a war dance. The crowd almost forgot the bitter combat on the field while it watched Babe's buffoonery on the side lines. Then Washington State crashed over the California goal line, and the score was deadlocked. The conversion would decide whether the game would be a tie or a Washington State victory. Babe made a beeline for the bench to find George Rowswell, his 240-pound sophomore place-kicker. "Rowswell! Rowswell!" Babe screamed as he dashed toward the Washington State squad, his coat flying out behind him like the tail of an airplane. By the time Babe reached the bench, the teams were practically ready to line up. It took another few precious seconds to find Rowswell in the cluster of substitutes. "Rowswell," gasped the sputtering Babe, "g-g-g-get out there!"

Babe's Sensitive Point

The gigantic sophomore moved onto the field like a mountain locomotive. Twenty yards out, he turned around and looked solicitously at the frantic Hollingbery. Then he ran back. He grabbed Babe—now nearly stricken with apoplexy—by the arm. "Don't be so worried, Coach," he said soothingly, "I'll do it." Babe collapsed into the arms of an assistant manager, and saw only through dim eyes as Rowswell arrived just in time and thumped the ball not only through the goal posts but almost out of the California stadium.

For a decade the most celebrated piece of apparel on the Pacific seaboard —in athletic circles, at least—has been Babe Hollingbery's old green suit. He started wearing it to games years ago. Then it began to fall to pieces and he put it aside for a snappy new gray tweed. That afternoon Washington State was beaten to a frazzle. Babe returned to his dilapidated green stand-by. It looked like it was hanging on him in rags, but he refused to part with it. Once when he was hurrying through a crowded hotel lobby to the Kezar Stadium in San Francisco, he heard an agonizing ripping of cloth and among the tatters of a trouser leg a large portion of his shorts was visible. A tailor was hastily commandeered to put Babe's good-luck costume back together. But one afternoon the green suit failed as a talisman, and Washington State lost a game while Babe was wearing it. Now, whether to don the



"Been like this ever since we read 'Gone With the Wind'"

R. TAYLOR

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LET IT BLOW
LET IT FREEZE!

IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER WITH AN ARVIN 3-WAY CAR HEATING SYSTEM

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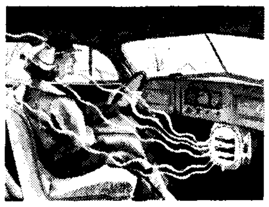

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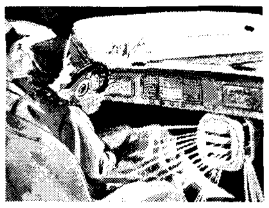
New high-heat-wave radiator and powerful motor-fan circulates over 50% more heat.



WARMS FEET
Two foot-warmer outlets drive heat downward in opposite directions.

The new built-in Arvin System does a 3-way job of defrosting, foot-warming *and* circulating more heat throughout your car. Comfort plus safety not available in ordinary type heaters. Special Duo-Flow model for Ford V-8, Tailor-Fit models for General Motors and Chrysler-built cars. Model shown, $15.95, with two defroster and two foot-warmer outlets. Defroster fittings slightly extra. *Genuine Arvins for all cars as low as* $9.95

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Today...the hand that swing

THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL

A MAN bent over his shovel all day long, and had moved a fair-sized pile of dirt when the day was done. But a giant steel power-shovel lifts that same pile in a single bite. 100,000 slaves of Cheops toiled for twenty years and raised his pyramid. 139 steel erectors worked 43 days and fitted together the whole steel framework of the 36-story Rockefeller Center Building.

Steel, in the form of derricks, shovels, drills, hammers and other tools, is remaking the world.

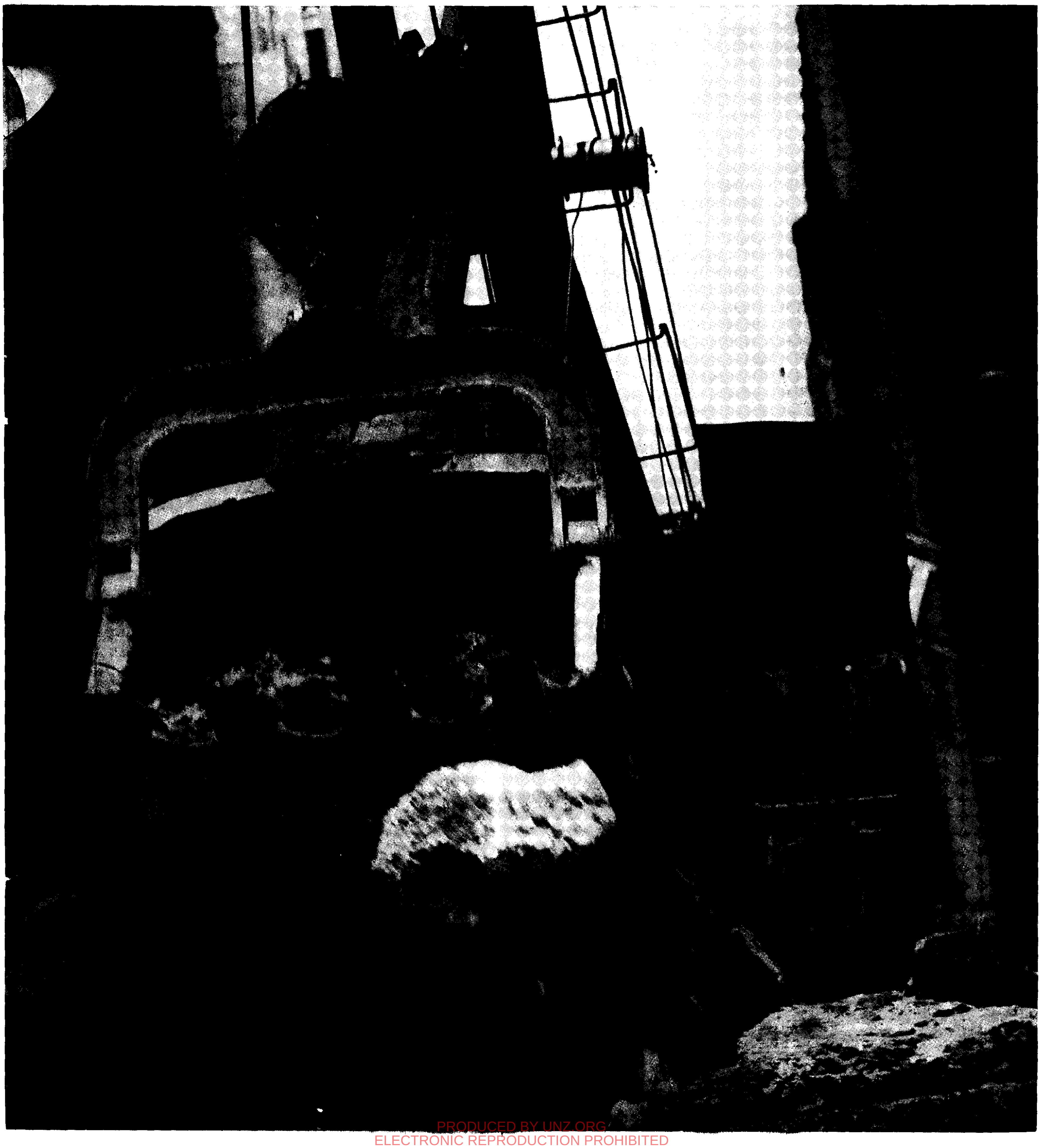
It is remaking your life as well—*has* remade it in the past thirty years. The steel machines that turn out shoes do a better job for you in an hour than the cobbler could do in 18 hours. Steel machinery has brought the cost of a good automobile down from $1800 to around $600. Steel machinery gives you a better can of soup for 10 cents than that for which you once paid 25 cents; a better camera for $17.50 than the $50 cameras of yesterday; a 60-watt bulb for 15 cents that used to cost 45 cents; and a tire for around $15 that will run 25,000 to 30,000 miles in place of the $28 tire that lasted 2800 miles.

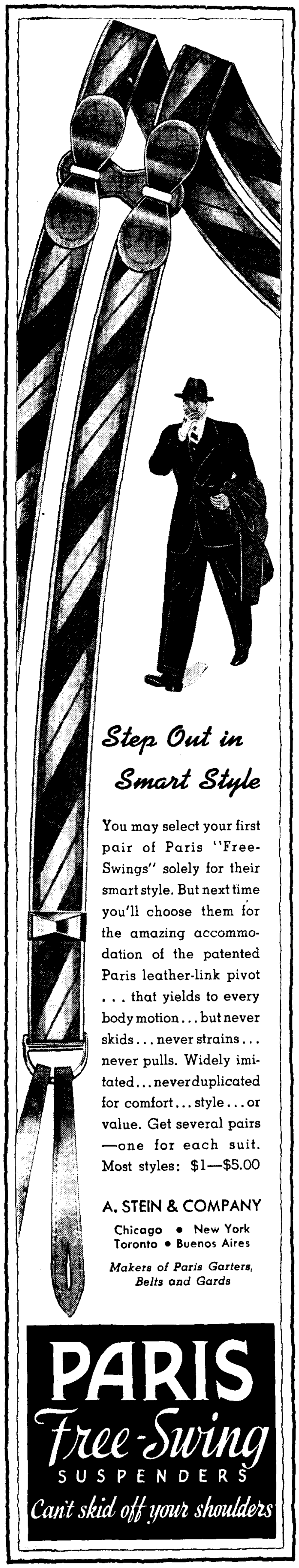
American industry has swept forward because American businessmen were willing to discard machinery *before* it was worn out; because they did not wait to abandon old methods and old equipment, but installed the new and better *immediately*. To every manufacturer who has a problem of rebuilding for the business of the future we extend this invitation: "Put it up to Steel." Any of the Companies listed will welcome your inquiry.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

UNITED STATES STEEL

the shovel moves the world




Step Out in Smart Style

You may select your first pair of Paris "Free-Swings" solely for their smart style. But next time you'll choose them for the amazing accommodation of the patented Paris leather-link pivot . . . that yields to every body motion . . . but never skids . . . never strains . . . never pulls. Widely imitated . . . never duplicated for comfort . . . style . . . or value. Get several pairs—one for each suit. Most styles: $1—$5.00

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago • New York
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Makers of Paris Garters, Belts and Gards

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

patched and frayed green suit is as serious a problem each Saturday as what type of offensive to use.

Can a team run like a Marx Brothers movie combined with a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera succeed in Class-A, big-time football? Most people would exclaim an emphatic "No!" and bet the family car on it. But Babe Hollingbery is one of those fellows you never can tell about. He may be as superstitious as a gypsy fortuneteller, and he may behave on the side lines like a circus clown, yet—

He has the best long-time coaching record in the Pacific Northwest and is second only to Howard Jones of Southern California on the Coast. In the twelve years Babe has been at Washington State, the school has been out of the first division of the conference just once. For nine seasons he has been invited to be senior coach of the Western team in the Shrine benefit East-West classic New Year's Day, and on six of those occasions he has beaten the best all-star squad Eastern football could muster.

The football elevens that come down out of the rolling hills and lava uplands near Grand Coulee Dam, where Washington State College is located, are as colorful and eccentric as the forty-four-year-old auto repair expert and poet who coaches them. Even the most patient prognosticators have practically given up trying to predict what Babe's teams will do. They're like Babe himself—you never can tell about them. When they're picked to win they lose, and when they're picked to lose they win. Consider last season, for example:

Babe's boys were slated to crush little Gonzaga. But Gonzaga beat them, 13 to 6. They were heralded as easy pickings for California. But they beat California, 14 to 13.

They were slated to smother Oregon State. But Oregon State outclassed them, 16 to 6.

They were regarded as pushovers for Southern California. But the game ended in a scoreless tie.

They weren't supposed to have much of a chance against U. C. L. A. But they ran away with the contest, 32 to 7.

They were rated on even terms with Washington in the battle for the conference championship and the Rose Bowl bid. But Washington overwhelmed them, 40 to 0.

These are a few of the reasons why the sports experts push aside the dope books and decide by the flip of a coin when they encounter a Washington State game on their lists.

Poetic Pep Talks

Babe Hollingbery was coaching the Olympic Club and two San Francisco high school teams—in addition to running his service station—when Washington State College hired him a dozen years ago. He was nationally heralded as the college coach who never had been to college. This was a sensitive point with Babe, and he began to read extensively. He got books out of the college library and studied history, grammar and philosophy. The walls of the locker room he covered with inspiring quotations that he found in these books—quotations from men like Jefferson and Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt and Horace Greeley. In great, sweeping letters that he used on the gasoline price cards at his San Francisco service station, Babe painted the signs himself. He never has trusted the job to the college art department.

One afternoon after he had been at Washington State five or six years, Babe watched the team go through a sluggish practice session. The players lacked pep and drive. They moved like men in a slow-motion movie. Hollingbery called off practice for the rest of the day and walked dejectedly to his office in the gymnasium. He jammed his fountain pen in his mouth, pulled a couple of sheets of paper from his desk. The result was a vast accumulation of home-made poetry that soon occupied space alongside the sayings of Jefferson and Lincoln. Here are two typical stanzas, exactly as Babe wrote them:

Analyze yourself. Settle down and work.
Fight, tear, slash, charge—*never* shirk.
Play the game square—you've got a job to do.
Do it right—be a winner through and through.

Be anxious to learn. Help others. Spread cheer.
Pull together. Fight together. Help make it clear
That the quitter will fall—the fighter will stand.
Prove *yourself* an asset. *Prove* yourself a *man.*

Fooling the Experts

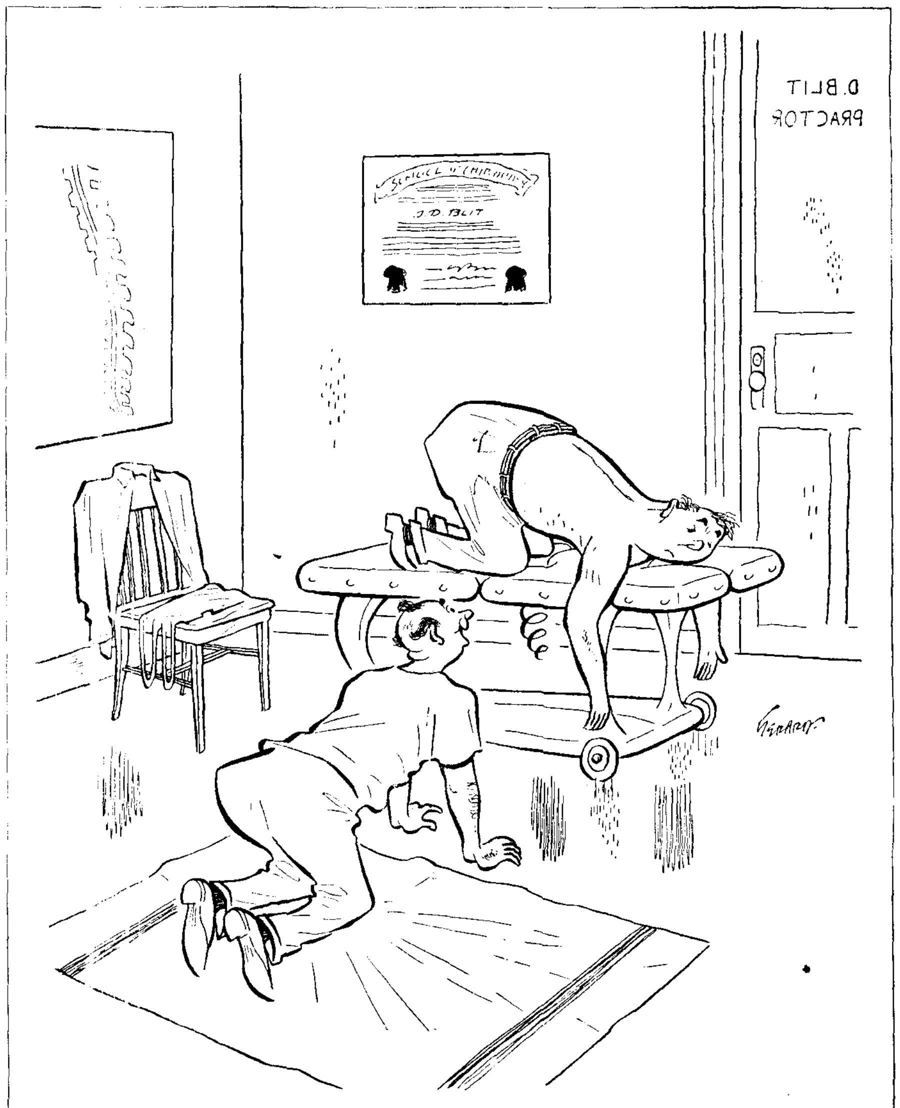
This and a multitude of kindred verses did not bother much about rhythm and they were not in iambic pentameter and they might not have earned Babe a passing grade in the campus English department. Yet it is still one of the unbelievable miracles of the Palouse hill country of eastern Washington that Babe Hollingbery composed his first original poetry just before the greatest football conquest in the history of Washington State College. The next Washington State opponent was Southern California. The Trojans seemed unbeatable. They had walloped Stanford 41 to 12. They had massacred California 74 to 0. They ran up 54 points on U. C. L. A. All over America U. S. C. was a favorite to win the national title.

On Sunday morning the stunned inhabitants of Los Angeles and Hollywood read this headline in one of their local newspapers:

IT HAPPENED! IT'S TRUE: W. S. C. 7, U. S. C. 6!

You never can tell about Babe Hollingbery and his teams, but you certainly can identify them. So if you are in the Far West this fall and attend a football game, the following occurrences will indicate to you that Washington State College is one of the participants: (1) The predictions of the experts being completely, thoroughly and ruthlessly reversed; (2) A snarling mountain lion chained on the side lines to symbolize the Washington State nickname of "Cougars;" (3) A square-jawed individual (probably in a tattered green suit) rambling back and forth in front or in back of the bench, sitting on the ground, lying on the ground, engaging in pantomimic exchanges with everyone within visible distance, tackling players as they leave the field, looking up at the grandstand at crucial moments, running from one end of the field to the other, standing on one foot, borrowing the cheerleader's megaphone, squatting on the yard markers, writing original poetry on the back of a program, waving his arms like a railroad block signal out of control—and otherwise behaving in nonconformist fashion.

Don't be alarmed. Item No. 3 will only be Orin Ercel (Just Call Me Babe) Hollingbery putting on the best outdoor show west of the Mississippi River while he demonstrates how to obtain satisfactory developments on the football field.



"This will hand you a laugh: You didn't have a dislocated vertebra after all. I've got a broken spring down here!"

DAVE GERARD

'Announcement" is too dead a word for the 1938 Nash—IT'S A VALUE-BOMBSHELL!

"Price Class" lines are smashed by Nash's New Value in the Low-Price Field!

All new cars are "announced".

But these new Nash cars for 1938 have hit America like a bombshell of value . . . their brilliant new features have thrilled the country.

They were the biggest cars of 1937 in their field. But they've been made still roomier. 1937 leaders for "looks" . . . they're even smarter, more luxurious.

But it's on the great Super-Thrift engines that Nash has really "gone to town"! On new features that cut your gas bills still further . . . and give you more power and pick-up in every gear from low to high.

On sensational, exclusive new comforts like the CONDITIONED AIR SYSTEM for winter driving . . . RIDING SMOOTHNESS that scarcely jiggles your little finger going over husky bumps . . . SILENCE no car on the road can equal!

Check on Nash Extra Value with Your Dealer

There are 83 important improvements in Nash cars for 1938. Every one of them is *extra value* for your money. Many are EXCLUSIVE . . . no other car has their like.

And back of these sensational *new* things is Nash's *twenty years proved* ability in great engineering and precision work.

This Year — Get Out of the "All Three" Class!

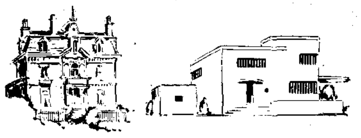
Do the shrewd thing, the smart thing, before you buy your next new car. Check up, and compare the Nash car that fits your requirements with all others at or near its price.

See your Nash dealer. He's the kind of man you'll enjoy doing business with . . . and he wants to help you make full, fair and thorough comparisons.

This is *your* year to step up to the room and luxury and downright pleasure your family wants.

THREE GREAT 1938 NASH SERIES: Nash-LaFayette, 117-inch wheelbase; Nash-Ambassador Six, 121-inch wheelbase; Nash-Ambassador Eight, 125-inch wheelbase. NASH MOTORS DIVISION of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Kenosha, Wis.

GREATEST ENGINE STORY SINCE THE AUTOMOBILE "WAS A PUP"!



Past engine design is cluttered with parts "tacked on" like an old-fashioned house. Nash has modernized and simplified the engine itself . . . gained absolute heat control . . . cut out heavy wastes of gas and power . . . made brilliant performance unaffected by weather.

SATURDAY NIGHTS—*hear "PROF. QUIZ"—Columbia Broadcasting System . . . see local papers for hour.*

ONLY NASH GIVES YOU ALL THESE!

FIRST CAR WITH CONDITIONED AIR FOR WINTER DRIVING! No more cold drafts ...dust...stale air...or window-steaming. 70° comfort, in zero weather!

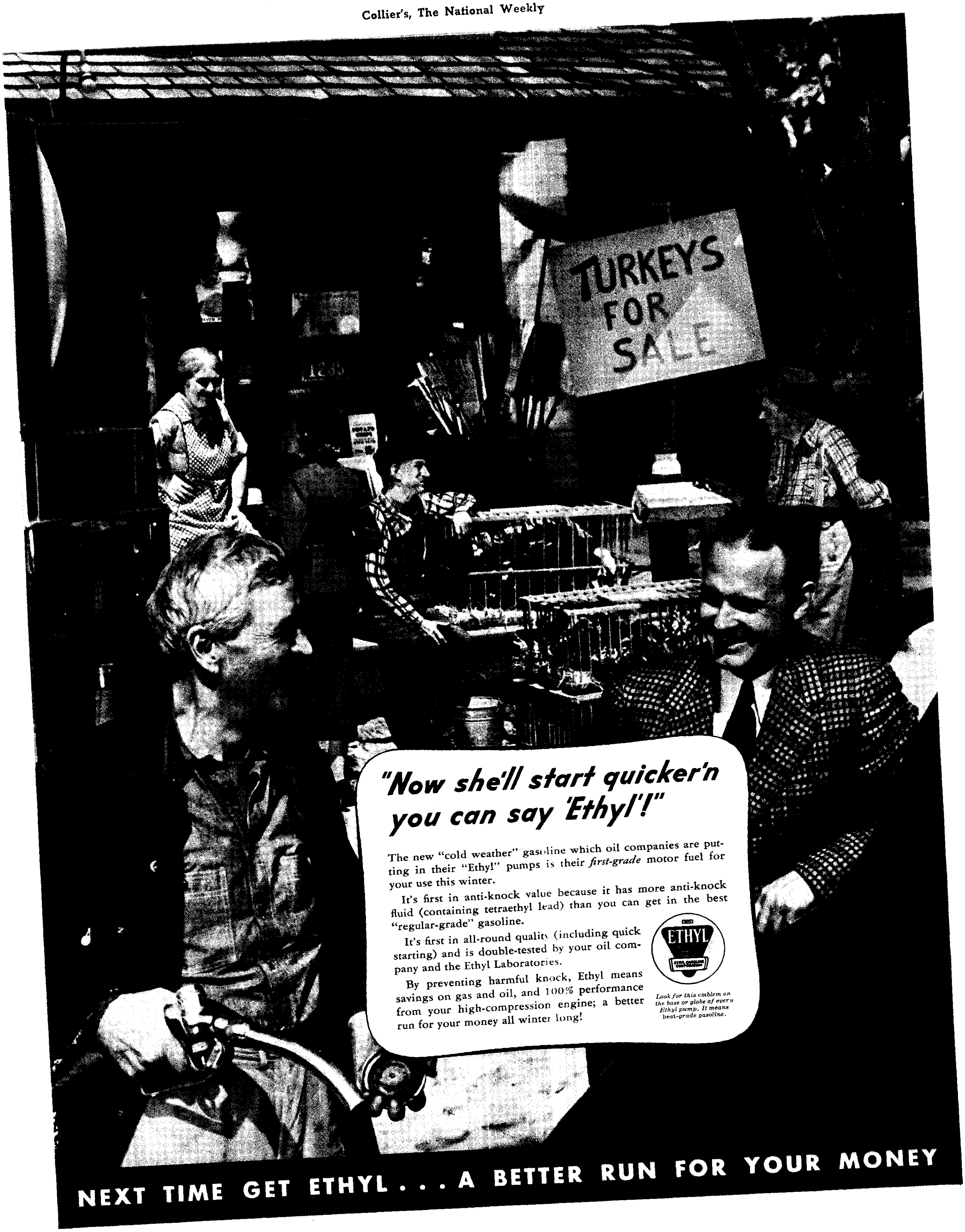
SUPER-THRIFT ENGINE! Greatest engine advance in 20 years . . . record new economy and efficiency.

AUTOMATIC GEAR-SHIFT! Perfected automatic shifting that really works . . . nothing new to learn...constant, sure, *instant* control . . . leaves front floor clear.

AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR! Even in lowest priced models . . . saves engine wear...cuts gas consumption 20%-25%!

DOUBLE AUTOMATIC SPARK CONTROL!—for utmost efficiency and economy under every condition . . . doubly controlled by exact engine speed and load.

MOST SILENT CARS ON ROAD! Soundproofing results that go far beyond anything in any 1937 cars.


TURKEYS FOR SALE
NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

"Now she'll start quicker'n you can say 'Ethyl'!"

The new "cold weather" gasoline which oil companies are putting in their "Ethyl" pumps is their *first-grade* motor fuel for your use this winter.

It's first in anti-knock value because it has more anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) than you can get in the best "regular-grade" gasoline.

It's first in all-round quality (including quick starting) and is double-tested by your oil company and the Ethyl Laboratories.

By preventing harmful knock, Ethyl means savings on gas and oil, and 100% performance from your high-compression engine; a better run for your money all winter long!

ETHYL

Look for this emblem on the base or globe of every Ethyl pump. It means best-grade gasoline.

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

Simple and Dignified

Continued from page 18

silver fox farm from his father; a wire from Resolute to say that Chet was to be on hand the day past tomorrow as Biskra Blaire's escort to some première or other. An urgent wire from Lorraine.

He looked at these reminders as if they lay at the foot of a staircase which he had been climbing quietly since morning. He had a bird's-eye view now of the whole cheerful, crazy, unorganizable Frazee world. He wasn't going to worry about it any longer. A lot of people would have to get along without the accustomed favors from good old Chet Frazee of Resolute Pictures. Good old Chet was going to keep his future uncomplicated by anything except a quiet-eyed girl, whose liking for peaceful things matched his own.

"Must have five grand Palm Springs pronto or else Alfredo loses all," Lorraine's wire read. Chet scrawled two words—"Or else"—and left them for the desk clerk to send.

HE SPENT a cheerful hour in the health-giving stench of the Encinas Grandes sulphur baths. And after a hearty supper he went down to the garage and asked one of the boys about the roads around the hotel. It seemed that a side road branched off near the Elliot place, but you couldn't drive far on it because about a quarter of a mile over the hill it got to be private.

Chet backed his car out of the hotel garage, and drove away to investigate the sloping roads up among the live oaks behind the Encinas Grandes. A full moon sometimes showed him glimpses of the hotel below, and sifted a quiet light over houses dozing among their hedges and trees. When he came to the fork leading into a private road, he took it.

The garage boy had said something about two stone pillars. But he hadn't mentioned a postbox lettered "H. Elliot," or a long driveway looping through terraced gardens toward something in gray stone—something complete with turrets, a flood-lighted house flag, and other baronial doodads as solidly impressive as the millinery of royalty.

"So that's it," said Chet.

He turned the car and drove back to the hotel, whistling the Rumba in the Rain number from "We Dance Tonight."

He didn't blame Jane. It was entirely natural that she wouldn't want to expose a Hollywood hoofer to the bewilderments of a gracious but feudal ménage. The only trouble was that she couldn't know it wouldn't be his first exposure.

He had told her about the rise of the Frazees. But he hadn't mentioned his own week ends at big Kentish country houses, during the London run of that Gilbert Miller show. He hadn't mentioned them, just as he hadn't spoken of those few strange but highly connected days at a Juan-les-Pins villa, where the company had included a Swedish ballerina, a polo-playing Indian rajah, and a confidential cabinet minister who could do tricks on bicycles. He was good old Chet Frazee, but all the same he knew the elements of black tie and white tie and the times and places for tipping his lordship's valet. He wasn't backing down for any serenely imperturbable H. Elliots, who let their daughter run around in a patched bathing suit.

In his bridal suite at the Encinas Grandes Hotel, he scornfully dismissed the idea that she might not be the Elliots' daughter at all. He scornfully dismissed it several times. Maybe she would turn out to be a poor relation of theirs; it wouldn't matter. Maybe she would turn out to be a newspaper girl, working some sort of shenanigan. Maybe—

He went out to the plunge early next morning, and she was there. It was different this morning, swimming side by side with her instead of in the opposite direction.

He said, after a while, "I'm supposed to go back to Hollywood tomorrow. There's some première or other—"

"Oh," said Jane. Her slim legs continued to thrash water without any break in rhythm, and her arms kept up their smooth, clean stroke. But she slowed up, somehow. "Will you be back?"

"I don't know," he said. "That's why I'd like to come and see you tonight."

They reached the end of the pool, and she didn't make her usual smooth pivot and shove-off. She held the rail with one hand and looked at him. If Mona Vincennes or Biskra Blaire could have held that look through a close-up in a scene of farewell, thought Chet, Resolute Pictures would have been out electioneering to get them the year's Academy Award. But this wasn't farewell. This was an invitation to dinner.

"About half past seven?"

"Thanks," said Chet. He wanted to smooth the water drops off her shoulders. He wanted very badly to kiss her. But the forty-eight-hour Frazee handicap still had its time to run. He asked, "How about breakfast this morning?"

"No," she said, her voice oddly listless. "I guess I'd better go home."

She didn't wait to change her clothes in the hot springs bath-house, as she had done yesterday. She walked back to the car and took an old raincoat out of the rumble. While he held it for her, he said, "You're still not engaged, Jane?"

"No." Her voice was small and scared.

"Fine," said Chet Frazee. "See you tonight."

DRIVING up in his newly polished car that evening, Chet Frazee noted that the residence of H. Elliot was even more extensive than he had supposed. It was backed by a series of outbuildings vaguely massed behind ranks of tall-growing flowers, unidentifiable in the darkness. An elderly Filipino let him into a big hall where a woman in black lace was booming heartily into a telephone. The conversation had something to do with Lord Binkie of Killieloch, about whom it seemed that scandalous rumors were being circulated.

Jane came out, looking unaccountably childlike and frightened in her long dress. She whispered to him, "That's Mother," and took him past the booming lady, who was expressing great indignation over the idea that Binkie's Aunt Ellen had ever shown signs of distemper.

Cocktails were being served in the next room to a number of exceptionally sun-browned people, and a little man in a cotton drill dinner jacket nodded absently, while continuing a conversation with somebody hidden from Chet by the back of a deep chair.

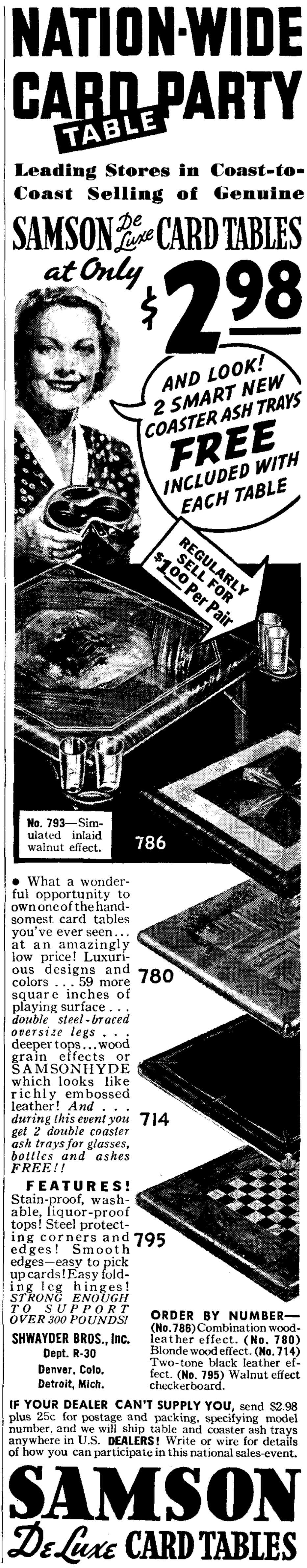
"So I wrote to the committee," the little man was saying. "I let them have it straight from the shoulder. I wrote—I've got a copy in my files somewhere, along with the show's own catalogue marked in red ink—I wrote, 'No exhibit will stand up after refrigeration, if shown under a floodlight as hot as a sun lamp.' Of course, not being dahlia men themselves, they chose to ignore—"

"That's Father," said Jane. "Would you—would you like to see his garden? From a slight distance, I mean?"

She looked small and baffled among the tall women and the well-pressed, sad-

"It's the 'toy-gun bandit,' Mike. He got me twice!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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No. 793—Simulated inlaid walnut effect.

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FEATURES! Stain-proof, washable, liquor-proof tops! Steel protecting corners and edges! Smooth edges—easy to pick up cards! Easy folding leg hinges! *STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT OVER 300 POUNDS!*

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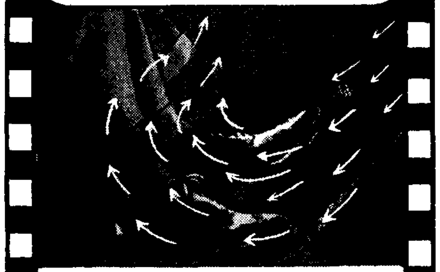
AMAZING NEW KIND OF HEATER ACTUALLY "HEAT CONDITIONS" YOUR CAR!

4-WAY DOWN-DRAFT HEAT FORCES HOT AIR THROUGHOUT CAR

This utterly new principle of car heating spreads glorious warmth to every nook and corner of the car—makes winter driving a "winter sport." The 4-way down-draft action of the Goodrich Super De Luxe heater gives quick, even, *all over* heat.



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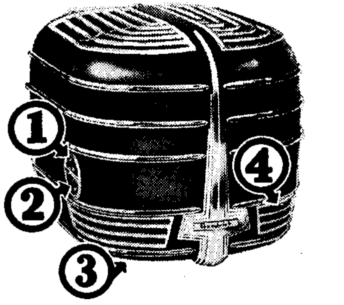
Down-draft action and the special foot-warmer "blower" throws heat where it is needed most—directly to the floor-board and to the driver's feet. Keeps feet warm even in coldest weather.



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1. Out to windshield defroster
2. Across to driver's feet
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Goodrich Super De Luxe Heater

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

dle-brown men whose conversation filled the room. The black-laced Mrs. Elliot checked in passing.

"Frazee?" she said. "Frazee? Ought I know that name?"

She seemed so massive and important that Chet wouldn't have dared to suggest there was anything that she didn't already know. A dark, sultry-eyed girl turned from a near-by group to say moodily, "Chet Frazee—five-gaited stallion. By Gooseneck out of Vendetta. She by Happenstance from a Tribulation mare. Took the Mirador trophy at Santa Barbara last year, but couldn't quite make the championship stakes. Conformation was better than pedigree."

"Ah," said Mrs. Elliot, sailing on, "so that was it. I never forget a face."

"He was cow-hocked and down in front," the dark girl said with scornful lack of emphasis, and returned to her group discussion.

"My sister," said Jane. "You don't call her Countess, because Sweewee—that's Sandor Lescaboura—dropped the title when he began designing those bathrooms. And, anyhow, she divorced him."

"Oh," said Chet. There wasn't time to go out on the terrace, after all. People began appearing from the dining room with very large plates which they set on very small tables. Or they wandered around uncannily, with apparently unhampered gestures, describing box stalls or dog shows or the latest heating systems for greenhouses. Chet was presented to Mr. Elliot as Jane was leading the way to the dining room.

"I've got the same name as a horse, sir," said Chet.

"Well, well," little Mr. Elliot chuckled amiably. "We mustn't get morbid about these things, you know. Have to be named after something—though my own experience is that they try to take the honors away from one." His kindly face took on a sterner cast. "Last year there was a very fine seed I'd selected from eight giant dahlias. All hand-hybridized, mind you. Enormous blossoms as big as tuber plants—"

THIS went on for nearly ten minutes. By the time Chet found Jane again, she had been swept into the dining room. She was halfway around the table, moving down the line as he moved up. It was just like that first morning—was it only yesterday?—when they had passed each other in the Encinas Grandes plunge. Only now, instead of quiet, night-cooled water, there were candles and food and wave on wave of talk.

Ahead of Chet, there was a woman who knew what chestnut gelding had ticked a three-bar and boggled the brush in the San Ilario hunter trials in 1927. Behind him, a gloomy male voice was announcing to friends that the winter shows would undoubtedly reveal a conspiracy to discredit the saluki. And at the far end of the room was Jane, watching with strained attention as if she expected Chet Frazee to break something at any moment now.

He set his features in a smiling, social blankness and backed out of the foraging guest line, straight into what appeared to be a slight domestic fracas.

"I can't think what's come over Jane," Mrs. Elliot was proclaiming. "She was to telephone them from the ranch if the paint threatened to give out. And now, of course, there'll only be enough for the kennels and possibly the stables—"

"You mean the stables and possibly the kennels," the Countess Lescaboura interposed in her morose contralto drawl.

"I know what the man said," Mr. Elliot asserted with heat. "It takes nearly a month for those people to fill a special order nowadays, with all this government interference. And it's very well for you two to talk about germinating in a week or ten days. The Frau Waldemar Zuppke doesn't. The Pompom Glorioso Mixto doesn't. I've known them to require as much as three weeks."

"You've known Mother and me longer than three weeks," said the countess, moving away, "and I think your little nursery will have to wait."

"Come, come, Hector," Mrs. Elliot admonished, "it never does any good to mope."

Somehow, at that instant, the whole thing blew up for Chet Frazee. Salukis and a Biskra Blaire première and pompom dahlias. Rumba in the Rain and Mona Vincennes screaming in the headlines that good old Chet was just a pal. He'd had more than plenty. From now on, he was going to skip a lot of it.

He shoved his own plate firmly into the hands of the brooding Mr. Elliot, and stalked into the next room.

Jane was hemmed in by a large young man, but Chet reached around and grabbed her wrist. "I must consult you at once, Miss Elliot."

OUT on the terrace, there were people, too. He didn't care. Regardless of forty-eight-hour limits, he kissed her in the presence of Elliot guests, moonlight, and the tall garden sprinklers swishing out there on the lawn. He said, "You're the only girl I've ever seen who keeps on looking pretty with her mouth open."

He brought her lips together by pressing gently with the right thumb and forefinger. "Jane, my darling, you know what? Your people are worse than a flock of Frazees. I wouldn't trade, pound for pound—not even if you threw in a couple of dahlia seeds and a St. Bernard."

For the first time in a long while he was feeling easy and secure, as if lines and business had all been planned in advance, from a script that he had memorized. "You with your quiet, country-gentleman family," he said now. "Scared to let them meet me, for fear I'd throw cheese cake like my brother Stan—or try to sell phony oil leases to that little dahlia grower of yours, the way my dad would. Scared I wouldn't know enough to nod my head when they talk about Pelham bits and puppy biscuits. Scared, and running away from them in a patched bathing suit—"

She said, "It's patched because I don't get time to buy a new one. I keep trying, but there's always tar paper and fence wire and things like that to take out to the ranch. And I wasn't scared to let my family see you. I was scared—because everything was mixed up for you already—I didn't think you could bear—I mean—"

"Let's get out of here," said Chet.

He caught her apprehensive glance at the terrace guests and at the social scene beyond the lighted windows. "But not that way, Jane."

There wasn't any other way, except under those sprinklers that swished majestic spirals above the lawn. "Darling, we can't—" Jane protested.

"Why can't we? Is anything impossible to an Elliot or a Frazee?" He led her in a swift dash under the spray. Everything was simple and dignified. Anyhow, simple.

They were in his roadster, miles past Encinas Grandes on the Yuma highway, before he sneezed.

"Jane," he said, "there's something I forgot to tell you. When I take cold, I get these headaches—"

She put a calm hand to his forehead. "Poor old Chet Frazee. I know things that are good for headaches."

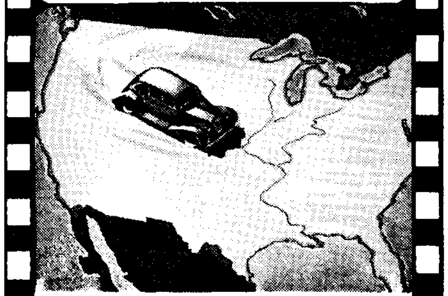
"Say the other one, darling. The one with both our names."

She spoke softly: "Mr. and Mrs. John Chester Frazee. John and Jane."

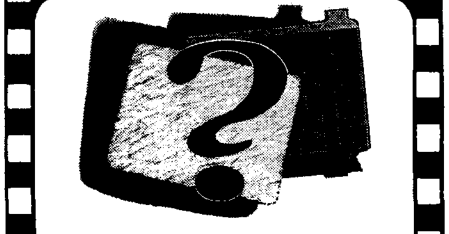
The road ahead in the moonlight was straight and tranquil. It looked as if it could go on and on like that forever.

NEW-TYPE BATTERY

GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR!



DRIVE YOUR CAR ALL OVER THE MAP! Keep it one year or ten—for this new Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak Battery is *so powerful—so far superior* to ordinary batteries—that it is guaranteed never to cost you one cent for repairs or replacement as long as you own your car.



HERE'S THE SECRET . . .

The secret of the amazingly long life of this new-type battery lies in its specially designed, flexible spun glass retainer mats that assure a free, steady flow of current and also prevent the loss of the active power-producing materials from the plates.

DIRT
ACID SPRAY
CORROSION
Goodrich
KATHANODE
Electro-Pak

TROUBLE LOCKED OUT!

The Power-Saving Top Cover, found *only* on the Goodrich Electro-Pak, fully protects all exposed points of the battery from dirt, acid spray, corrosion and short circuits. And it keeps Electro-Pak's *super-power* sealed in.

Remember, there are Goodrich Batteries of the proper size and capacity to suit every need and pocketbook. Visit your nearest Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and see how they can help you avoid "battery grief" all year 'round.

LICK OLD MAN WINTER THE GOODRICH WAY

Goodrich KATHANODE Electro-Pak BATTERY

Back Where They Came From

Continued from page 16

country 1,539 wives, 614 husbands, 3,814 children, 525 parents, or a total of 6,492 relatives, and of all these, 4,492 are citizens of the United States.

To meet this situation, the immigration authorities propose that aliens who have been in this country ten years or more, or who have here American citizen or legally resident members of their immediate families, principally wives and children, may be permitted to remain, provided that they are of good character, have not been convicted of crime, and have not engaged in subversive political activities. Such an amendment would be safeguarded from abuse by a proviso that no more than 3,500 aliens may be benefited by the rule during the first year, and only 1,500 a year for the next three years.

Legal Wild-Goose Chases

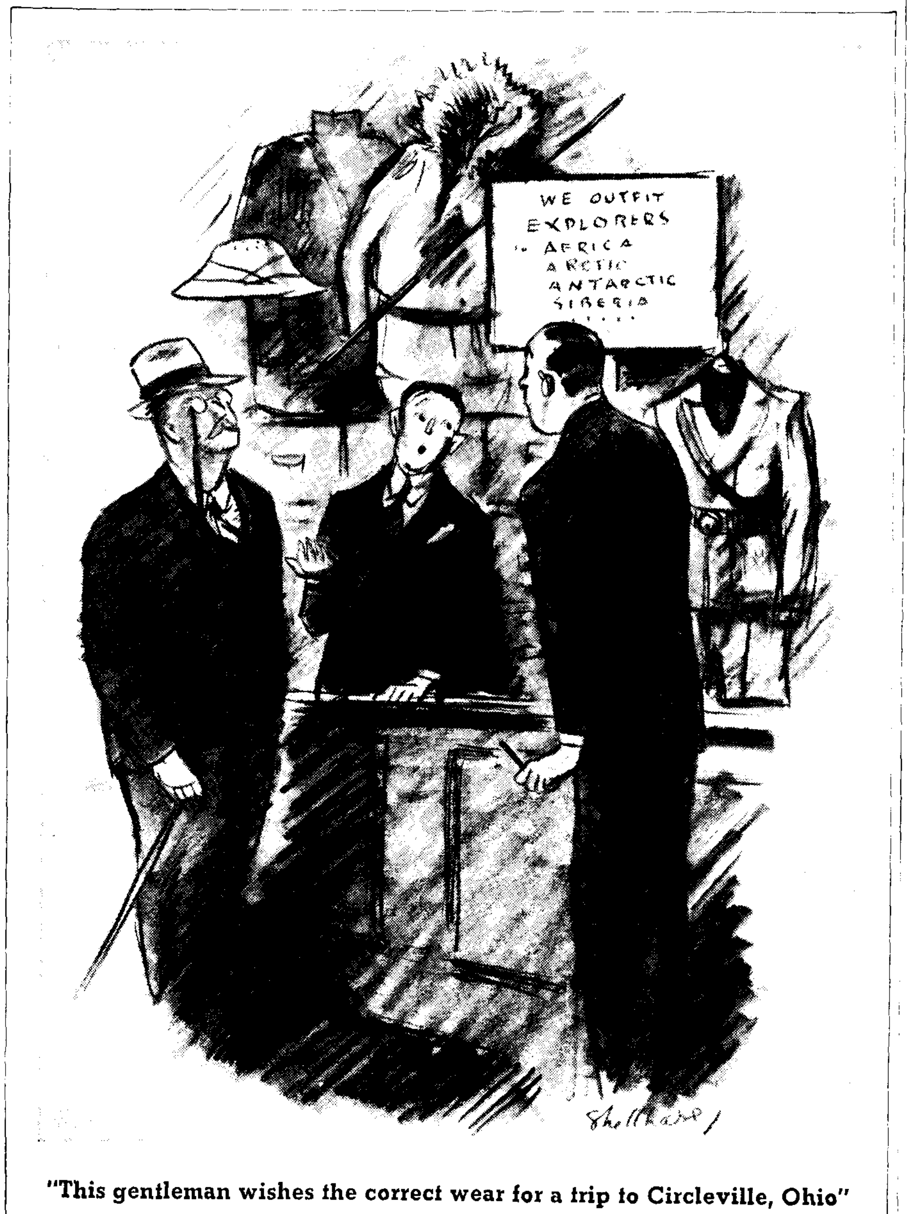
There is still another stupidity in the law that the Immigration Service hopes to have cured. It is in connection with aliens who come into the country as students or visitors, and by marrying an American citizen become entitled to preferential or nonquota admission to the United States. The law, however, commands that these people must first go back to the place they came from before they can take advantage of their new status.

As a consequence, poor people are frequently forced to travel thousands of miles to obtain a document from an American consul abroad that could just as well be given to them in this country.

A case in point is that of a Russian girl who fled to Manchuria, where she met an American woman who agreed to finance her medical studies in the United States. After a time this support was withdrawn and the girl married an American farmer. Children were born, but one day the immigration authorities heard of her and instituted deportation proceedings because she had not maintained her student status. If she could get back to Manchuria she could return immediately, but her husband cannot finance the journey.

What the Immigration Service recommends to Congress is that in such cases the status be changed in this country instead of requiring the alien to go abroad for a visa. A further recommendation has to do with those aliens who entered between June, 1921, and July, 1924, without having a record made of their admission for some reason or another. The law says that they are not subject to deportation, but does not grant the right of naturalization. All that needs to be done is to have the registry law of 1929 applied to their cases, but up to date Congress refuses the necessary permission.

Returning to the matter of deportation, just as the average American rages at our failure to kick criminal aliens out of the country, so is he either ignorant or muddled with respect to our naturalization laws. A perfect illustration is furnished by the case of Harry Bridges, the Australian who led the long-



"This gentleman wishes the correct wear for a trip to Circleville, Ohio"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

SHAVE
and like it!

Match your shave cream
to your skin

Hundreds of thousands of men have made the famous Mennen Skin Test. They tell us that they now get smoother, closer, better-looking shaves...because this test showed them how to match their shave-cream to *their type of skin* and whiskers. Join these happy shavers...they know:

First – Faces are *not* alike. Some tend toward oiliness, some toward dryness; hardly any are neither oily nor dry.

Second – These two types of skin obviously need different shaving creams. Oily skin needs a cream that *removes* excess oil from beard and face...so the lather soaks into whiskers and wilts 'em completely, while it also clears the complexion of excess oil. But *dry* skin...that's different! It needs a cream that'll *conserve* the natural skin oils, while it wilts the whiskers.

Third – It's sensible to try these two types of cream to see which one fits *your* face. Who makes both these types? Mennen. *Lather* Shave for oily skins; ***Brushless*** for dry skins. Try them both. One will give you an easier, closer shave...leave your face feeling fitter, looking handsomer.

Use that coupon!

for OILY SKIN
for DRY SKIN

Send for the
MENNEN
SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.: — Dept. C-11-20

I want to try *both* your shaves. Ship me the Skin Tester Kit – containing demonstration sizes of your Lather and Brushless creams; also a bottle of Skin Bracer, a tin of Talcum for Men and a tube of Skin Balm. I'm sending 10c.

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Address..

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Every feature TO MAKE YOU ENJOY WRITING
Conklin

The new Conklin with its unusual beauty—rich new colors and depth of pattern—stands out as the pen of today that will make you really enjoy writing. The Conklin Nozac is the sack-less fountain pen covered by United States Letters Patent. It has all these writing advantages:

CUSHON POINT—Writes, from the moment you touch it to paper, with extraordinary ease and smoothness. 14 karat solid gold nib.

VISIBILITY—The amount of ink left is easily seen through Conklin's transparent ink chamber.

SELF-FILLER—A patented sack-less self-filling device that "winds like a watch." Simple in design—efficient and dependable in operation.

CAPACITY—Holds enough ink to write more than 5000 words.

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Leading dealers will give you full information on the new Conklin. Or write us direct. The Conklin Pen Company, Toledo, Ohio..Chicago..London..San Francisco..Sydney.

Good taste and dignity characterize Conklin's newest colors—Royal Blue, Burgundy, Pearl, Black, Nile Green, Golden. Sturdy pen and pencil sizes for men; long and short slender sizes for women.

✶ Conklin Nozac (no sac) Pens, $5.00 up; Pencils, $3.50 up; Sets, $8.50 up. Other Conklin Pens, $2.75 up. Pencils, $1.00 up; Sets, $3.75 up. Pen Desk Sets, $5.00 up.

shoremen's strike in 1934, and is now C.I.O. chief on the Pacific Coast. Bridges entered the United States legally in 1920 and has resided here continuously ever since. On two separate occasions he filed declarations of intention to become a citizen but allowed both to lapse. As a consequence, many have the fixed belief that he is subject to deportation, and because Madame Perkins has not taken this action a certain portion of California's press and people keeps up a bitter attack on the unhappy Secretary of Labor.

Naturalization Isn't Necessary

The law of the land, however, contains no provision for compulsory naturalization and, what is more, in session after session Congress has refused to insert any such clause in the statute. An alien, therefore, if he enters the country legally, can remain a noncitizen until the day of his death, running the risk of deportation *only* if he is convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude and is sentenced for a year or more, or if it can be proved that he had a criminal record in the country from which he came, or has advocated the overthrow of our government by force or violence. Continuous investigation by the Immigration Service and the San Francisco police have failed, up to this time of writing, to reveal that Bridges was ever arrested either in this country or in Australia, or developed proof of Communism or subversive activities. The law takes no account of his refusal to become a citizen.

As a matter of fact, the immigration people do not favor compulsory naturalization, arguing that the alien who has to be clubbed into citizenship is not a very desirable addition to our voting population.

Basically, however, the United States no longer has an immigration problem in the old meaning of the word. Due to the restrictive laws of 1917 and 1924, we have cut down the inrush of foreigners from more than a million a year to an annual entry of thirty or forty thousand, and, as a consequence, for every alien that comes into the United States today, there is a decrease of eight aliens by one means or another. Here is the way Mr. Shaughnessy works it out: for the twenty-year period from 1917 to 1936 inclusive 5,340,901 aliens were recorded as immigrants; 1,977,455 departed; 3,175,116 were naturalized; and 1,110,100 derived citizenship either through the naturalization of the father or the husband, and there was an estimated total of 2,454,301 deaths. A total, therefore, of 8,716,972 persons who either left the country, became naturalized, derived citizenship through someone else's naturalization, or died, as contrasted with 5,340,901 immigrants.

It's a Racket

Aside from inability to deport habitual alien criminals, the service holds that the solution of the present-day problem is such wise and just treatment of those already within our gates as will make for their early and effective assimilation, and win love and loyalty for America's democratic institutions. Here the approach is administrative rather than statutory, and as a first step the service is bending every effort to protect aliens from the ravening horde of rascals who prey on their ignorance and credulity. Officials refuse to make any estimate of the amount of money that is wrung from foreigners, but there can be no question that it runs into the millions. Naturally enough, cases of illegal entry offer the best opportunity for racketeers. Only last year federal officials uncovered a New York ring that made a business of forging certifications of arrival without which an alien cannot file a declaration of intention to become a citizen. A favorite form of extortion is the impersonation of immigration officers, the swindler flashing a badge and threatening arrest.

One clever rascal would obtain lists of applicants for naturalization, and then visit them in the guise of a federal official sent to aid them in getting their first papers. His invariable collection was $44.18, eighteen cents for registration fee, four dollars for the government and forty dollars "to be returned when naturalization was completed." He operated successfully for seven years in New York and New Jersey, but finally ran into a tough and suspicious Swede who first beat him up and then lugged him off to the police. At present these vultures can be punished only if they forge documents or impersonate an official. To make any and all forms of immigration-swindling felonies would help the service immeasurably.

Another need is to make the naturalization process appealing rather than appalling. On the face of things there would seem to be small difficulty, for the law is explicit in stating that no more is required of the applicant than good moral character, ability to speak and write English, and some proof "that he is attached to the principles of the Constitution and well-disposed to the good order and happiness of the United States."

Simple enough, calling only for a couple of character witnesses, a little penmanship and clear answers to questions bearing on American government. Up to a short time ago, however, no two examiners asked the same questions and fully eighty per cent of the examination was concerned with everything in the world but the principles of the Constitution. Here, for example, are some of the crazy interrogations taken from service records:

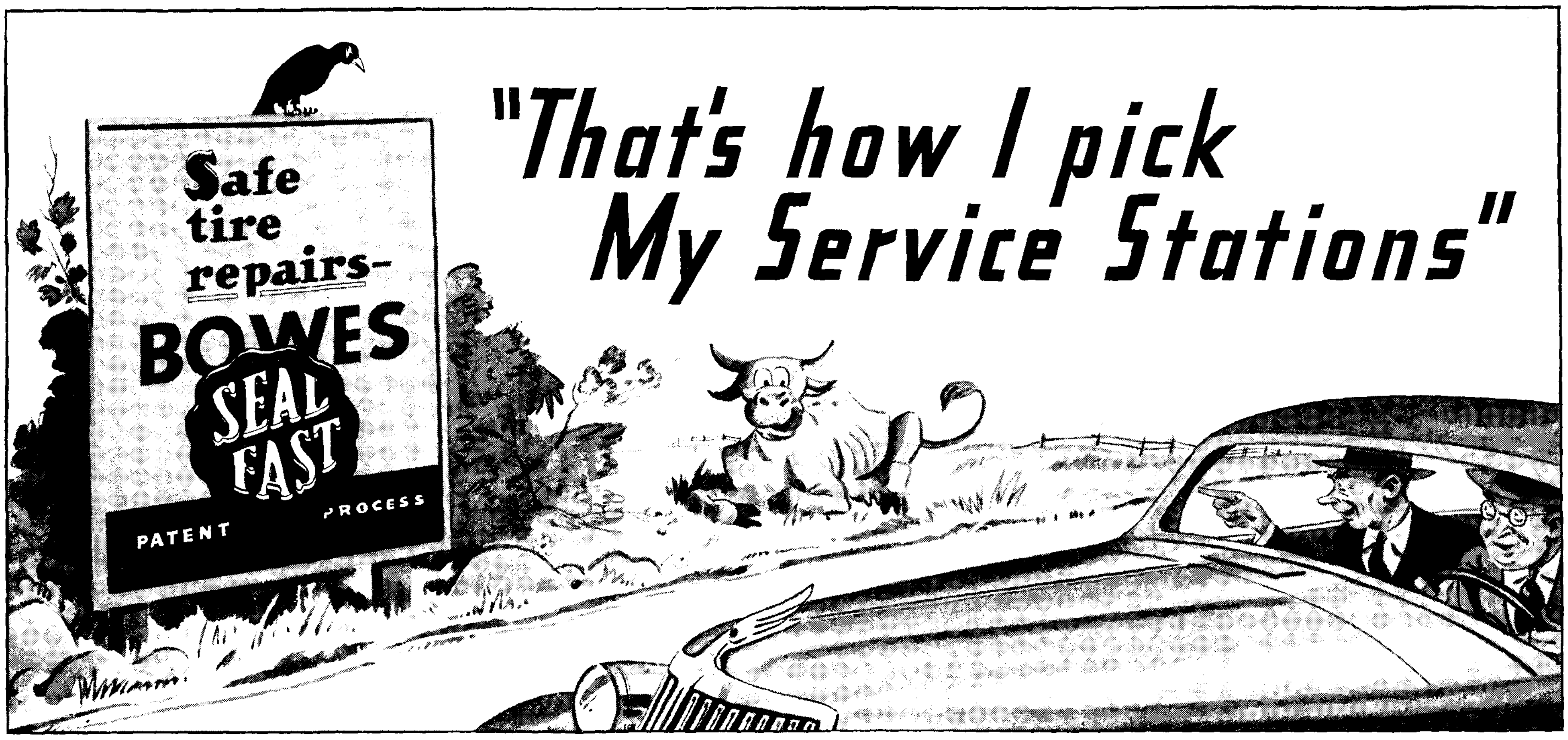
A Job for Congress

How many gallons of water does the Amazon River distribute per hour? How high is the Bunker Hill Monument? How many stars are there on a quarter? How many legs has the Constitution? What has Ireland been fighting for? Can Congress make a law to put me in jail for forty years? If a person has seven children, would he have to pay for public schools? If a law isn't signed, may it be a good law?

This silly business was ended two years ago, thanks to the common sense of the late Daniel MacCormack, then Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, who provided for uniform procedure by issuing a guide to examiners in which the questions are without catch and trick, and designed solely to elicit the petitioner's inherent qualifications for good citizenship. Due to the efforts of the service, many public schools throughout the country have established citizenship courses, and their certificates may be eventually accepted by the courts as indicating a satisfactory course of training. Moreover, to surround the act of taking the oath of citizenship with all possible dignity, it is now the job of naturalization officers to arrange appropriate ceremonies in cooperation with the courts, boards of education, social service agencies, local officials and patriotic societies.

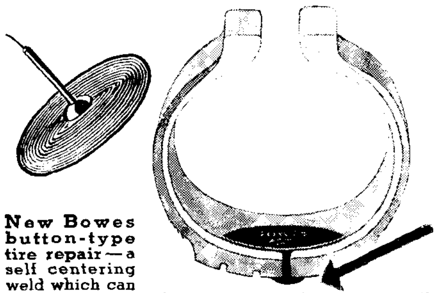
James L. Houghteling, the new commissioner, is expected to carry on from where Colonel MacCormack left off, for along with other public services the Chicagoan is something of a specialist when it comes to aliens, having served for years as a member of the Illinois Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. How he will get along with Congress in his fight for a good law remains to be seen.

"That's how I pick My Service Stations"



"Try it yourself, my friend . . . Behind that sign is a dealer who pays more for the best and safest tire repair materials made — and charges you no more . . . The man who picks the best materials on a hidden job like that can be trusted . . . His other products and his work are *right*."

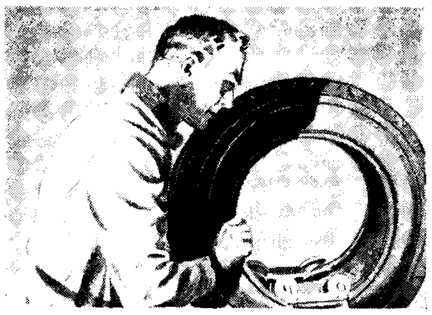
First and foremost—the one and only way to save tires safely—the patented and exclusive Bowes Safety *Tirepair* System. Fixes the tube—better. But even more important—"Fixes the Casing Too." With a new kind of "fix"—a Tire Weld that becomes integral with the casing itself. No "cooking" that weakens; no "patching" that may tear and wear off. No boots to slip and wear. Live rubber becomes a part of the rest of the tire and protects you and your family against blow-outs. Quick, thorough, inexpensive—and above all—S-A-F-E.



New Bowes button-type tire repair — a self centering weld which can be counted on to last as long as the casing itself. Available in four sizes for all kinds of tire injury.

But that's not all—

Bowes Service now gives you a new kind of spark plug. Made for better, more consistent, snappier performance in these days of faster, higher compression motors and wider temperature range. A fat, hot spark at low speeds without smutting and at high speeds without burning out. These are the spark plugs famous racing drivers swear by—(not at).



The new Bowes Check-N-Spect — a combined tire-inspector and tire-spreader which reveals the slightest flaw in a casing — a greater safety service.

But the Bowes man doesn't stop with tire repairs and plugs.

Need a new fan belt, valve core, valve stem or battery cable?

"The Plug that Can Take It"—You drive fast. You drive slow. A spark plug too cold for your motor smuts up and misses. Too hot a plug, burns up, misses and makes starting hard. The new Bowes Spark Plugs offer the widest temperature range of any plugs known.

He'll fix you up. Right quality—right price.

Left front headlamp blink a little at night?

Then try the proper Bowes lamp bulb. It's safer and more dependable.

Fan belt getting a little frayed or worn? A new Bowes fan belt will last twice as long as the ordinary kind.

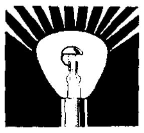
There's a Bowes better product for a leaky radiator.

There's a dependable Bowes idea for top dressing.

Bowes has the stuff to clean traffic film off your car, and to give it a polish you can practically use to shave by.

Even down to a mere dust cloth—the Bowes man can fix you up with a better, more dependable product.

"KōRōD'LESS" Battery Cable—Hard starting, burned out headlamps or radio interference in your car might be traced to a corroded battery cable. Bowes Cables are guaranteed against corrosion and the terminals are die cast into the cable instead of merely being clamped on.



Bowes Auto Floodlite Bulbs —are scientifically designed for safer driving with built-in filament cap glare-deflector. This exclusive Bowes feature captures the "stray" rays, gives 30% more driving light with the same candle power; prevents glare.

Bowes Fan Belts Last Twice as Long—That's because they have five plies permitting just the right amount of stretch, because they are moulded to maintain a constant grip without slipping and are balanced to the fraction of an ounce.

But most important is this—

In the automotive supply field it's easy to meet up with so-called "gyp" products. But when you drive into a Bowes station you can depend on that sign and the man behind it—he's the right sort of merchant to do business with.

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind. • London, Eng.
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BOWES SEAL FAST

Safety Tirepair System

BOWES DEALER SERVICE TO MOTORISTS ALSO INCLUDES: STURDY SPARK PLUGS • FAN BELTS • BATTERY CABLES • LAMP BULBS • VALVE STEMS • RADIATOR LIQUID AND POWDER • TOP DRESSING • BODY POLISH AND OTHER PRODUCTS WHICH WILL KEEP YOUR CAR LOOKING AND RUNNING BETTER . . . LONGER

NOW
GRADUATE
TO
KAYWOODIE
The World's
Finest Pipes
$3.50
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No. 29

Kaywoodies smoke better and taste better because—

1. Kaywoodie briar is more perfect. Costs **three times** as much as the briar in ordinary pipes.
2. The famous **Drinkless Attachment,** greatest boon that pipe-smokers ever had, keeps Kaywoodies sweeter, cooler and drier.
3. **Perfect draft**—Kaywoodies smoke freer than ordinary pipes—don't clog up.
4. Kaywoodie pipes are the **easiest to clean**—a single twist of the Synchro-Stem (a Kaywoodie feature) and off comes the mouthpiece! No sticking or yanking.
5. **Balance**—A Kaywoodie feels right in your mouth. There is absolutely perfect balance between stem and bowl.
6. **Style**—Kaywoodie pipes are graceful, ordinary pipes are clumsy.
7. It takes **120 operations** to make a Kaywoodie pipe—ordinary pipes take about **50.**
8. We started making pipes in 1851—eighty-six years ago. Today we are the **largest pipe-manufacturer** and largest consumer of briar in the world.

Send for 1937 Kaywoodie Book in colors. Pictures 158 pipes. Enclose 10c for mailing.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center
NEW YORK . . . . . *and* LONDON

Enemy of the State

Continued from page 39

blundered into it, and twice he blundered back to the trail.

He crawled toward the pass. Toward the guards in the pass. He would not live to reach them, though. Assuredly not in the storm which visibly moved up from the far-distant lowlands. But the girl remained in hiding. Life was cheap on the road over the pass. Life was cheap everywhere, these days, if one was not a follower of the party in power. The pass was closed by guards put there to keep the enemies of the party from running away. Presently, as winter closed in, they would be replaced by winter's own sentries, who would keep the pass more tightly closed than human guards could do.

The girl looked furtively down the beaten way. Nothing moved anywhere. Nothing. The storm from the lowlands had already blotted out the lower mountain peaks. A gray, furry mist swirled below it. Snow. Presently it would sweep on up here.

THE girl came closer and looked again at Gregor. He was patently blind, and as patently helpless. Obviously incapable of defense.

The girl moved furtively toward him. But before she drew too close, she again looked fearfully down the trail to be quite sure that no living thing moved or saw.

Gregor's mind rose slowly from unconsciousness as a swimmer comes leisurely upward from deep blue depths. First, he knew vaguely that he was warm. He lay quite still and presently—faintly at first but then more strongly—he heard wind blowing somewhere. The sound became the sustained shrieking of the snow-laden mountain gale, in which no living thing can stir. But Gregor was in shelter.

He smelled food. Cabbage soup—peasant fare. The aroma grew tantalizing. He did not smell those other odors which should also inhabit a peasant's hut. They were absent. This place was clean. He heard someone stir. He moved his head. And suddenly he became aware of bandages over his eyes.

All things reeked of danger to Gregor. He tried to slip his bandage secretly aside so that he could see whether he was to live or die. He was officially scheduled to be shot. But footsteps moved toward him immediately.

"You are awake? How do you feel?"

A woman's voice. A girl's voice. At the sound of it, Gregor nerved himself to be alert and cautious.

"Eh?" said Gregor confusedly. "Yes, I am awake, but I do not remember—"

The girl's voice said soothingly: "I saw you crawling in the snow. I brought you here, and you have slept twenty-four hours. Now can you eat a little?"

Gregor tried to sit up, but he was too weak. The girl lifted his head. The steam of cabbage soup teased his nostrils.

"Now, eat!" she said encouragingly.

The soup was warm. It was delicious. She put the spoon into his mouth and fed him as she would feed a child. He ate as much as she would give him.

"No more," she said at last, firmly. "Now sleep."

He struggled a little, to protest. But he found himself tucked in. He subsided. And he wanted desperately to ask cunning questions, to prepare himself against the danger which hung over him now. But he was very weary, very weak, very tired of struggle. Slumber flowed over him. But before he quite lost consciousness, he had time to remember where he had heard a voice like the voice of the girl who nursed him. It was another girl on a symbol-marked platform, passionately denouncing all that had existed previous to the party, and mouthing fiercely all the homicidal nonsense now taught in the public schools. And then Gregor relaxed to sleep with a certain satisfaction. He had identified his danger. It was the girl who had rescued him.

Next day he was far stronger. One regains strength rapidly when nothing worse than hunger and exhaustion has sapped it. The girl put fresh poultices on his eyes, bandaging them firmly in place. And Gregor had tried to cast a swift, estimating look about this place when his eyes were uncovered, but the pain of light upon them made it impossible. Scalding tears blinded him. Even now his eyeballs hurt horribly.

"You have no papers," said the girl. "Why?"

"I was robbed," said Gregor. "For my papers, I suppose."

A moment's silence, which somehow seemed skeptical.

"I am assistant engineer for the Murflan district," said Gregor glibly. "I went to see if the mines at Brada had been sabotaged, as was reported. I was waylaid and hit on the head. When I came to, my horse was gone and I was already weak. I tried to reach help, but lost my way in the night. I have been wandering for—I have lost count of the days. Always mountains, always bright sunlight upon snow. I went snow-blind. Then you found me."

The girl said slowly: "That is not even clever."

Gregor managed to grin.

"Why? Do you hunt spies, too? It is a popular pursuit."

The girl seemed to hesitate. Then she said: "But I am no amateur. Why have you no papers?"

Gregor felt little cold trickles on his scalp

"Did you ever hear," he asked politely but cryptically, "of the numbers twenty-three, and six, and ten?"

ANOTHER pause. Suspicion seemed to crackle in the room like lightning. Then the girl said reluctantly:

"N-no. We must be in different divisions."

"Perhaps," said Gregor. He wondered privately if the numbers twenty-three and six and ten had any meaning of themselves. "You are in counter-espionage, I suppose. But why you should be here—"

"I am here to trap a spy—a traitor," said the girl, still suspiciously. "His description does not fit you, it's true. But this hut has been used as a clearing-house for seditious information. I volunteered to stay here and trap one who has used it."

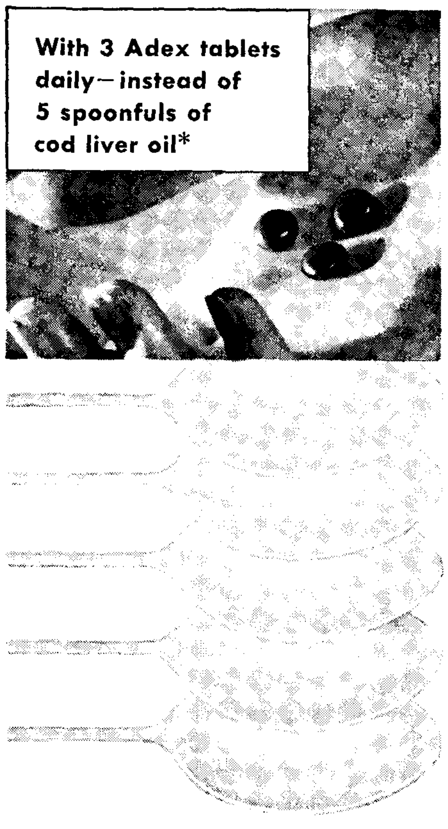
"I would bow," said Gregor, "if I were not still lying down. I wish you luck. But where is here, anyhow? Truthfully, I have been snow-blind for three days. I was after—" He paused. "Too many enemies of the party have been slipping across the mountains, to lie about it abroad. Either we have traitors on the frontier, or there is a pass no one suspects. I was ordered to find out. But I was suspected. I was clubbed and left for dead. When I report what I did learn, though—"

The girl's voice lost some of its suspicion.

"Then we are comrades," she told him. "But you have no papers, and you do not talk like a—like a member of the party."

"I had the misfortune," said Gregor,

This winter get the benefits of cod and halibut liver oil this modern way


With 3 Adex tablets daily—instead of 5 spoonfuls of cod liver oil*

Do you feel that you should be taking something to build up your general resistance, yet hesitate to start with spoonfuls of cod liver oil? Try *Adex* this winter!

It's a modern form of the vitamins... convenient... easy to take... and every bit as beneficial as cod or halibut liver oil.

Just three tablets a day supply as much Vitamin A, which aids in building good general resistance, as five spoonfuls of cod liver oil.* They also provide you with another factor you may need these dreary days—"sunshine" Vitamin D.

Not only is this rich vitamin content put into Adex tablets, but special methods are used by E. R. Squibb & Sons to *keep* it there. This is essential for results with any vitamin tablet or capsule. The minute the vitamin content deteriorates, you fail to receive the full benefits.

Since Vitamin A is easily destroyed by contact with air, every Adex tablet is coated *more than thirty times.* Further tests are made in the Squibb laboratories. Only after these precautions does Squibb *guarantee* them.

This winter, get your vitamins this modern way! Take Adex regularly. Best results are obtained when you never miss a day. Ask for Adex at any drug store.

*3 Adex tablets equal 5 teaspoonfuls of U. S. P. XI minimum standard cod liver oil in Vitamins A & D, or 8 teaspoonfuls of Squibb's.

ADEX
VITAMIN A AND D TABLETS
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

"to be intelligently reared. But I may say that I have been vouched for by Hrodny. And he has committed enough murders for the party to be received in the very best society."

He grinned once more. He was talking ultimately for his life, and he knew it. And therefore he talked flippantly. He had to convince this girl that, papers or no papers, he was approved of by the party. Else she would not dare give him food, though he starved, nor shelter him, though he froze to death.

Still blind and still weak, Gregor was at the mercy of the girl who tended him. And therefore he had to convince her of his devotion to the party if he wished to live.

It was his task for as long as the blizzard lasted.

HE WOKE suddenly because of a new noise. He was accustomed to the shrieking wind after three days and nights, but this was a strange sound. On the instant he was fully alert. He woke and by sheer instinct groped for the revolver he did not have.

He heard the noise again. Someone was fumbling at the door. He desperately ripped off the bandage still about his eyes. The hut was blessedly dark. His eyes hurt very little. The gale still blew, though more faintly than before. It was only wind now, which came in gusts, and between the gusts there was relative peace.

Someone fumbled at the door. It heaved open. A dark figure stumbled in, breathing quickly.

Gregor spoke. The girl caught her breath.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly. "The gale is nearly blown out. I went outside to see."

He heard her brushing snow from her garments. Her breath came rapidly. Gregor's ears caught the tempo. It was uneven; syncopated. One who is out of breath from exertion breathes fast but evenly. This was the breathing of agitation.

"Strange," said Gregor, speaking into the darkness while a gust of the wind made a wailing sound and died away again. "Very strange that it should take so long to observe the weather."

Her breathing became faster still, and still more agitated.

"Gregor," she said unsteadily, "tell me truly. I—I saved your life. You know it. Gregor—you have not lied to me? You told the truth about your work? Will you swear to it? Will you swear by God and all the saints?"

"What would my oath be worth," asked Gregor caustically, "if I could serve the party by perjury? But what is the matter?"

She seemed to swallow a lump in her throat.

"But, Gregor, if I lied to you instead—if I am not here to trap anybody—if I am here hoping to escape over the pass after the guards come down for the winter—Gregor, would you betray me?"

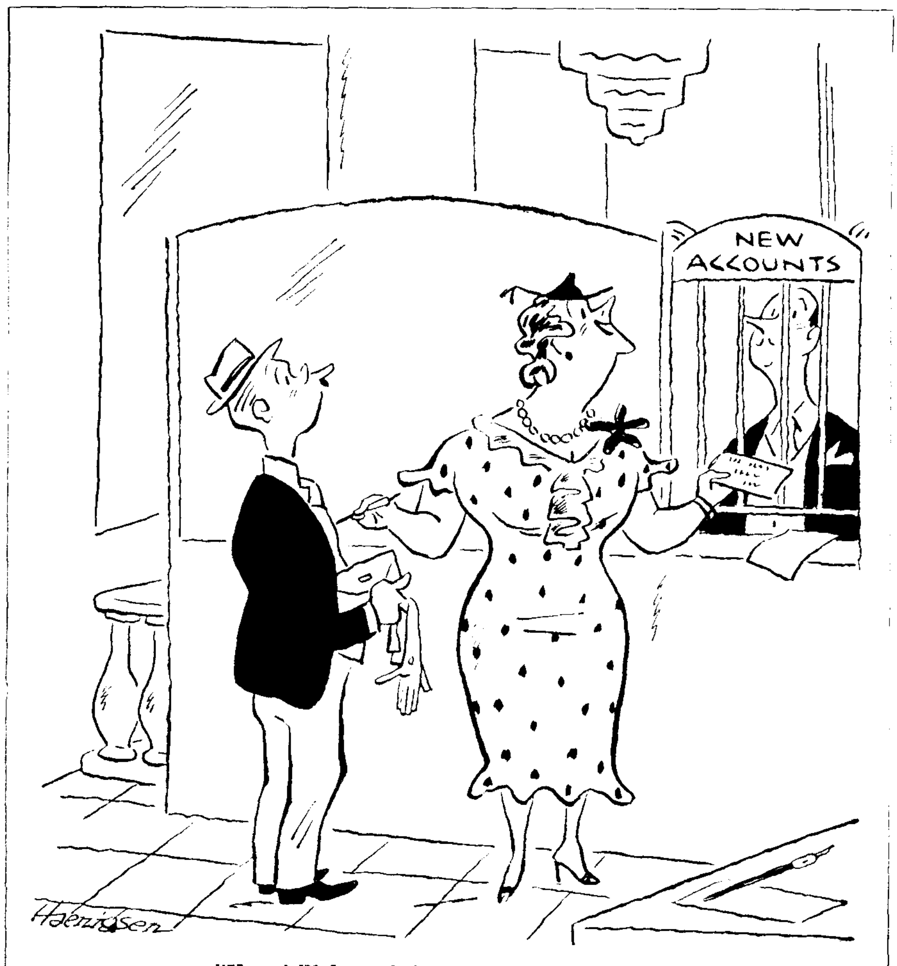
Silence. Gregor was all suspicion, all watchfulness, all caution. This was a pretty trap indeed. But he had known men to be led off to concentration camps or execution because of such traps. His friends, his cousins, his brothers. . . . Why, his sister Mariana had been betrayed to the secret police by a spy who pretended such utter adoration that Mariana dared ask him to help old General Janos on his hopeless, asthmatic attempt to reach safety. And this girl had saved Gregor's life, but that did not mean she would not destroy it again at an incautious word from him.

"My dear," said Gregor cynically, "if you are not yet convinced that I am a party member, denounce me to the police. I am tired of these traps."

"Gregor—" said the girl as if despairingly, and then was silent.

"I have back my eyesight and some of my strength," said Gregor sardonically. "If you want help to capture the damned traitor you say you're after, say so. If not, I'm going back to sleep."

He settled back. Silence fell in the hut, save for the occasional wailing of the dying storm. Gregor silently congratulated himself on his quickness of



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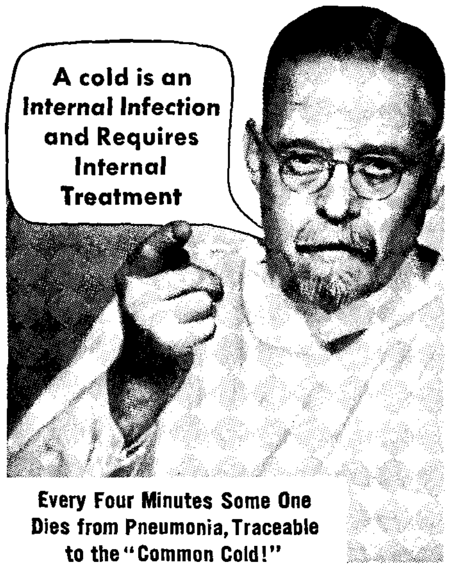
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wit. This girl had been very convincing indeed. But on his first coming to the cabin she had boasted that she had been praised by Mannivitch, and Mannivitch did not praise people for squeamishness, but for service to the party. This was a last trap. She had wanted to be absolutely sure of him before he gained strength enough to escape—if he were opposed to the party. Now she would believe. He had gained time in which to gather strength so that the attempt to cross the pass in midwinter would be a shade less than suicide.

He congratulated himself on evading her trap. But she tried yet again. Later on in the night he waked and heard her sobbing. Very convincingly. But he pretended not to hear. And he resented the persistency of her efforts to make him betray himself. He wanted to be grateful, and the need to be always suspicious prevented it.

THERE was sunlight outside the hut, but Gregor could bear even sunlight, now. He sat on the bunk space that had been given up to him, cunningly concealing the full measure of his strength. Concealment and secrecy were second nature now to Gregor.

The girl cooked. And now Gregor saw that she had fed him from a scanty supply of food. He saw, too, that she was a pretty girl even in the makeshift, shapeless garments that made her appear a refugee from party persecution. She cooked cabbage soup again today, adding frost-blackened potatoes that he might be strengthened by it. Gregor wished that he could let himself like her. But he did not dare. No one dared feel any normal emotion nowadays.

"The storm is over," he observed, "and I have my sight back."

She did not answer. She went on with her cooking.

"Is it nearer to the guard at the pass," asked Gregor, "or to the nearest town where I will find members of the party?"

"The guard will probably come down today," said the girl shortly. "You can wait for it in the trail. It is not far."

"How many in the pass guard?" asked Gregor idly.

She did not answer. She shrugged.

"You have been most kind," said Gregor, and grinned.

She looked sharply at him, then back to her cooking.

"In other days," said Gregor, "I would have voiced the hope that God would reward you. But instead, I observe that you deserve the gratitude of the nation for saving a party member's life."

SHE turned suddenly to him. "Listen to me, Gregor," she said evenly. "I have saved your life. I would like you to keep it. I will swear not to betray you, no matter what you say. Now—a party member? Or are you—are you—"

Gregor knew bitterness. Always trying to trap him for the firing squads that had killed so many.

"My dear," he said amusedly, "I say it again. I am a party member. Of its shock battalions. If I am without papers at the moment, a mere telegram will secure me against suspicion."

She looked at him steadily, searchingly. Then she turned back to her cooking pot. There was silence, save for the aromatic bubbling of the pot itself, and small, crackling noises in the stove. Outside, the wind was still. The wooden spoon stirred, and stirred. It seemed that a very long time passed.

Then the spoon clattered suddenly against the side of the pot. Gregor heard a metallic clanking sound—and then a thunderous knock on the door. Not a knock. A terrific blow. The door burst open and there were three men inside. They wore the bulky, winter uniform of shock troopers of the party. Not much smartness about them, no. But two rifles held ready and a revolver in the hand of the third man was proof of efficiency, at any rate.

The girl faced them composedly:

"You saw my signal?" she asked. "I am Sara Vajnik, and last night I put a note beneath a flag in the trail for someone to come and arrest a suspicious person in my house. This is the man. He was moving toward the pass just before the storm struck. He took shelter here. He appears to be a spy."

Gregor knew, then, that he would never reach the pass or see the green pastures beyond it. He had a moment's wry, mortified disgust that he had failed to convince the girl, after all, and a moment's wonder wherein he had failed. But there were more urgent matters afoot. *To sell his life for the highest* possible price, he needed that revolver in the third man's hand. His own was gone. So he grinned very convincingly.

"Sara Vajnik has anticipated me—perhaps. I am a party member and a shock trooper. Look at her papers first. The forgery is a very interesting one."

He needed only an instant's distraction of the third man's attention. Only an instant. He tightened his muscles, smiling, waiting for the turn of the third man's head—

Then a sudden cry. A scuffle. A struggle. A man's oath.

"She-devil! She tried to bolt—"

The girl struggled desperately to reach the door, sobbing in rage and despair.

And Gregor leaped. It was absurdly easy. A wrench—and he was astounded at his own strength—and he had the revolver. He raised it savagely, and felt it kick back in his hand. White smoke blotted out half the room. It kicked and kicked and kicked, while acrid smoke billowed all about and explosions ripped the hut. Then the revolver clicked empty, and Gregor knew he had exacted the highest price he could get for his life. He waited savagely to be killed.

But he was not killed. Instead there was a deep silence. He heard an odd chattering sound. The girl stood staring at him, wide-eyed, while the smoke rose slowly to form a layer of fog next to the ceiling. Her teeth chattered.

"Wh-why did you do it?" she stammered. "I—I—"

"We have lied to each other. Every instant. I'm no party member," Gregor said. "I'm scheduled to be shot. You—"

"M-me too," said the girl in a small voice. "Gregor—"

He licked his lips and bent to the floor. He gave her a rifle. He fumbled for other arms.

"They are—they are the last of the pass guard," she told him shakenly. "I saw the tracks of the others last night, when I left the note. I wasn't sure there'd be any more today, but these are—are the last."

"They'd have horses," said Gregor. "We take them. We start for the pass now. They think it's closed tighter than they could close it, but we'll get through! There'll be nothing to fight but snow and cold. Come on!"

THEY made their way to the trail. They mounted the dead guards' horses and rode toward the pass now garrisoned only by cold and wind and hunger and despair. But twice, as they rode, the girl turned in her saddle to look fearfully behind her. Gregor saw.

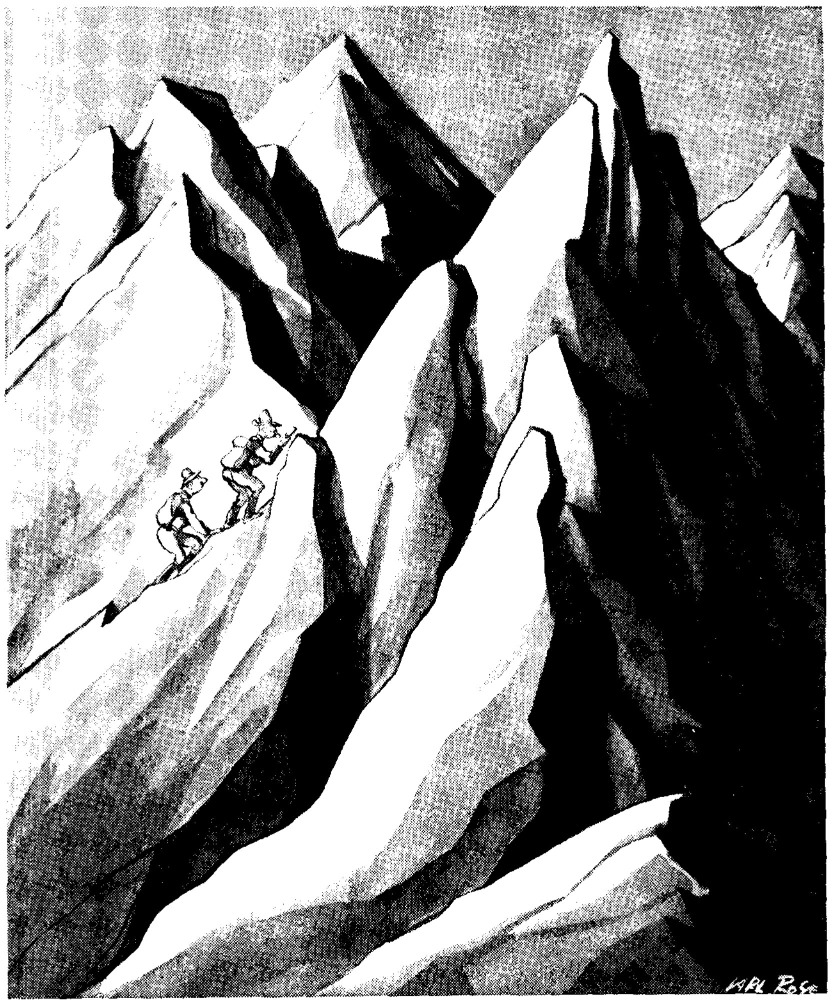
"When we see green valleys," he told her hungrily, "we will never look behind us. We will never lie to each other. We will never suspect anything. Ah, we will be happy when we reach the valleys beyond the pass!"

The girl looked at him uncertainly.

"Together," added Gregor.

She flushed. Then she smiled at him.

They rode on toward the pass that had been made impassable by snow. The guard had abandoned it, because nobody could cross the mountains now. But they rode upward to try, because there were green valleys ahead, where a man could lie down and rest.



"Hmmmm . . . just as I thought. Papier-mâché!" CARL ROSE

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Take a Chance

Continued from page 42

since he could remember. Year in, year out. First, leggy young filly, always falling over walls and getting hung up on barbed wire. Then, suddenly, dresses down, hair up, going around big-eyed, talking about love and moonlight, wangling out sentimental songs on the piano. Now, this stage, combination of everything, sometimes dreamy and quiet, sometimes reckless and loud, all the time completely baffling.

TAKE a horse, Stanley thought: soon know all about him. But Phyllis . . . On this question of riding in the annual spring point-to-point which he would soon have to mention. What new argument could he bring up? When he related the sad examples of his ancestors, she merely asked embarrassing questions about their exploits on other than hunting fields. Hang it, women had no reticence in such matters. Anyway, the real concern was not the danger to life and limb, but what such riding did to your character.

For Stanley was a fox-hunting idealist. He gave to its traditions and conventions the single-hearted devotion that other men reserve for making money or painting pictures or matching pearls. In another ten years he would be M. F. H. at Meadowfield, and it was his dream to bring to its hunting the perfection which leaves everyone at the end of the day's run with that ineffable sensation of retrospective delight. When you sink into a chair and, holding a highball to the light, see in the tawny liquid as in a soothsayer's crystal the flowing rhythm of horses and riders passing across the autumn meadows; remember the shrill sweetness of the huntsman's horn above the constant music of hounds; feel in the body's languor the rush of wind and the strong thrust of the leaping mount. . . . Compare that to the wild scramble of a 'chase with everyone going too fast, horses down, riders bouncing off. . . . Stanley sighed.

Phyllis untangled her fingers from the cat's cradle and looked at him.

"All right," she said, "let's have it. Together now: 'Phil, I don't want you to ride the point-to-point this year.' "

"How did you know?" Stanley asked.

"The look of agony, darling, could only mean you were thinking of the first fence."

"True," Stanley said. "But, honestly, Phil. If you could see the girls come down that hill—"

"We all got over last year."

Stanley snorted.

"Peg Lyons, legs practically around her animal's neck. Marty Bennett, stirrups lost. Sue Leonard, three feet of daylight under her. Only one fit to look at, Mrs. Starkweather."

"Ah," said Phyllis, "the Black Widow. Found in the darker corners of conservatories and ballrooms. Devours husbands after the insurance premiums are paid."

"Come, come," Stanley said indulgently. "Hardly fair. Nothing much wrong with Merle Starkweather. Lonely, naturally, since poor old Coleberry's mare kicked him."

"Naturally," Phyllis said. "They say she bit the mare just as Coleberry bent down to see what was wrong with the off hind plate."

"Phil, that's outrageous."

"Oh, I know how you men feel about her. Big strong males rallying round the frail heartbroken female." She slung her legs in an arc, performed a kind of wing-over, and came to her feet like an adagio dancer. "Listen, my fine lad, you stay away from that lady. She knows more tricks by instinct that you'll ever learn from Kraft-Ebbing."

Stanley gazed at her admiringly. When Phil let herself go all sorts of strange things popped out. Who the devil was Kraft-Ebbing?

"As a matter of fact," Phyllis went on, "I'm not going to ride the point-to-point."

"Well," Stanley said, smiling in relief, "considerate of you."

"But I am riding the team race. And with Crawford Taggart."

The smile departed from Stanley's face. He turned abruptly and strode out of the room. Crawford Taggart, eh? That hedge-hopping bounder. Well, no; in all fairness, he wasn't a bounder. Rather a good sort, actually, if it weren't for the fact that he thought 'chase riding superior to hunting. Damn' good man, too, over brush or timber. Hold his own with top-flight chaps like Rigan McKinney or Charlie White. Trouble was he didn't comprehend what lay underneath fox hunting, all the noble traditions. Too young. Born horseman, not born hunting man. Big difference there. Spectacular fellow, of course. Women after him like hounds on a blazing scent. Not very big, but bold black eyes, trim; looked a million in silks. Did everything gracefully; put a tired gee over five feet of brush as though it wasn't anything. He and Phil could take the team race blindfolded—Phil on her gray, Shadow, and Taggart riding Thunderbolt—by Lightning out of Crankcase—an experienced timber horse. . . . Well, there was nothing he could do about it. Once Phil took the bit in her teeth, no pleading or cajoling could make her change her mind.

AN IDEA burst in on Stanley's reverie, blowing it apart and leaving him standing open-mouthed on the veranda, with a hand on one of the huge Ionic columns, like Samson just before he upsydaisied the temple. He considered, with a growing awe at his own cleverness, the thought It wasn't exactly new, he realized. Probably it had been lying dormant for some twenty-odd years. The startling part was the sensation it brought to him, a fine ecstatic lift, the way you feel at the end of a brilliant run when hounds have been fairly glued to the fox's brush and the field going great guns. He collected himself, like a wise horse before a big upstanding fence, and re entered the house. Phyllis had returned to the davenport, but this time her legs were cocked above the back. Her head dangled over the edge, and she was drawing her hands through the heavy blond masses of her hair as though exasperated beyond mortal endurance. Stanley thought she had never appeared more beautiful.

"Phil," he said huskily.

She rolled her eyelids back and stared at him in upside-down surprise.

"Heavens, you look queer this way."

Stanley was disconcerted, as if his mount had changed feet just before the take-off.

"Old girl," he stammered.

"You're all chin. I never realized before what a really determined jaw you have, darling."

Stanley glared miserably down at her. That was the trouble; you never could get hold of her. He shook his head somberly. It wouldn't work. Come home from a fine day's hunting, wanting to talk it all over, and find her standing on her head in the woodbasket. What kind of a life would that be for a man? Besides, even though he married her, she probably wouldn't obey him. If she

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had no respect for the traditions of fox hunting, how could you expect her to conform to the conventions of matrimony?

"Forgot my crop," Stanley said.

"It's in your boot."

"Yes, thanks, so it is."

This time he went out, flung himself into the station wagon and drove away. All sixteen valves were loose, and he could not hear Phyllis calling through the clatter:

"Stan, darling, what were you going to say?"

THREE wretched days passed.

High winds and dry ground made scent spotty. James Charlie Fox was unusually perverse. Either he threw hounds off with diabolical cunning, or went ignobly to earth. Coverts never empty before were blank now. Hounds overran what few lines they owned. Horses fell over grass blades or ran through childish fences. The world was bewitched.

Phyllis did not come out at all. She was busy, Stanley thought gloomily, conditioning Shadow for the team point-to-point. Taggart with her, naturally. He could imagine them popping over post and rails with confident ease, and going on long steady gallops, the wind whipping Phyllis' hair loose and the sun turning it to liquid gold. Taggart smiling at her in his cocky engaging manner.

The only pleasure he had was in watching Mrs. Starkweather. She rode sidesaddle, and always in formal attire. Stanley approved of both. Sidesaddle gave a woman allure; formal habit indicated her appreciation of the importance of fox hunting. She never made a mistake; her horsemanship was satisfyingly orthodox, and she understood the fine points of hound work. She had lived, too. Her thin face with its slanting dark eyes was shadowed by a weary sophistication.

Stanley had never given her more than a friendly attention. But now, riding beside her, he found her a stimulating companion; her enthusiasm for hunting matched his own.

Still, he wasn't completely happy. That was, he decided, because the sport had been so rotten. Anyone would feel low after three such days.

ON THE Saturday before the point-to-point, there was a dance at the Hunt Club. Automatically, Stanley had picked up the telephone and called Phyllis. Her voice was polite and surprised.

"I'm going with Crawford," she had said. "I understood you were bringing Merle Starkweather."

"What? Who on earth told you that?"

"Crawford said he thought you were."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"I'm so sorry."

Stanley hung up. Now, why should Taggart say a thing like that? Unless— But that couldn't be. Taggart hadn't enough money to marry anybody. However, Phyllis would come into a nice penny. Was it possible . . . ? He had heard of such things. Not very sporting, of course. Thing to do was ask Mrs. Starkweather, show he wasn't disappointed. Still, she'd had twenty invitations by now. Besides he'd always taken Phyllis to all the shindigs at the club. "Old Stan's bringing Phil." Like a slogan, or something. Tradition.

Stanley mixed a double brandy and soda and sat down before the fire of cannel coal in the living-room hearth. On the walls were old prints of famous hunters and hunting men, hounds and scenes in the field, masks of foxes and the silky gleaming brushes. The lovely pine paneling was soft as satin. The essence of the room always flowed into his mind, peaceful and persuasive. . . . But not today.

Stanley went to the dance alone. A vague idea was troubling him. He saw Phyllis at once and, burdened with his thought that would not come clear, asked her absently:

"Seen Mrs. Starkweather?"

Her eyes seemed to change color and the smile on her lips to stiffen.

"In the bar," she said. "Up to her hocks in men, as usual."

Stanley went toward the bar, frowning. It wasn't like Phyllis to be catty. Taggart's influence, undoubtedly. He had the reputation of being witty. His remarks had never amused Stanley, but the women always seemed to enjoy them.

Merle Starkweather was standing at the bar. She smiled her shadowy smile and waved a beautiful long hand over the attentive heads of six and a half couples of hunting men.

"Hello, Stan," she said in her deep, tired voice, "I've just been telling the chaps we're going to ride the team point-to-point next week."

She drew him through the circle to her side and placed a Scotch and soda in his hand. A chorus of well-lubricated voices beat approval on his ears.

"Good ol' Stan."

"Show 'em, boy."

"What gee you ridin', old man?"

Merle's dark eyes held him.

"We'll show how a team race should be ridden, won't we, Stan?"

"Yes," Stanley said. "Why, yes."

It was, he thought in astonishment, exactly the idea he had been fumbling with for the past several days. Show 'em. No all out, hell-for-leather, up-and-over any old way riding, until you and your horse are both cooked, but real pace, form, the way a fox-hunting man —or woman, either—should ride. He smiled down at Merle.

"Dance?" he asked.

"Love it," she answered.

ON WEDNESDAY, as he and Merle were returning from a long conditioning ride, they met Phyllis and Taggart.

"'Lo, Warburton," Crawford said.

"Ah, Taggart."

Merle dropped a hand in caressing possessiveness on Stanley's arm, let her dark glance slant over Taggart, smiled at Phyllis, and said:

"Stan makes riding together into a marvelous harmony. Why, we just float over obstacles."

Taggart grinned at her sardonically.

"Ought to try a really big fence, Merle."

Mrs. Starkweather laughed lightly.

"I'd feel safe following Stan over any fence."

"Try following me," Taggart said. "Guarantee a good run but no safety."

Stanley gazed from one to the other in perplexity. Mrs. Starkweather leaned over and brushed her hand gently across his cheek.

"Mud," she explained.

"Heavens," said Phyllis, "on Stanley?" She inspected him critically. "You know, darling, you seem to grow more like your Uncle Struthers every day. . . . Coming, Crawford?"

She spun her horse about and cantered away.

Stanley turned scarlet with embarrassment. He glanced at Merle but she was gazing after Taggart. . . .

At the last moment, Stanley decided to ride Boxer, his big chestnut thoroughbred. He had always held that the three-quarter-bred hunter was the perfect mount. But he realized only a hot-blooded horse could hope to keep within reach of Taggart's Thunderbolt.

Not that he had any idea of making a race of it. After all, it was a team affair, and winning a matter of points. Man on top got one; next, two; third, three; low pair won. If he and Merle crossed second and fourth, they'd only lose by two points. On the other hand—

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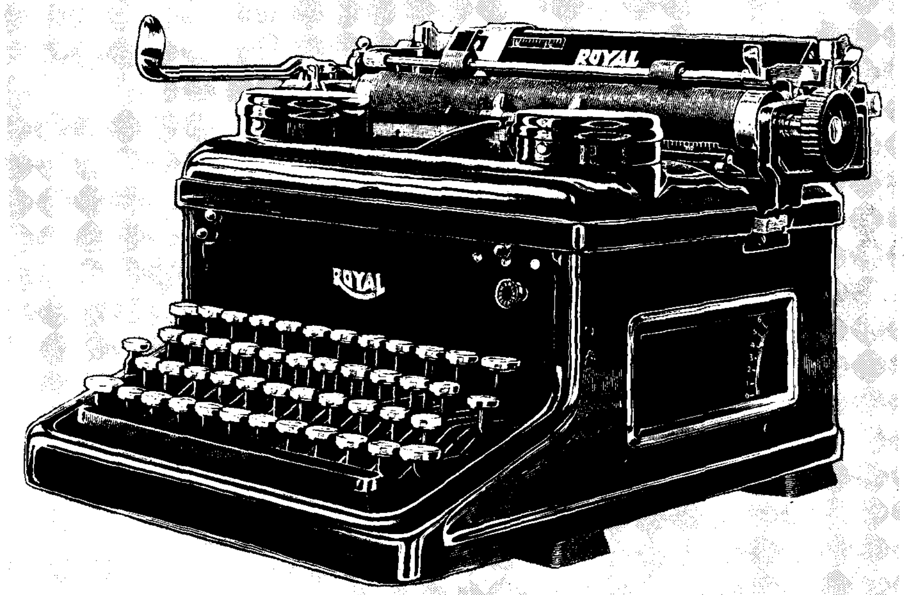

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Stanley closed his mind firmly. This was sport, not a struggle.

Boxer was in the pink, his stableman said. "He's had plenty work, sir. And them little fences. Why, to an animal that's jumped everything from Camden to Belmont, they'll be play. You'll do well, sir, if I may say so, to have a lot of horse under you."

Stanley nodded absently, wishing he had never allowed Mrs. Starkweather to persuade him into such foolishness. He had a recollection of Grandfather Phineas literally held together by silver plates and wires.

A HUGE crowd turned out on the day of the meet. The rolling countryside, covered with the first red flush of autumn, was dotted with people. Merle arrived, immaculate in black habit, ivory stock and silk topper. Her boy led the jet black mare she was to ride. They weighed in, and Stanley gave her a leg up. Some distance away, Phyllis was already on Shadow, and wearing silks, little soft boots and a cap with leather crash helmet. There were four other pairs.

Stanley swung into the saddle and the horses paraded to the starting flags. The starter dropped his flag and the field went off with a yell.

Stanley held Boxer to a nice hand gallop, with Merle ten feet away and level. Phyllis and Taggart went out at a terrific pace. Stanley felt his blood turn cold as he saw them ride at the big fence in the hollow. But Shadow went over easily, and Taggart's 'chaser seemed merely to stretch his legs and float across. There was some rapping and pecking but the rest cleared. Stanley let Merle's mare lead into the fence. He said, "Come up," and felt Boxer rise like a great spring uncoiling.

The others were across the brook by now, with Phyllis and Taggart out in front by a dozen lengths. Wouldn't do, Stanley thought. Must make a bit of a showing.

The stone wall eliminated three of the contestants. At the woods there was a choice of courses. They had decided to take the line through, rather than around. The road was narrow with overhanging boughs. A branch struck Mrs. Starkweather's topper and knocked it back on her neck. She reined instantly, calling, "My hat. Oh, dear," and tried to restore it.

STANLEY yelled at her to go on. She glanced indignantly over her shoulder. He was crowding her rudely as they came out into the open.

Phyllis and Taggart were over the next fence and heading for the first point flag. Stanley turned white with fury. It was ridiculous. He could ride just as well as any damn' steeplechaser. He glanced at Merle coming at a comfortable gallop behind him and ground his teeth. You could ride like that anytime.

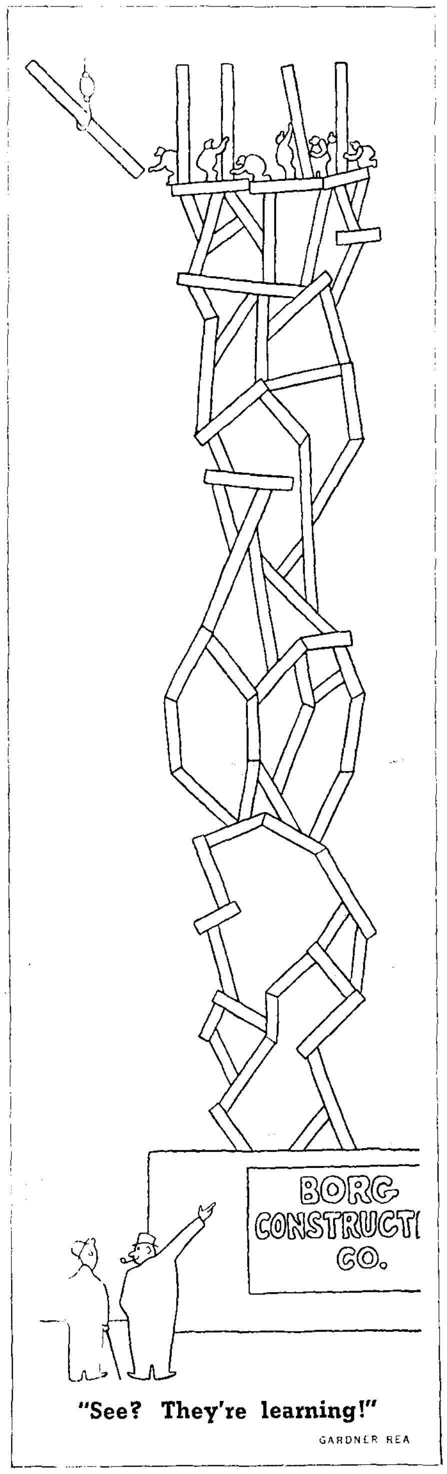
"Come on," he shouted, "make a move."

She smiled and continued at the same steady pace. Stanley jammed his bowler tight and hit his mount a smart crack with his bat. Boxer went out as though stung by a hornet. Stanley got well forward for the fence and the flying leap made his blood sing. The rest of the field were coming back to him. He had glimpses of their astonished faces as he passed them. By the time he had reached the second point, he had picked them all up. With a mile to go, he was within striking distance of the leading pair.

Confident in their advantage, they had eased just enough to let him get on them before they could pick up the pace. Phyllis looked over her shoulder and her eyes widened with amazement. Taggart took a swift glance back. All three were on top of the next fence with no room to spare. Stanley, riding faster, put Boxer at the narrow space between the two just as Taggart pulled squarely in front of him. There was a wild moment in which Stanley sensed himself being crowded into Shadow as the gray was about to take off. He knew what that meant. Phyllis would be knocked clear out of the county. He stood in the stirrups, leaning back with all his strength. Boxer's head came up, he made a frantic abortive leap and crashed the fence.

The rails were old and worm-eaten. Boxer plunged through them, held his feet, and before the splinters had stopped flying, had collected himself and hit his stride again.

Stanley was shaken up, but by a miracle still in the saddle. He saw Phyllis looking back at him, and Taggart fifty yards ahead, riding all out. He batted Boxer once and felt the instant response of a horse strong and full of run. As he drew up level with Phyllis, she yelled something he did not hear. Her eyes were blazing with fury. Annoyed, Stanley thought. Probably blames me for crowding. There wasn't time to consider it further. He was coming to a stiff hedge. Boxer took it like a deer. He was only a few lengths behind as they reached the lane and the last fence, a jump-out with a dry ditch on the near side. It was a formidable obstacle at the end of three and a half miles. At one place, farther along, a panel had the upper rail removed. Taggart rode for it but Stanley took a chance. He steadied Boxer and put him at the full fence, felt the powerful drive and knew he was over. He saw Taggart clear but he was on top by a length and he held it across a hundred yards of good turf to the finish.


BORG CONSTRUCTI CO.

"See? They're learning!"

GARDNER REA

STANLEY brought his mount to a walk, removed his derby and wiped the perspiration from his face. An exaltation pounded in his veins such as he had never experienced on the hunting field. He found himself wishing vaguely for more and stiffer fences, for the close hot work of horses going all out at them. Queer, he thought, must tell Phil. Then he remembered the fury in her face and his heart sank. Well, he could tell Merle Starkweather. Only he had no desire to; he didn't even want to see her.

He turned Boxer and rode back toward the finish. Phil ought to be coming in by now. Wasn't far behind. That would give her and Taggart the race. Didn't matter.

The crowd at the lane scattered suddenly and a riderless horse lunged into view, a gray horse—Shadow. Stanley spurred Boxer, who jumped in surprise. He galloped to the lane, standing in his stirrups to see over the spectators.

Men were helping— No, she was walking by herself. He slid to the ground, flung reins to a startled onlooker, and rushed up to Phyllis.

She was streaked with mire, her cap gone, her silk blouse ripped. Tears ran muddily down her face and she was swearing with fine fervor.

"Refused," she said. "I was right out on his neck, and went on over."

"All in the game," Stanley said, patting her shoulder. "No bones broken, no harm done."

She looked at him in astonishment. He took out a handkerchief and waved it tentatively.

"Wipe your nose, old girl?"

She poked her head forward and he wiped.

"Did you beat Taggart over?" she asked.

"Well—yes. Took a chance on the last fence. Made it."

"Nice going. I was so furious when he blocked you I could have strangled him."

"Him?" Stanley said. "Thought you were peeved at me."

THERE was shouting and the crowd parted to let a rider through. It was Mrs. Starkweather going at a nice gallop, her hat in place, her habit immaculate. Stanley gazed critically after her.

"Wouldn't be bad," he said, "if she'd just let herself go a bit. Can't understand why she wanted to team with me, though."

"Oh, Stanley," Phyllis said. "Don't you see she's in love with Taggart? And when she couldn't bring him to heel—" She glanced at him swiftly over the tip of her short nose—"she pretended to take a run at you."

"What for?" Stanley asked in astonishment.

"Make him jealous," Phyllis said. "That's an old feminine trick, darling."

"Deep," Stanley said, shaking his head in wonder. " 'Fraid of deep women. Glad you're not like that."

Phyllis smiled. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. Understand you perfectly. Going to marry you."

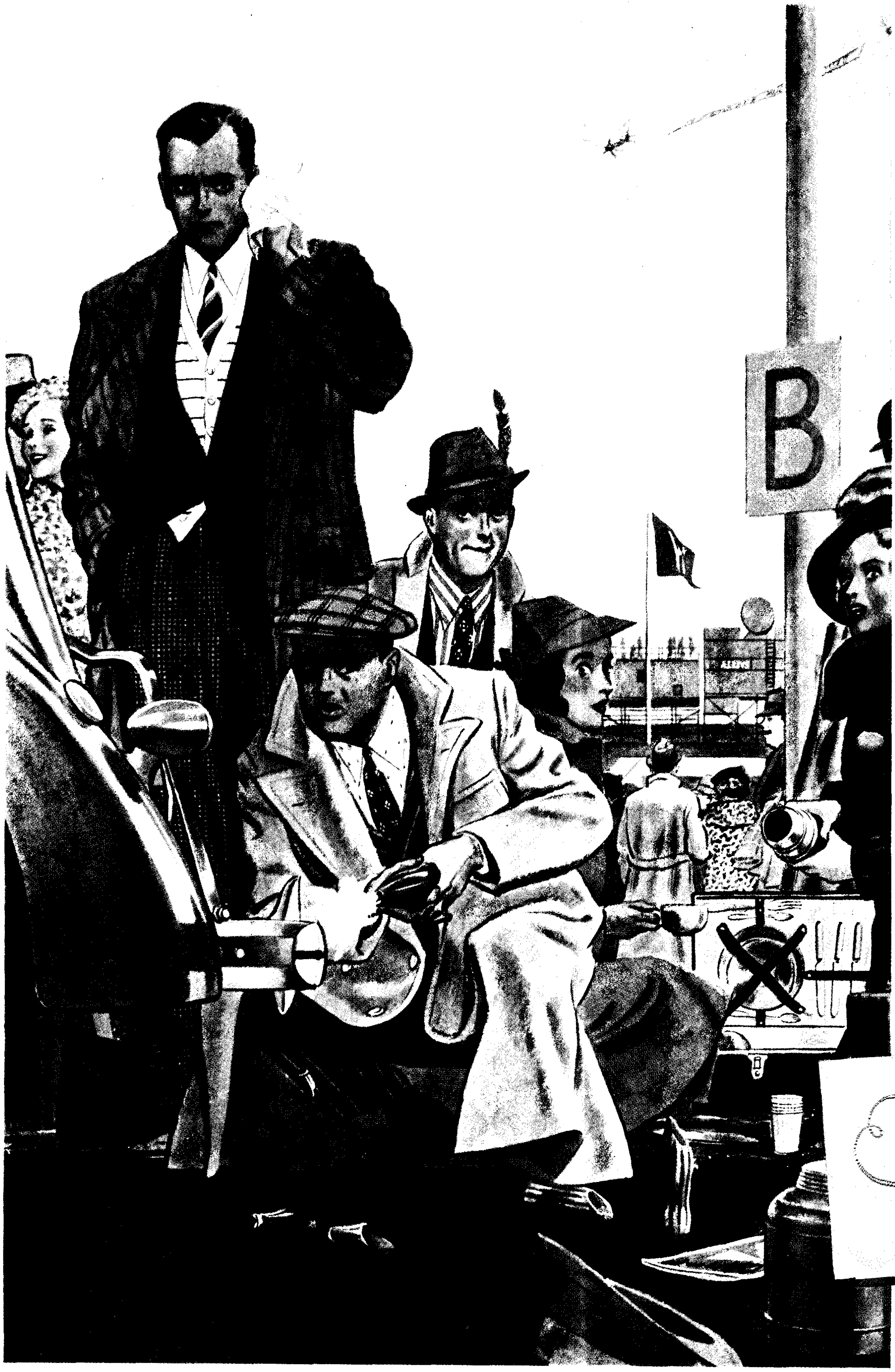
The crowd had drifted down to the finish line. Phyllis stood on her toes and kissed him.

"Going to ride the men's point-to-point this afternoon first, though," Stanley said.

"Wonderful. I'll ride the women's."

"Old hard-riding family," Stanley said. "Grandfather Phineas, best 'chase rider of his day. Tradition. Shouldn't let it down."

They haven't missed a game this year!



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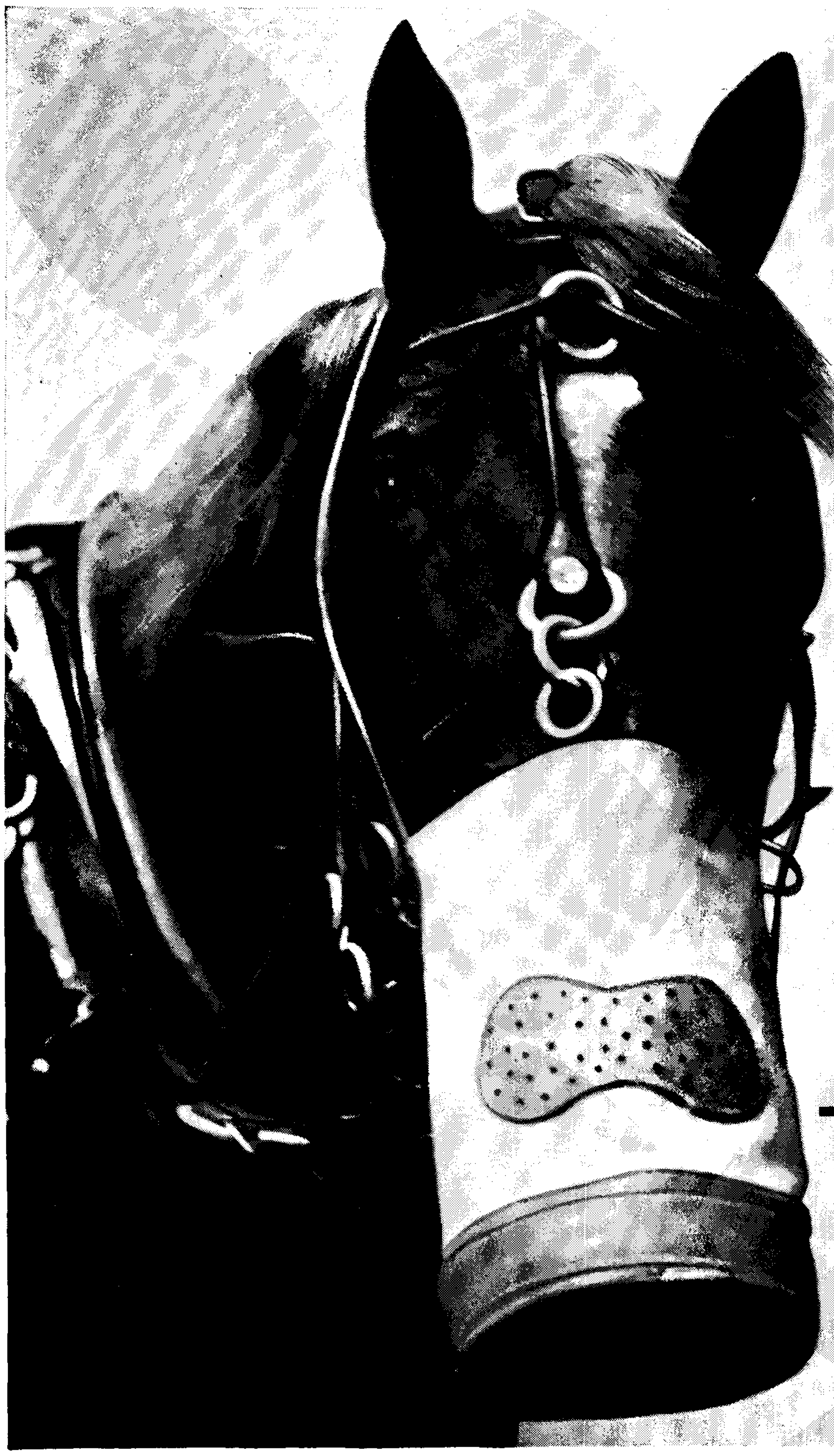

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They call Mildred Keaton a traveling nurse, but that needs explanation. She travels by dog sled, by airplane and by kayak—on the Arctic Circle. "Keaton," say the people of Nome, "is the most beloved woman in Alaska"

ANGEL IN FURS

By W. B. Courtney

SICKNESS broke out in midwinter among the Eskimos of Shishmaref. That's a place difficult enough to reach in summer—days by cutter, footsore weeks by packing—out there on the north jowl of Seward Peninsula, where the Bering Straits fan into the Arctic Ocean and Siberia is just across the way. Now its poor huddle of shacks was icebound and forgotten in the long darkness; and when emergency pressed, you thought of it as helplessly as if it were on the dead moon.

The cry went forth, as usual, for the government traveling nurse. She was at Nome, one hundred and fifty miles away over snow-buried hills and frozen tundra. There is a familiar saying in the wastelands of the Alaskan north: "When it is too rough outdoors for man or beast, call the traveling nurse!"

This nurse sized up the two main questions of her current job. First, how to get to Shishmaref? Dogs?—possible, of course. The nurse had a cherished pack of her own—mustard-eyed wolf brutes that would hash you at her nod. But at best the dog team would take five days; and if a blizzard caught her on the trail she might have to dig in until it blew over. The cold wouldn't matter; she had mushed through minus seventy. But when the world rose up, fell down, muddled around you like a vat of powdered milk, you were stuck—and that was that.

There were several planes based in Nome: friends in all seasons for nurse, miners, trappers, fishermen, anyone to whom the incredible Alaskan distances are a daily challenge. Mercy flights are a part of snowbird routine, and the pilot to whom the nurse's fat little Eskimo messenger came puffing began at once to warm up his motor. That would take at least two hours of discouraging work, the most diligent attention.

The nurse, meanwhile, considered her second problem: What did she have to cope with at Shishmaref? There was no clue in the summons. Tonsilitis, grippe, diphtheria, meningitis, pneumonia—such things often became epidemic in the native settlements. The nurse had even clipped an appendix or two in her years; it was unorthodox, but what about it, when the diagnosis was certain and you knew your stuff, and there was no doctor to be got in time to save the life? So the nurse packed her entire medical kit, the whole works.

No Luxuries for Passengers

Winter midday twilight had faded when they took off and the dark and bumpy sky grew overcast. On a due-north course they became sandwiched between two cloud layers, and flew there because headwinds threatened slow progress higher up. The nurse unstrapped herself and went forward and hung onto the back of the pilot's chair, stamping her feet. She watched over his shoulder, and bandied small talk with him. Flying is like that in Alaska: informal.

He was glad to have her there: four eyes are better than two. He said, "I figure we're gettin' hot. Watch for a hole: we must go down for a looksee."

They found a hole and spiraled through it, but were no better off, for they had reached the coast and encountered the dreaded Bering menace to airmen and mariners alike—low, gummy fog. He throttled his motor and glided tentatively; above the singing wires they could hear shouts, which seemed to come from just beneath their feet. Shishmaref, perhaps—but what good of it? The pilot opened up again, soared out of the fog, and turned southeast by his compass to go inland. They came to the shirred edge of the fog bank, and landed on a frozen river—one of the blessed winter highways of the north.

The nurse pitched in and helped the pilot with the laborious work of setting his plane for the night. There are no pampered riders in Alaskan planes, and it doesn't matter how steep your fare was; everybody is a part of the crew, in times like these, and everybody works. There were holes to be chopped

(Continued on page 80)

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EVANS

The Moocher

Continued from page 10

with sandalwood; there was a small, printed handkerchief in one of the pockets.

"I'm not explaining," he said, with a trace of annoyance.

"And I'm not asking," Shirley said.

Andrews swung the car into the road again. Snuggling down, out of the wind, Shirley studied his profile. Most of Cora's men were pink around the eyes and blue around the gills. Well-massaged. Blurred. Jaunty. This one was cold and sharp and taut. Not young. Forty, at least. A rich man. With all of the rich man's innate conviction of superiority, of being beyond criticism, free of the restrictions that govern the behavior of ordinary men. Shirley felt *like a little palpitant rabbit*—*waiting to* be swallowed alive by a boa.

She thought: "I'll catch him first and think about it later. Much later."

HIS boat, the Circe, lay off-shore. Boat? A million-dollar yacht—the kind you read about in novels. A slim, rakish, snow-white craft that seemed to float, now, between sea and sky, tangled in the blueness of twilight.

Shirley mounted the side ladder to the polished deck, acutely conscious of her grubby feet, the faded slacks, the old sweater. An officer saluted Andrews smartly, his eyes reporting nothing.

"Put out to sea," Andrews said.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Come here," Andrews said to Shirley.

He took her arm and guided her across the deck to the rail. He leaned there beside her, his arm touching hers.

"I thought it wiser," he explained, "in case Mom follows."

"You knew!"

"Of course."

"How?"

"In the rear-view mirror. Mom, in an upstairs window, bellowing. What's it all about? Or don't you want to say?"

Shirley clasped her hands, tight, to keep herself from chattering. All the blood drained out of her heart, leaving her chill as ice. Someone had told her, years ago, about Judas and the kiss. She knew what betrayal was. She also knew—with certainty—that Andrews could give her everything she wanted, all the rest of her life, if she was quick and smart, and made no mistakes. Tonight.

"Cora was after you," she whispered quickly, her eyes on the diamond-strung lights along the shore. "She's at the end of her rope. No one wants her any more—so I spiked her game."

"For my sake?"

"No," Shirley said. She caught her breath, sharply. "For my own."

"I see."

Andrews smiled. His eyes were frosty, but there was a spark of excitement in them.

"So *you're* after me?"

"Yes."

"I see," Andrews said again.

BELLS rang, and the yacht, shivering slightly, began to slip through the water. The launch that had brought them out from shore bubbled away into the darkness. The cord was cut.

"We'll dine on deck," Andrews said. "But first you might like to change. You'll find things in the cabin, below. Only don't be too long. I'm hungry."

The cabin was paneled in light wood. There were mirrors, reflecting Shirley's scared face. An open port. And, across the bed, a dress. A froth of underthings. A wisp of a satin girdle. Slippers. And a wrap, buttoned from throat to hem with crystal.

The clothes must have been put there for Cora. He must have been wise to Cora. Must have known that she would grab with greedy hands. Funny, how it hurt to have a bad mother!

Suddenly, Shirley hated the lovely, perishable things on the bed. She swept them into a heap. She was smarter than Cora. Much, *much* smarter! She raked a comb through the brassy tangle of her sunburned hair. Powdered her nose from the compact she kept in the pocket of her slacks and went on deck again, whistling.

Andrews was lying full length in a wicker chaise. Two men in steward's uniforms were busying themselves at a table set for two. And already, underfoot, the yacht lifted a little and coasted *down again, in a soft rush and hiss of* dark foam. There were flowers, and candles within etched globes, and cushions and ice buckets and bottles and tall, sparkling glasses and white linen—and, somewhere, music.

"Asleep?" Shirley said brightly. She stood, her feet planted, her hands in her pockets, staring down at Andrews with her painted Cora smile.

Andrews opened his eyes and sat up. Shirley couldn't be sure, but she thought that he looked both pleased and amused. *He seated her at the small, the deliber*ately intimate table. Shirley guessed that she was the first woman to dine aboard the Circe wearing secondhand slacks and a faded pull-on. She could imagine Andrews' women—an army with banners by Schiaparelli. . . .

"Holy smokes," she said suddenly. "I just remembered."

"You just remembered what?"

"I'm not amusing. Perhaps you'd better put me ashore."

Andrews laughed. "First, let's see what champagne does."

"I don't fizz. I simply go under."

But she took the shallow glass and let the stinging bubbles bombard her nose. Champagne was Cora's favorite drink.

Andrews filled her glass again.

"You're a pretty child," he said.

"Am *I*?"

"You don't have to be amusing. It's enough to look at you. Tell me"—he smiled again—"about yourself."

She shook her head.

"I'm a blank record, Sparkeye. It's up to you to make me play a pretty tune."

"Why me?"

"You're so damned rich."

"I see."

"And I *like* you."

She leaned across the table and *touched his forehead, his nose, his lips,* his chin with the tips of her fingers.

"You have a marvelous profile. You're cute. I love being with you. And I'm a little drunk. Just a little. You don't mind, do you?"

"Let's dance," he said.

"No. I want my soup."

HE STOOD, caught her hand and drew her up into his arms. The radio was playing "Who Knows?" Shirley snatched her glass of champagne in passing and *drank it over his shoulder.*

"You dance divinely," she said. "You're sweet. I love you."

Programs changed. During the announcements, the advertisements, the news reporters and time signals, Shirley ate grilled lobster, French bread and salad. Andrews smoked and watched her, the spark in his cool eyes burning.

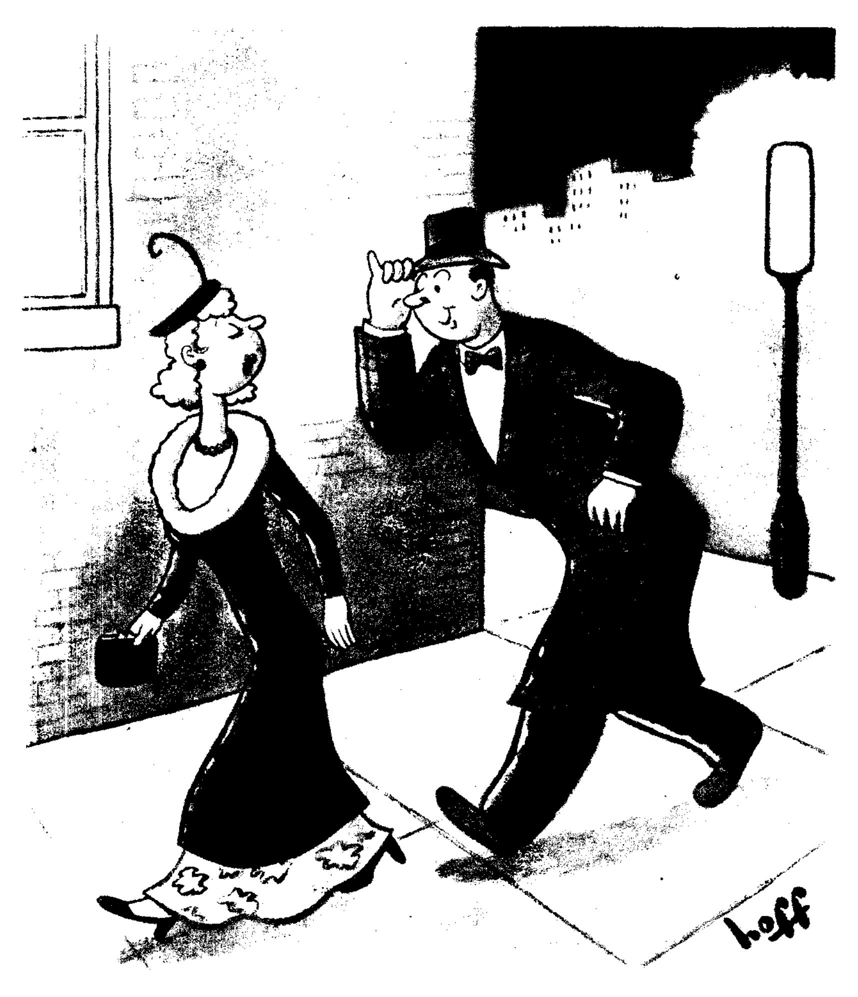
"Not hungry?" she said.

"No. Curious."

"About me?"

"What goes on inside your head?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just eat and sleep and want things."



"Try again tomorrow. I've got a date now"

SYDNEY HOFF

"Things? What things do you mean?"

"Clothes. Travel. Speed. Men. Fun."

"Haven't you had—fun?"

"I've mooched what I could. I've had to. We're poor. Dad's alimony's a drop in the bucket. And you know how it is—having good taste, hating what's cheap . . ."

She caught her breath, met the calm appraisal of his glance and held out her hand, palm up.

"Gimme! A cigarette."

"Of course."

She noticed how steady his hand was as he held the silver lighter.

"I want and want and *want*," she explained. "I suppose you can't understand wanting. You have everything!"

"Not quite everything."

This was her chance. Her heart paused, or seemed to pause, while she sought desperately for the comeback. Her head felt giddy—what would Cora say? To clinch him?

"You see," he went on, "I'm not young any more. I'm two years over fifty."

"Fifty? You don't *look*—"

"I know. I take care of myself. Partly because I'm vain. And partly because I still enjoy adventure."

"Anyway, you're beautiful."

"You still love me?"

"Terribly."

She crunched her strong, white teeth into a stalk of celery.

"Where we going next, Sparkeye?" she said.

Andrews glanced away from her, briefly, at the dark sea.

"Do you care?"

"No."

"I'm taking you," he said, "as far as you *want* to go."

"That's the whole way," Shirley said. She held out her glass.

"Gimme. Champagne."

She needed it. Her heart felt cold and empty. Her hand shook. He mustn't guess how scared she was. She mustn't look at him.

"And how about Cora?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, Cora doesn't care. She'll find someone else. She always does."

She laughed, her nose in the bubbles.

"And Granny's sure to be pleased. She'll just say: 'I told you so. Bad like her mother.' "

Andrews leaned forward again and took the glass out of Shirley's hand.

"Tell me about Granny," he said.

"Oh, she's *terrible*. She wants me to work for my living. She thinks I'm good. *Me!* She had a job for me, selling doughnuts in Pasadena! At twenty a week. Can you *picture* me selling doughnuts? I told her where she got off. It takes twenty a week to keep me in *stockings!*"

"Whose twenty?"

"Oh—" Shirley made a vague gesture. "Friends. People. Anybody. I have to *have* them, don't I?"

LATER, when the table had been carried away, and they were alone together, Shirley sat beside him in the chaise, not too close, but close enough. She wasn't sure, now, that she liked him. But that didn't matter. It couldn't matter. He was interested. She could tell. She excited him. She wasn't like the others. Nothing silky and scented and seductive about *her!* Freckles on her nose and sand in her shoes and a sunburn peel and dry lips. And youth.

Soon, now, Shirley knew, he would expect to be kissed. She stalled, talking about Granny.

"I like people who let me be myself," she said.

Stalling. . . . It must be eleven o'clock. The drinks on the table beside the chaise were warm and no servant had come on deck for more than an hour. The Circe seemed to fly without guidance, farther and farther into the dark, noisy sea, farther and farther away from the familiar earth, from safety. The air was sweet and damp and fresh. Shirley thought: "I wish I were home. I wish I belonged to myself."

Then she felt his hand on her shoulder, caressing. His voice, different, with something intimate and possessive about it, caressing. His breath, hot against her throat. His lips, caressing. Asking.

She thought: "It's all the rest of life. Everything I want. Here goes."

And, turning in his arms, she put her mouth against his.

The kiss lasted a long time. A long, dark, terrible space. Then she put both hands against his breast and pushed him away and sat, crumpled over, her head in her hands, sobbing.

AFTER a while, Andrews put his hand on her shoulder again. Only, this time, his hand felt different. There was kindness in it. And pity.

"Don't cry any more," he said, patting her back. "Tell me. What did you want?"

"You."

"You mean—marriage?"

She nodded, her head down on her knees, her hands in her hair.

"But, my dear child, I'm married already. To a charming woman. Who happens to be in San Francisco."

He broke off. Began again: "I adore my wife."

"Then why—"

Shirley lifted her head.

"Why Cora?"

"I was alone. Cora isn't a woman to take seriously. The Tuttles explained her. Over the phone. In words of few syllables."

"But the things in the cabin—"

"She asked for them."

He smiled.

"After all, a small return for an evening's entertainment."

"You mean—pay?"

"I mean just that!"

"Would you have paid me?"

Abruptly his clasp tightened. He swung Shirley around so that she faced him; he forced her to meet his eyes.

"Listen. What were you giving me? Not love, certainly? What is it you and your mother are after? Something for nothing? That's right, isn't it? Something for nothing. Both of you."

His fingers dug into her arms. The spark in his eyes was red-hot now.

"Nothing. For something. Little fool. You thought I didn't know—I knew the minute I saw you."

"You let me . . ."

"I have children of my own," he said quietly. "Two sons. A daughter—older than you are. The boys are in school. The girl's working. She's a chemist, and a good one."

"Take me home," Shirley sobbed. "Please. Please. Take me home."

He let her go and she tipped over against him, hiding her face in his breast. She could feel his heart beating, very loud and steady, a cannonading within.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Cry. Cry as long as you like. I knew you were a good kid. I could have sworn to it—me and Granny!"

His hand stroked her hair, straining it back from her hot forehead. The way she remembered her father stroking her hair when she was a child. It hurt and it was sweet. She hated it and at the same time she loved it.

"Something for something," he said softly. "Get it? Something for something. It's a good rule. Love for love. Work for work. Truth for truth. Try it—it pays."

Shirley lay very still. She thought: "I'll take a taxi and drive over to Pasadena. I can pay for it out of my first week's salary. I'll go to Granny—"

Suddenly, passionately, she wanted Granny with all her heart.

Envy the savage? Yes!

This ancient savage had to work hard to get a fire—and his cookery wasn't expert. But his rough, primitive fare exercised his teeth—kept them strong and healthy. We moderns eat soft, civilized foods—our teeth get too little healthful exercise.

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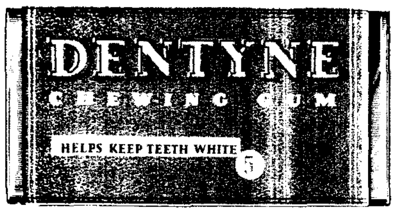

MOUTH HEALTHY

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DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

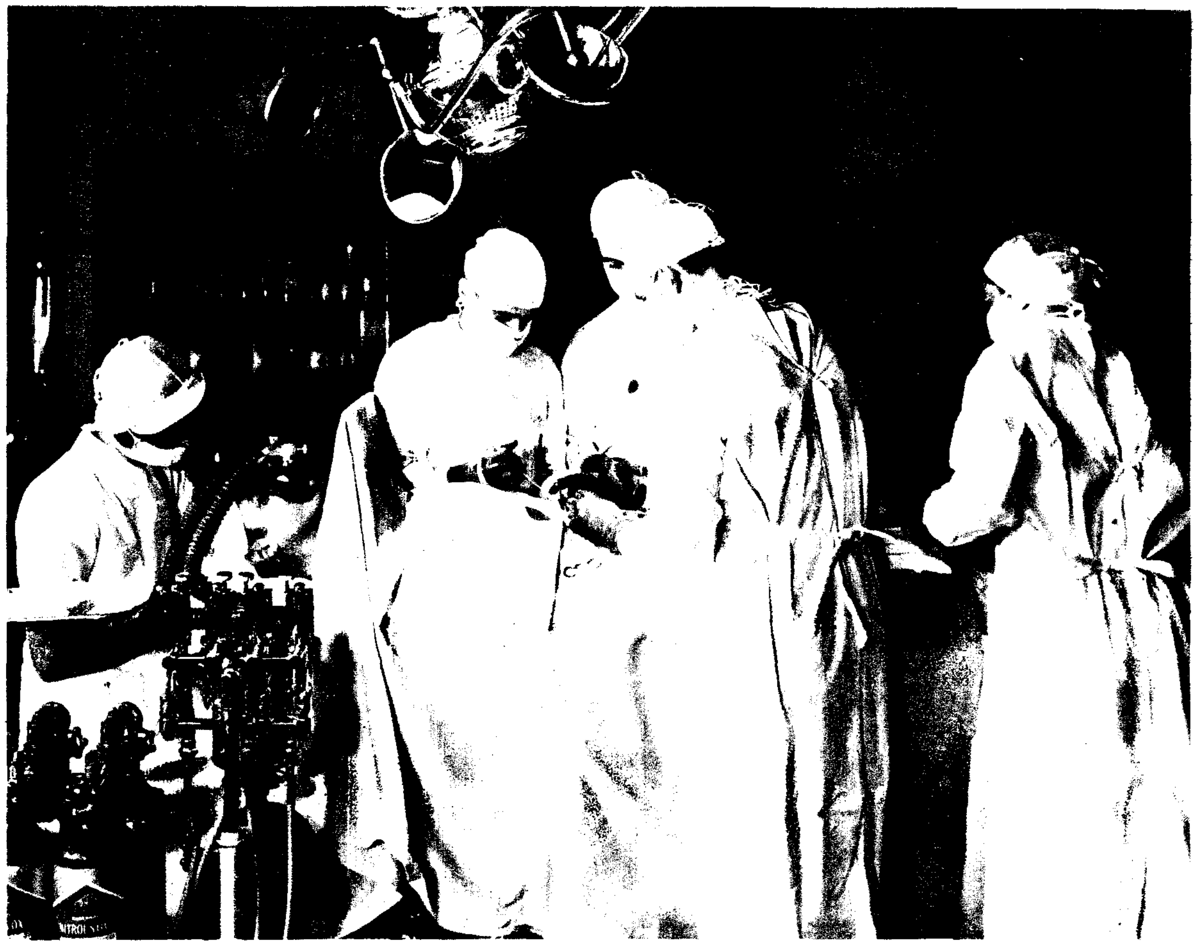
Knockout Drops—New Style

By Hannah Lees

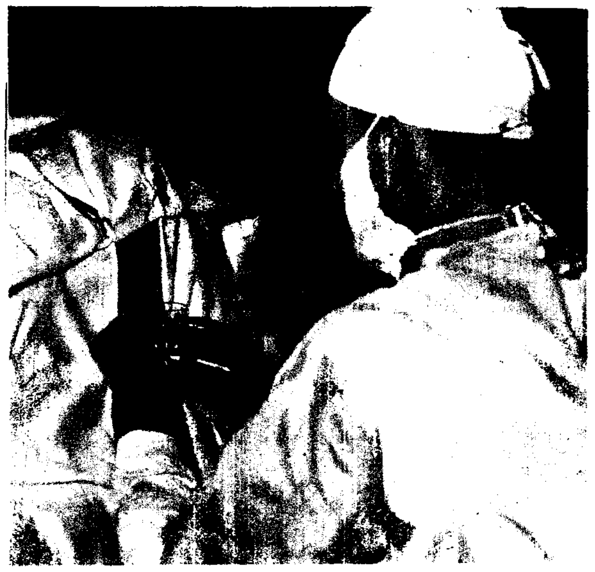
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Ether took the physical pain out of operations; a new batch of anesthetics spare the patient mental distress as well. They are being developed so fast that it's hard to keep up with the fashion. Each has its special advantages. We can hardly wait

Above, preparation for spinal anesthesia. Spinal fluid is being withdrawn, and in it will be dissolved crystals of the anesthesia to be used. The resulting solution is injected (lower right) through the same needle, which has remained in place, and sensory loss results



Modern anesthetics require great skill in administration, and the anesthetist's job matches the surgeon's in importance. Here, nitrous oxide and ethylene gas, in tanks connected to a mixing apparatus, have done their work swiftly and without "fighting" on the part of the patient



LITTLE Charlie X had a pain in his stomach, a bad pain, and it kept getting worse. "Acute appendix," said the doctor, when Mrs. X called him in. "We'd better have it right out." So Charlie was taken to the hospital for an operation. He wasn't scared on the way to the operating room. He couldn't be; he was sound asleep.

"Bad?" said Charlie, telling the boys at school about it afterward. "Naw, it was the nuts. A couple of doctors came in and talked to me. They joked a lot and were kinda funny. Then pretty soon a nurse came in and gave me an enema. It was some funny pink stuff in a glass jar, and when I asked her what it was she said something like advertise—avertin, I think it was. I don't remember what happened after that but I was still in bed when I woke up. The pain was all gone and I felt pretty good except my stomach was kinda sore."

The Y's were housecleaning. Mr. Y was moving around a lot of old trunks in the attic when suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his side. The doctor called it a hernia and said it would need an operation, so Mr. Y went to the hospital. He'd been there about ten years before for an appendectomy. He'd learned that word then and had used it with pride ever since, but he didn't relish the memory of having a mask over his face, a big Ferris wheel going round inside his head and that sickening ether smell. He told the nurse so, confidentially.

"Why, you won't even see a mask," she told him, "except the gauze ones on the surgeon and his assistants. Dr. A, our anesthetist, has decided to give you pentothal."

Mr. Y was pretty much interested when they got him into the operating room and stuck a needle into a vein in his arm and asked him to count slowly up to twenty. As he got to seven he was wondering what the idea was. He was still wondering when he woke up in his room a while later with his wife smiling at him. Then she told him the operation was all over.

Mrs. Z had chronic bronchitis and an insatiable curiosity. Also she had just enough medical friends to think she knew a lot about medicine. She'd heard of ether pneumonia, and secretly worried a good deal about what would happen to her if she ever needed an operation. This winter she got an intestinal obstruction and found out. She was pretty sick just before they operated, but not too sick not to be worrying.

"You won't get ether pneumonia," her doctor told her, "because why? Because you won't get any ether. We've a special anesthetic for people with bronchial tubes like yours. It's called spinal."

Progress by Leaps and Bounds

Mrs. Z never so much as smelled ether. The surgeon stuck a needle into the small of her back, and after that she couldn't feel anything at all below her ribs. It wasn't exactly fun, but her insatiable curiosity had a field day, for she was perfectly conscious all the time the surgeon was removing the adhesions that were causing the obstruction.

"My dears," she told the girls at the bridge club afterward, "I practically watched the whole operation," which wasn't quite true, but was true enough to make a good story.

Charlie X and Mr. Y and Mrs. Z were pretty lucky that all those things happened to them in the year 1937. For even as recently as 1927 Charlie X would have had the long, frightening trip to the operating room, and both he and Mr. Y would have had that suffocating mask over their noses and probably a lot of pain and nausea after they woke up. And if Mrs. Z with the chronic bronchitis had had her intestinal obstruction much earlier than that her doctor would have had to choose between letting her die from the obstruction or letting her run the serious risk of her pet phobia—ether pneumonia.

Maybe you're skeptically remembering operations you have had in the past, thinking nobody can fool you, no operation could be as easy and safe and even pleasant as these sound. But they can; they can today because recently a great change has come over this business of giving anesthetics. Such a noticeable change, in fact, that one of the most prominent surgeons in America says that the field of anesthesia has made more progress in the last five years than surgery itself. And that is something no surgeon would be apt to say if it weren't pretty unmistakably true. It's about time the science of anesthesia did start making progress, because, while medicine and surgery and X-ray and everything else were moving forward during the last generation, rushing, tearing forward as a matter of fact, anesthesia was practically standing still.

It's been nearly a hundred years now since a lot of bright young men first discovered that ether and chloroform and gas . . . laughing gas to you, nitrous oxide to your doctor and dentist . . . could make people so they didn't feel pain. And the discovery wasn't much help to humanity at first, because for quite a while afterward a good many prominent doctors wouldn't have anything to do with these so-called anesthetics. They were too new-fangled and danger-

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Thomas I. Parkinson

PRESIDENT

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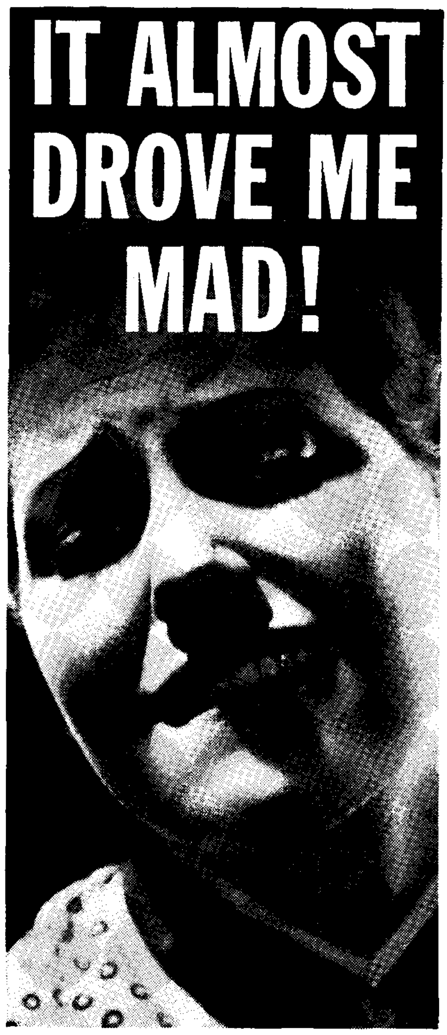

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ous. Besides they were neither necessary nor desirable. People, doctors said, had been given their sense of pain for a purpose . . . never mind what that purpose was.

When the first successful uses of ether anesthesia were reported to the French Academy of Science around 1850, a prominent scientist of the old school, who I'm glad was never my doctor, got up and declared that it was a trivial matter to suffer and he saw no real advantage in making a patient insensible during an operation. And when England got herself into the Crimean War a few years later the chief of the British Army Medical Service advised all army surgeons to use no chloroform during operations or amputations as the pain inflicted by the knife acted as a wholesome stimulus to the patient.

We can feel a little smug if we wish about the fact that while all these idiotic objections were being raised in Europe a lot of American doctors were busily discovering on their own hook how useful ether and chloroform and laughing gas could be, and were putting them to work. But we'd better not be too smug, because those compatriots of ours had their own troubles, too, of a sort. They fought like cats and dogs over who was going to get the credit for discovering what.

Eliminating Terror

It would be a good joke on those men if they could know that the drugs they fought over getting the credit for are pretty rapidly being dethroned. Not because they're not useful—they are, and for the past seventy-five years they've been doing a pretty good job of saving people from suffering. But scientists have begun all of a sudden to discover so many new and better anesthetics that the old ones are beginning, and with reason, to look a little out of date. There is a big clinic in Boston, for instance, called the Lahey Clinic, that is famous for its amazingly skillful operations. Last year they did over four thousand operations there, but they used ether for less than four hundred of them.

Don't get the idea, however, that if your doctor gives you ether next time you have an operation or a baby, he doesn't know his stuff. Doctors have often said that it was a lucky break for the world that the first anesthetic to be discovered and widely used was also the safest and easiest to administer. Because that's what ether was—and still is if you haven't got a highly trained anesthetist and a lot of new, expensive equipment, which so far only the biggest and richest hospitals can have. Ether is still the best bet for most small hospitals, and it's still probably the only bet for doctors in country practice who may have to get the hired man or the husband or sister of his patient to give the anesthetic while he sets a bone or sews up an ax cut or delivers a baby. It's simply that ether has its disadvantages. It's awfully unpleasant to take. It's liable to make you sick as the well-known pup, and it is irritating to the lungs so that it can be pretty dangerous for people with even a slight cold—yes that ether pneumonia Mrs. Z was so worried about. That's why it's liable to be supplanted by all these new anesthetics that I seem to be building up such a lengthy suspense about. Right now most of them are so new that they're scarcely out of the experimental class, but they seem to be so good that if things go on as fast as they have in the last few years they won't be in that class much longer.

Take little Charlie X. who went to sleep in his hospital bed and woke up there minus his appendix. The stuff called avertin that put him to sleep there wasn't even heard of as an anesthetic ten years ago except in very fancy research circles. But today it's used in hundreds of hospitals all over the country, and saves thousands of people every year a lot of terror and mental agony if nothing else. Avertin is a compound that chemists first discovered in crystalline powder form a good many years ago. At first they thought it was enough just to have discovered it. Then somebody began to wonder what it might be good for. They tried, among other things, giving it to children with whooping cough, to stop the whoops. It didn't seem to do them so very much good, but they noticed that the kids that took it got terribly, terribly sleepy. Well, one thing led to another; result, avertin the anesthetic. It isn't a strong enough anesthetic ordinarily to be used for a whole operation. It isn't apt to put you far enough under or relax your muscles enough to suit the surgeon. But it makes you unconscious in a simple, unfrightening way, which is pretty important for both you and your doctor. And all the anesthetist has to do during the operation afterward is give you a few little whiffs of gas that you never know anything about.

. If he is a really advanced anesthetist, the gas he'll use is a very new one called cyclopropane—new, that is, to anesthetists and to you. As a matter of fact cyclopropane is nothing in the world but a pretty fancy chemical combination of hydrogen and carbon and has been known by chemists for years as a gas somewhat related to marsh gas. It wasn't till 1929 that anyone tried using it as an anesthetic and it wasn't till about three years ago that it began to be used very much, but it looks now like the final answer to a surgeon's prayer.

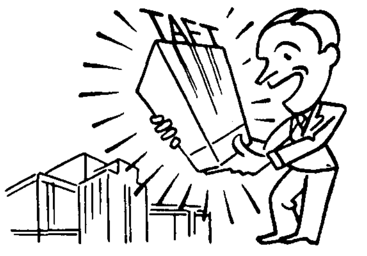
Nitrous oxide, you see—laughing gas, remember?—has been for years the only gas anesthetic they knew anything about, and it hadn't been so terribly useful either, except for little affairs like opening boils or pulling teeth. It didn't put the patient soundly enough to sleep for major operations and it wasn't strong enough to be any good if you mixed it with much oxygen, so there was always the danger of the patient's suffocating if you gave him very much of it. So scientists from away back had been on a still hunt for something that would be stronger and better. They thought they had it, in the nineteen twenties, in another gas called ethylene, but ethylene, though otherwise excellent, turned out to have a way of exploding or bursting into flame occasionally at inconvenient moments. And about then some inquisitive fellow thought of trying out cyclopropane.

A Thrifty Anesthetic

Cyclopropane is strong, so strong it puts you just as far under as ether, but it doesn't irritate your lungs at all. It's so strong, what's more, that it can be given mixed with five times as much oxygen as nitrous oxide can, so there is practically no possibility of asphyxia. It's nonexplosive, and this is a feature that is pretty important today what with all the various new electric gadgets surgeons use for operating now. . . . And for just another added frill, it is almost as pleasant and easy to inhale as fresh air. Its only real disadvantage, so far, seems to be that it is expensive, and hospitals are already learning to get around that with some sort of complicated apparatus that manages to save any cyclopropane you might breathe out during an operation and thriftily use it all over again.

You won't hear of cyclopropane's being used in many hospitals yet. It is still too new, but you're going to, more and more, and the hospitals that are using it

HOTEL MAN FINDS NEW MODEL



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think it's great stuff. The Wisconsin General Hospital, for instance, which is a pretty sound scientific institution connected with the University of Wisconsin Medical School, has used it for more than half its operations where gas was given in the past three years and thinks that the patients who took it were in decidedly better shape both during and after the operation.

The anesthetic that Mr. Y received so surprisingly into his vein is just about as new as cyclopropane and is by way of being pretty important, too, though it probably hasn't as wide possibilities. Pentothal, which is what it was, is one of the newest members of the barbiturate family, and that means it is a drug related to phenobarbital, which you may have heard of as a useful and at the moment highly fashionable sedative. I don't know how they happened to start using it intravenously, except that ever since anesthetics have been in general use doctors have been trying out intravenous injections of all sorts of things, from chloroform and ether down to alcohol and, believe it or not, Epsom salts, in the hope of finding something new in the knockout line. Most of these experiments weren't so successful, but when they tried pentothal and another drug pretty much like it called evipal, they saw they had something.

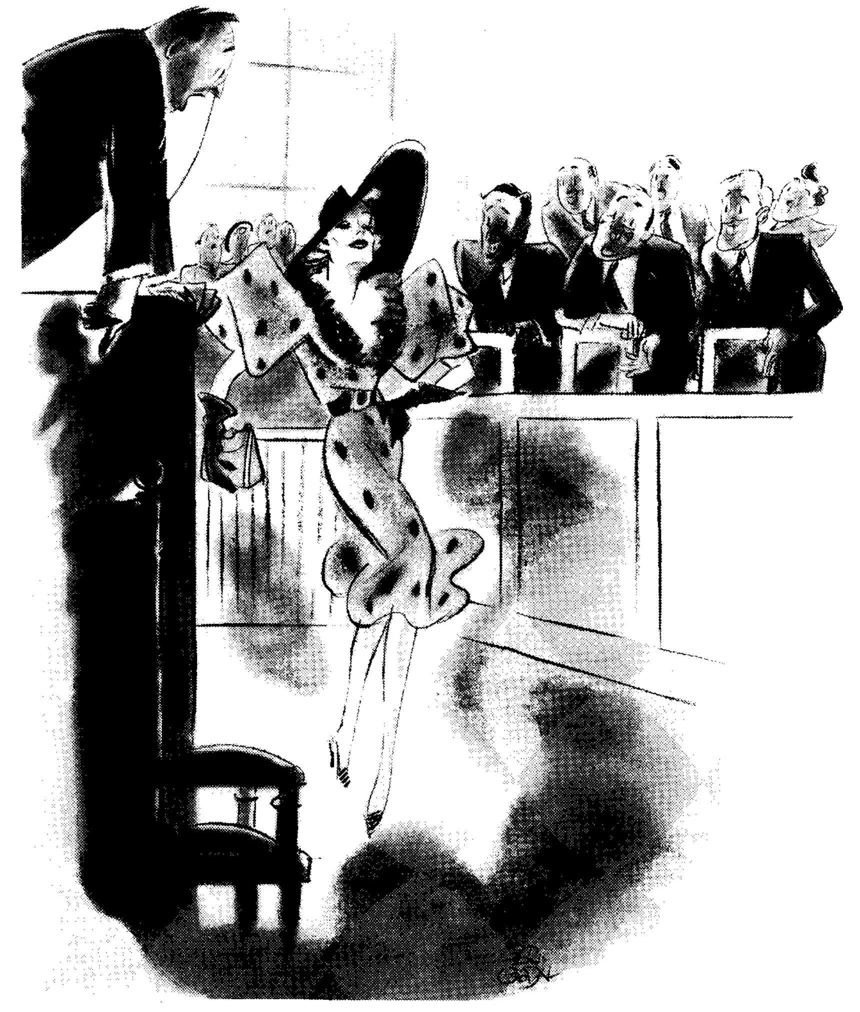
Around the Spinal Cord

A doctor has told me of doing an operation under evipal. The patient was asleep almost as soon as the stuff began to flow into the vein—anyway before he could count up to five. They make the patient count, you see, so when he stops they will know he's asleep. The anesthetist simply stood by, keeping the needle in the vein during the whole operation, pumping a little more in from the syringe whenever it seemed necessary, and that was all there was to it. The big advantage of this, you see, is that it can be used right in a doctor's office, if necessary, without any complicated equipment, just a needle and syringe instead of tanks and tubes and masks and gadgets.

So far, evipal and pentothal have been used chiefly for short operations like opening severe carbuncles or removing things like skin tumors or hemorrhoids, because there seemed for a while to be danger of putting a patient's breathing apparatus to sleep, too, if he got even a little too much of the stuff. But very recently somebody has discovered that if you give a drug called picrotoxin along with the evipal, you can do even serious, lengthy operations like Caesarean sections and appendectomies, about as safely as under ether or cyclopropane. The picrotoxin, you see, manages in some way to counteract the effect of the evipal on the respiratory center, more or less the way coffee counteracts the effect of too many cocktails.

However good a tale Mrs. Z had to tell her bridge club, she might have felt a little jealous of Charlie X and Mr. Y if she had known, because her anesthetic isn't nearly as new and smart as the others, even though it has acquired a lot of new wrinkles. It's been known, as a matter of fact, for the last thirty years or so, and the principle of it is almost foolishly simple. If a drug like cocaine could put your nerves to sleep wherever it came in contact with them on your mucous membranes or under your skin, why not get it in contact with those nerves right at the source and put whole parts of your body to sleep at one time. Why not, in fact, inject the stuff into the space around your spinal cord and numb all the nerves at once so they couldn't carry any pain messages to the brain at all.

It was a good idea and it worked beautifully as far as the numbing went. The only trouble was cocaine turned out to be a bit too strong and had a way in those first experimental days of occa-



"Thank you, gentlemen of the jury, but the state has already provided a seat for the defendant right here!" ERIC GODAL

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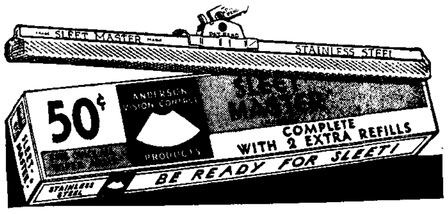

sionally putting people to sleep permanently, which wasn't the idea at all. So, for a long time a lot of doctors wouldn't touch it. Even after safer spinal anesthetics were discovered—the commonest now is one called novocain—the system was still used rather sparingly and fearfully. There was the anesthetic, you see, in the space around the spinal cord, and the trick was to tip your body so that the anesthetic would flow along your spine and deaden the nerves just as far as was needed, but not too far. If it reached the point of deadening the nerves that went to your heart or lungs, you see, or if it got as far up as your brain, it would be a plain case of too bad.

Just the same, spinal anesthesia has been used more and more in the past fifteen years. In the first place, in spite of its ticklishness, it's sometimes the only choice, for people whose hearts and lungs can't stand the strain of a general anesthetic can be operated on and their lives saved under spinal. And in the second place, doctors have learned so much about how to give it that it's really not dangerous any more, so you needn't turn pale if your surgeon suggests it next time you need a little cabinet work. Spinal anesthesia is being done among the best people every day.

And right along beside spinal there seems to be developing a new method called epidural anesthesia that you might wonder why no one thought of trying out before. You see, inside that spinal column of ours, the column that's formed from all our vertebrae piled one on top of the other, is a fatty layer of tissue called the epidural space. Inside that is the space where the spinal fluid flows, and inside that is the spinal cord. Well, it recently occurred to a couple of doctors, first a Spaniard, then an Italian, that since all the nerves running off from the spinal cord had to go through this fatty layer to get to the rest of the body, why not inject novocain into this fatty layer instead of into the hollow where the spinal fluid flows? Then the anesthetic hadn't a chance of flowing where it wasn't wanted but would do its job just as well. It's worked pretty well for those who have tried it, its only real drawback being that it's slow—takes fifteen or twenty minutes to do its numbing job, while regular spinal is practically instantaneous. And though it's still just an unchristened baby in the anesthetic family it looks as if epidural might grow up to be quite a useful member.

They Get into Your Blood

It's amazing how much doctors have learned in the last few years about putting to work what they already knew about the nervous system. They've realized, for one thing, that if you know exactly where all the nerves sprout off from the brain and spinal cord and where they go and what they do, all that's necessary to prevent any sensation in a certain spot is to inject the main trunk of the nerve that goes there with anesthetic. This is being used a good deal lately in throat and face operations where they don't want to give a general anesthetic, and is known as block anesthesia, because what it does is block the nerve so it can't carry pain messages to the brain. Like spinal and epidural, it is just a more fancy form of the local anesthetic your dentist uses when he injects novocain before treating an abscessed tooth, but it's making life a lot more comfortable for a lot of people, and a lot easier for a lot of surgeons.

You're probably wondering, if that's the way spinal and local anesthesia works, just how the other anesthetics that don't seem to go near the nerves manage to do their stuff. Well, they work even more directly, right at headquarters in fact, and whether they're gases that you breathe, or liquids that someone shoots into your vein, or what not, they all act the same way. They get into your blood—if you breathe the anesthetic in, all the tiny blood vessels running through your lungs pick it up—and the blood traveling around carries the stuff to your brain and it temporarily paralyzes the parts of your brain that control sensation and voluntary motion.

As Important as the Operation

The most amazing thing about all these general anesthetics is that they manage to be so choosy. Because your brain, after all, controls not only your thinking and feeling, but also your breathing and the beating of your heart. And it's pretty remarkable that scientists should have found so many substances that can paralyze your thinking and feeling centers and leave your breathing and heart action and digestive centers so entirely alone. As a matter of fact, they don't quite do that, not any of them, and right there is one of the biggest jobs of an anesthetist. He has to know just how much you can stand of any given anesthetic, and be ready with stimulants and all sorts of resuscitation equipment in case a patient should turn out to have extra-susceptible breathing or heart centers in his brain, or in case he happens to get just a touch too much of the anesthetic. But the various types that hospitals use today are so selective, at least in trained hands, that a normal person taking an anesthetic isn't in much more danger than if he were at home in bed, and a good deal less than if he were out driving in his car.

The advantage of all these new anesthetics is that now an expert anesthetist can look you over, discuss your case with your surgeon, and then decide just which one or two anesthetics will be the safest and most efficient for your particular operation.

It is that phrase "expert anesthetist," almost as much as the discovery of all these new drugs, that has made anesthesia jump ahead so fast in the past few years.

Up to then, it was just a sort of poor relation of surgery. People didn't have to have very much training to give it—just a little practice would do. Doctors practically never made a lifework of it—it wasn't interesting or important enough—and the giving of anesthetics was usually entrusted to nurses who, however skillful, hadn't enough scientific background for the serious business of handling a person's life, which is what an anesthetist very definitely does.

But now doctors and hospitals are beginning to realize that the anesthetic is just about as important as the operation itself. More and more brilliant men are beginning to specialize in that field, and most big hospitals are beginning to have trained anesthetists on the staff along with all their other specialists. A large city hospital I know of, for instance, with an average of 2,500 patients, had two nurses for its entire anesthesia staff a few years ago. Now it has an anesthesia consultant—a nationally famous doctor who has spent a good deal of his life studying just what is the best anesthetic to give under any circumstances—and a resident doctor who is always on call to give or at least supervise the giving of all anesthetics. That's the way hospitals seem to be turning, and even so anesthesia as a specialty is just beginning.

Maybe it's just as well we didn't know what we were missing, all of us who had operations back about ten years ago—but anyway, we have a lot less reason to be scared of that horrid word operation than we ever have had before.

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WORM MEDICINES

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Sundown Jim

Continued from page 22

remotely embarrassed at making the compliment, and drove his even words on again: "Everybody hates you, which is natural, and that has been a prod in your ribs, day and night. I don't want to see you give way now. For you have brought the game this far and you have got to carry it to a finish. The Barrs are through and the east-fork people don't count any more. Dobe Hyde is the power now and Dobe is no better than what we had. That's your responsibility. It won't do. It just won't do."

"I know," said Majors.

Broderick shook his head. "I can't see how you'll work it. I just can't see. You know how?"

"Yes."

BRODERICK picked up his chin and stared. The silence went on considerably and in the end Broderick grinned. "Maybe I've underestimated you, like the rest of the town. A fool always talks too much and I'm a fool."

He went heavily out of the kitchen and Majors resumed his meal. The echo of an incoming horse drifted through the building and somewhere back of the hotel two men talked in stray, muted phrases. Tony watched the big man finish his meal. She brought up the coffeepot, refilling his cup, and took her station in the corner again, her breathing still disturbed. When he rose and turned toward the dining room she shifted over to that door and came in front of him. He was deep in his own thoughts but her presence there drew his attention and stopped him.

She said nothing. Her hand came uncertainly up and she touched the lapel of his coat. Rose color touched her features evenly and her lips were caught in an uncertain crooked smile. For a moment he was deeply stirred by an expression in her eyes that was strange and glowing and hopeful in a way he could not interpret. Whatever she had been and whatever mistakes she might have made—and he had his own intimations—there was a sweetness to her and a fragrance. It was, he thought, a love of life, a hunger for some richness which she had never had and yet could see in the world. That childlike simplicity survived the tragic poverty of her life, like a small light bravely shining out through the surrounding stormy dark. He had one moment to think of all this; and afterward he smiled at her. "Tony," he said, as gently as he could speak, "someday you'll find a man, and that man will be getting solid gold. I hope he knows it."

He went on through the dining room and up the stairs. The kitchen doors swung slowly, grinding on the hinges. Tony settled her shoulders against the wall. Her head went down and after a while she began to cry, silently, hopelessly, terribly.

In his room, Majors walked to the corner window and watched the square below, one hand working two silver dollars around his trousers pocket; and during the following five minutes his thoughts were the hardest thoughts of his life.

He had known, as soon as Dobe Hyde slipped away from him, what he must do next. His mind was made up to it now. Yet it was a decision hard to face, breaking the long record of which he was so deeply proud.

He swung to the little table in a way that was abrupt and forced and sat down and drew out a pencil. He wrote Jeff White a careful note, making few explanations. Afterward, on another sheet of paper, he printed an announcement in rather bold letters. When he had finished this he unpinned his deputy's badge from his vest and laid it on the announcement, which read:

To Those Interested:
I have this night resigned as U. S. Deputy Marshal.
JAMES J. MAJORS.

MAJORS took the letter and the announcement and the badge and went downstairs. Broderick sat as usual in the rocker, facing the window. Majors said: "Got an envelope?"

Broderick hoisted himself up and went behind his desk and produced an envelope from a pigeonhole in the key rack. Majors put the announcement and badge to one side on the desk while he addressed the letter. When he got through with that chore he saw Broderick staring at the printed sign, astonishment breaking swiftly across his dish-round face. The man had huge black eyebrows; they went up like awnings withdrawn from a window. Majors said: "See that the letter gets on tomorrow's stage."

Broderick didn't have an answer. He watched Majors take the announcement and badge and walk to the door. He found his voice just as Majors was about to step into the street:

"Brand's across the way."

Majors stepped over to the edge of the walk, seeing Brand across the top of the big gelding standing between. He moved around the gelding, into the dust and away from the hotel lights, and stopped with the shape of Brand shadowed yet plain enough against the wall of the opposite building. He had meant to call out to Brand. The redhead beat him to it:

"Majors—no. I want to talk to you. That's all."

MAJORS went across the dust, evenfooted, and came before Brand. The shadows of the building dropped like a cape over both of them. He could see the vague, pale track of the scars on Brand's lips, which he had put there. Brand kept his shoulders very still; he kept his arms folded. He spoke down in his throat, for only Majors to hear:

"I took a lickin' from you once. I know when I'm second best, friend."

"Go on," said Majors. "Finish your speech."

"No. I left the Pocket. Pedee Barr came up there tonight. We always had an agreement to help him. He wanted help. Maffitt shot him dead. I don't go back on my promises like that."

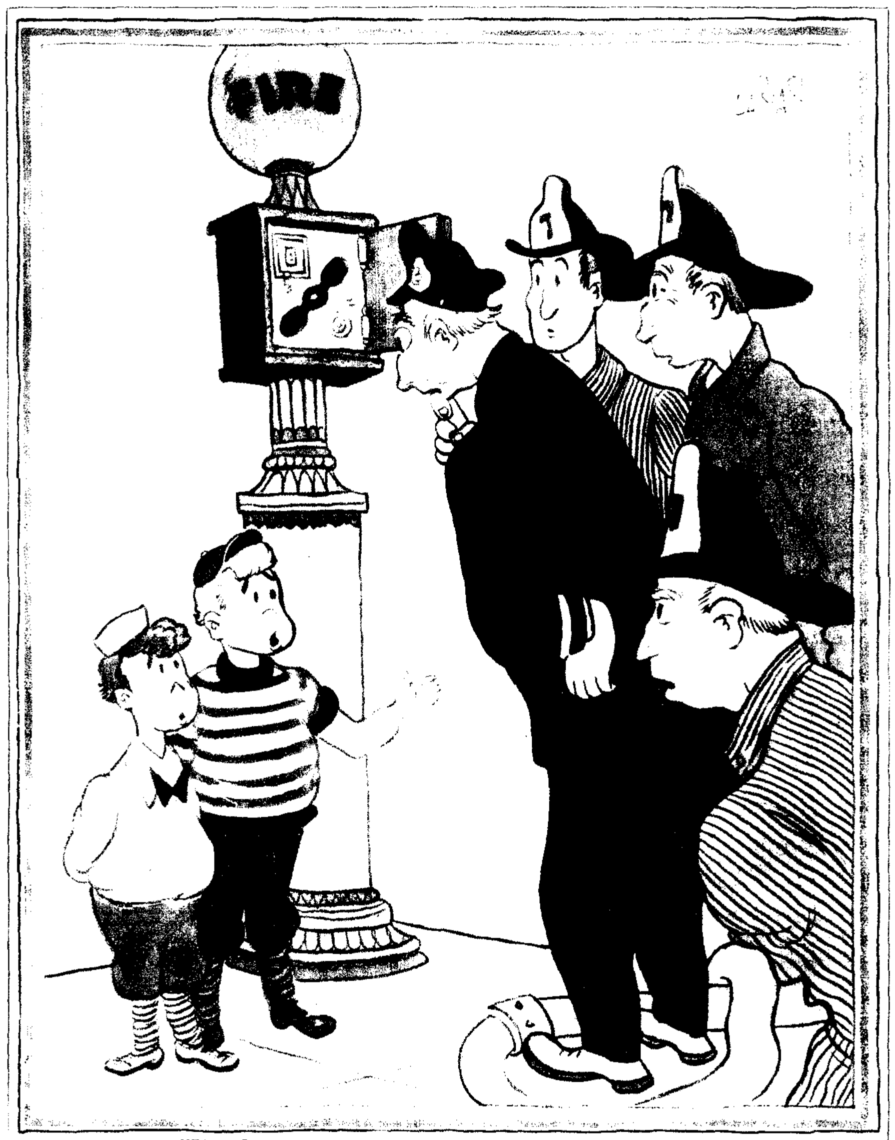
Majors held his place, weighing Brand with a long judgment, listening to the run of the man's words, waiting for the tone or the gesture that would give Brand's intentions away.

"Maffitt's made his dicker with Hyde," said Brand. "He figures Hyde is top dog now. Maybe. I'll pick my own top dog."

"Who's that?"

"I'll string with you, friend. That's what I came to say."

Majors did a strange thing then. He let his right hand drop toward the butt of his revolver. It was a quick, startling gesture, intended to set off a man who was cocked for trouble, or expecting it,



"We leaned against the handle accidentally!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

NO UPSET-STOMACH TROUBLES ME,
NO "MORNING AFTER" WOE,
NO HEADACHES STAY TO MAR MY DAY,
THEY SIMPLY HAVE TO GO.
TO NIP A COLD BEFORE IT'S OLD,
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I DODGE THE GRIEF AND GET RELIEF
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Her friends stopped making "dates." Her telephone never seemed to ring. All because she'd become so lifeless, irritable — so different from her usual happy self — and all due to constipation!

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or looking for it. Brand's shoulders ducked and he pulled his stomach in, but he kept his arms locked across his chest. He sighed out his protest: "No, not any. I have made up my mind."

"Stay where you are," said Majors and went by him. He crossed the street and traveled on to the jail office. He laid the announcement against the outside bulletin board and tacked it on with the loose pin of the badge. Announcement and badge remained there on the board for Reservation to see. Afterward he walked down to the saloon; that corner was suddenly empty.

Chavis and Cal Soder were inside, with a few idlers at the bar and the pale gambler sitting thoroughly alone at his table, head bent down with the weight of some moody thought. Cal Soder was behind the bar and Chavis in front of it. Majors crossed the increasing silence of the room, whereupon Chavis cut away from the bar and went over to take a chair at the gambler's table. Majors put his elbows on the bar, waiting there. Soder stood fast, making a gesture at the barkeep, who produced bottle and glass. The man next to Majors stirred and stepped back. It was the printer; the printer caught Majors' glance and swung on his heel and left the saloon. Majors took the bottle and glass and trudged over the room with his heavy shoulders slung forward. His lips were pushed together; lines ran fan-shaped away from his eye corners and the room's light built up a glass-gray sparkle in his eyes. The silence here was as though the breathing of all these men had drawn in and stopped. He went by Chavis and sat down at a table in the far corner, and poured himself a quick drink.

The gambler rose and walked to the door, leaving Chavis alone at the next table. Chavis sat there in a kind of dreaming silence, watching his hands as they rested motionlessly on the green cloth. Majors observed this altogether indifferently, for he was searching his mind for some logic that would halt the tremendous dissatisfaction flowing through him. He had a responsibility for all that he had done in this country, and that responsibility included the Barr family. To this point he had acted within the authority of the star. But if he proceeded now as his conscience indicated, the star couldn't cover him. There were limits to what a deputy marshal might do and, though old Jeff had hinted he would ask no questions, it wasn't in reason that a peace officer could openly take sides in a fight. Even old Jeff wouldn't agree to it.

A COOLER man would stand back and let this ancient quarrel play out its course. Yet he knew that impartiality was no longer possible for him. To this point he had played his hand as he saw it. The power of the Barrs was broken and he had shaken the outlaws from their old allegiance. The east-fork people were no longer to be considered disposed to take up the battle against the Barrs. So much he had done, deliberately.

Having carried it this far, he couldn't step aside now; he couldn't stand idly by and see Dobe Hyde smash the Barrs and usurp their power and place. He had an obligation here, star or no star. And so he had no recourse. . . .

The light of the saloon faded down to a dismal glow and drew Majors out of himself. Looking across the saloon he discovered that Chavis had risen from the table and that Soder was just then stepping away from a lamp whose light he had whipped out. All the other men were gone.

"Captain," said Soder, "I've seen tough ones come and I have seen tough ones go. You have made your mistakes. Comin' into my place tonight was one mistake too many."

Soder stopped in the middle of the room. He had extinguished the two lamps behind the bar, leaving that corner in semishadow; and the smoldering wicks of those lamps ran a faintly acrid smell through the room. There was a lamp bracketed in the wall near Majors, playing its yellow glow against him, and one more lamp near the door.

Certain things he saw now with an exact attention. The swinging doors jiggled from outside pressure. A man stared through the crack thus made—and stepped back. There was one window in the far wall and two on the wall beside which Majors sat, all painted green to shut the street away. Pressure began to pile up here. Soder never moved. He had closed his mind, Majors saw, and would stubbornly stick it out. But Chavis moved back from his table, one pace at a time.

"You're proud," observed Majors, and noticed no belt on the saloonman. If he carried a gun it would be tucked behind the band of his trousers; or in a harness under his arm. It would be a slow draw, Majors decided, and made his calculations on that. Chavis' gun was on his hip.

"You have made some fool plays in this town, Captain," murmured Soder. "The worst of them was to use your talk on me like you was handlin' a club. I take that from no man alive."

CHAVIS kept drifting rearward until he stood within arm's reach of the far-wall lamp. His glance kept swinging to the lamp, and away, and back again.

"A little late in your decision," suggested Majors. He didn't move. The weight of his shoulders rode against his arms on the poker table.

Soder said: "You owe me one dollar for the last bottle you took out of here. Reach down and get it."

Majors pushed his shoulders back. He looked beyond them, to the door. He said in a full tone: "Watch out," and came out of his chair.

Certain things he had expected to happen. In his mind he had built these things up in orderly pattern so that his own actions might fit the pattern. But he had miscalculated the nerve-strung Chavis He had figured Chavis to turn his head toward the door. It was a break that Majors counted on. Chavis, meanwhile, had been thinking of another thing and so now his mind was equally divided by two urges. He turned to look behind him, but as he turned his hand swept out and knocked the near-by lamp from its bracket.

All this motion flowed together, half seen and half felt. Soder's arm ran upward across his chest, beneath the coat, and he took a full step backward. The rattled Chavis made a delayed grab for his gun: and Majors' thoughts rushed down another channel. He knocked the poker table away from him, not drawing, and turned in toward the wall and batted out the remaining light. The drive carried him onward through the sudden black of the room and his right hand, all the while holding to the leg of the chair he had been sitting in, swung that chair overhand at Chavis.

He had little chance of missing Chavis, dark as it was in the room. He heard it hit. Afterward Soder's shot exploded like a stick of dynamite in those close quarters. Majors' feet struck the chair and he went over it in a long fall, driving into Chavis and carrying him backward. He got his arms around Chavis and when he struck the floor his head smashed into Chavis' nose.

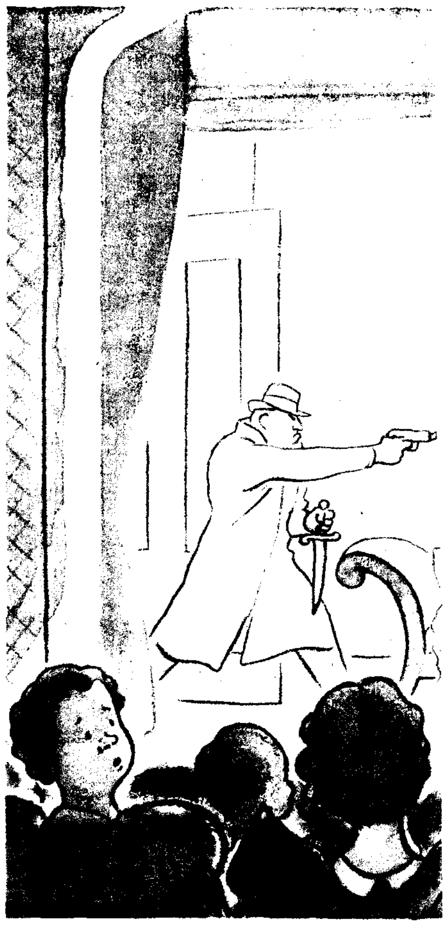
They rolled violently along the boards, Chavis trying to get his arms free. Majors' legs were tangled in the rungs of the chair. He kicked it away and rammed both knees into Chavis' stomach, driving a hot breath out of the man. Soder fired again, rattling every stick of furniture in the saloon. It was a wild, wide shot and afterward Soder called: "Charley—get clear!"

Chavis was beneath Majors, still trying to bring out his gun. Majors punched his knee into the town marshal again, lifted him a foot from the floor and slammed him down. He felt Chavis go soft and took a chance, releasing his grip and sliding it down Chavis' arm. He got the gun and threw it away. All this was near the swinging doors, for he could hear men out there talking and he could feel the cold wind pour in; and then Chavis' arm, swinging around, caught him in the mouth and sent him backward.

Soder yelled: "Where are you, Charley!"

Chavis was on his knees, wind sawing out of his throat. Majors rolled clear and sprang up and closed in again, catching Chavis as the latter also rose.

He had Chavis against a wall and he threw a blow at the marshal's face and missed—and drove his knuckles into the wall. Chavis hit him freely in the belly while he stood there, shocked by the pain of his fist. Chavis suddenly yelled: "Come here, Cal! Come over here!"



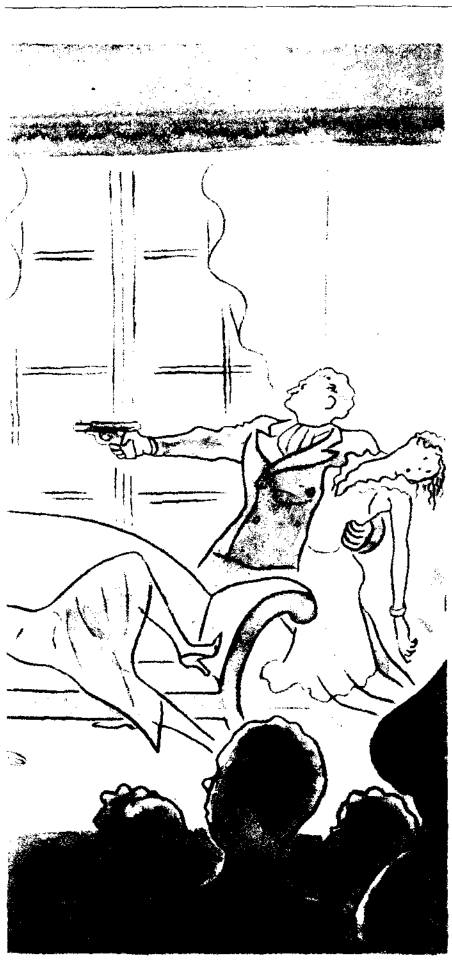
"I had a sofa like that, but

Majors bore against Chavis. They wrestled savagely along the wall, striking and being struck, fighting close and unmercifully with their knees and arms. Chavis kept butting at Majors' chin, cracking Majors' teeth together. Blood ran warmly in Majors' mouth, and he heard Soder stumbling forward. He wrenched Chavis around, putting himself against the wall, and when Soder came in it was Chavis he first struck with the whole force of his body. He kept yelling: "Charley—pull out—pull out!" Majors, reaching out with a free arm, caught Soder by the neck.

Soder was trying to use his gun. Majors felt it brush along his flank, but the saloonman was afraid of hitting Chavis, who, caught between, put up a weaker and weaker struggle. Majors had slid his arm on around the back of Soder's neck until he had it locked in the elbow crook; he got his other arm away from Chavis and completed the lock, grinding the face of the saloonman against Chavis' head.

All three of them were milling the floor with their feet. It carried them away from the wall. They went wheeling around and around; they struck the bar, with Majors' back against it. It swayed and went over with a solid crash, all three falling with it. The collision broke off part of the back bar and bottles dropped and rolled around them and drinking glasses splintered and began to cut into Majors' back as he thrashed from side to side.

Chavis was plainly out, squeezed unconscious, his body a dead weight locked between the two. Majors tightened in on Soder's neck, feeling the man's legs kick stiffly, desperately. Soder's gun came down on the bar, clipping the point of Majors' ear. After that Soder's fingers lost the gun and he choked up a faint, "All right—all right!" Majors knew the man was going out then; holding that steady pressure, he lay there until he felt the saloonman's body lose all resistance.



y trouble except moths" NED HILTON

He shook them off and stood up, and spewed the accumulated blood from his mouth. Silence came back to the saloon. Men beyond the doors were sibilantly talking. A voice—it was Matt Oldroyd's voice—said: "Who's standin' up?"

Majors grunted, "Come in," and spread his legs wide apart. Men came gingerly through the doors, careful in the way they placed their feet. Light flared up from one of the wall lamps. Oldroyd came over, his young face actually shocked. He said, "Why, my God—!" Brick Brand pushed through the forming crowd in the doorway. Majors saw the printer look in at the scene with an odd, disturbed expression.

Oldroyd went on to the bar. He said, "You busted Charley's arm." Other townsmen came into the saloon and it occurred to Majors to look around. Soder lay on the floor, the side of his face showing a round spot like a permanent burn, which was where Majors' arms had ground it against Chavis' head. Chavis had fallen against the capsized bar; one arm curled unnaturally behind his back. Both of them were out and both of them showed punishment, Chavis particularly so. All the tables and chairs in the room were down. Glass littered the floor. Brick Brand prowled the place, finally returning to Majors. He said: "They had a dose of what I had, friend."

MAJORS wheeled away, pushing the crowd roughly aside. His shoulders brushed the printer and he saw the strange rigor of the printer's cheeks. Going on across the square it was something that unaccountably stuck to his mind because of its peculiarity. He went through the lobby and up to his room and stripped off his coat, and filled up the washbowl and scrubbed the sweat and dirt and dried blood from his face and hands.

He put on his coat again and stood in the room's center and considered what he had done; and, as always, clearness came to his mind and he looked back at himself as he had been during the fight with a faint astonishment. He could not remember the details of the fight, or the blows he had struck or the blows he had received. In a way it was as though he had stepped out of his skin for that space of time, becoming somebody else. All the restlessness and all the anger piled up in him had at last broken through, spilled free in one rush of action. He stood here now, very calm, purged of all uncertainty. He was himself again, his nerves unnoticed and his muscles loose. And at once he had a feeling that what he was about to do was the right thing to do. He could literally feel old Jeff White's approval. So, restored to his self-confidence and his self-control, he returned to the lobby. Broderick was there; and Matt Oldroyd and Brick Brand were waiting for him.

Oldroyd threw Brand an unfriendly glance, and looked at Majors. "What's this brush jumper doin' here?"

But Majors was smiling at Broderick, and saying: "A favor for a favor, like I told you in the beginning. I'll take my favor now, Broderick. You got a gun?"

WHEN Majors left the saloon the printer went to the swinging doors and watched him cross the square; and not until Majors had disappeared in the hotel did the printer go back to have his look at Chavis and Soder. Doc Showers had arrived, now kneeling over Soder. The rest of the crowd were reconstructing the fight; and the barkeeper, who had been temporarily out of the room, went around righting the chairs and tables with a great gloom on his face. The gambler and two others were pulling the bar back into place.

Doc Showers said: "Must have the muscles of a horse in his arms. Ain't a solid front tooth left in Charley's head."

Talk got general. "Well, Soder will kill him."

"The hell he will. The big fellow buffaloed the both of these boys final."

"Nope. Not Soder."

"That's twice this Majors has stepped out of a hole. He was at that far table. Soder must of tried for a shot—"

The printer drank it in, meanwhile watching Doc Showers work over the two on the floor. In him was a strange feeling, like growth; his chest deepened, his thin arms had the weight of heavy muscle, and in his heart was a pride as great as if he himself had smashed the lights out of that pair. He found his voice and said gruffly: "They'll run." When the gambler looked curiously across the room the printer returned the stare, the back muscles of his legs tightening.

This was the change in the printer, as

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complete as the change from adolescence to manhood. On the floor, thoroughly smashed, were two men he hated with a depth and a passion very near the border of madness. He could look at them now and feel the wine of freedom run through him, making him brave, making him hopeful.

It all went back to his entrance into this town five years before, when he had been a man with self-respect and some conviction. He had started his print shop and his small weekly paper and his first lessons had been bitter ones. He had meant to speak his mind as a brave man might—and for his pains he had been horsewhipped in public. A weaker man would have left Reservation overnight, but there was in the printer a pride even greater than his physical fear, and pride made him stay and weather the contempt and the indifference of this hard town. Silent and bitter, he endured the evils and brutality he saw, and wrote polite stories of men he hated, begging printing business from merchants who used that business as a club to keep him humble. He was a shadow in this town, scarcely a grade better than the riding bum who mopped out the Old Dixie, and he knew it and slowly shriveled, and came to despise himself and to fear the sound of footsteps dragging near his office door. And the little flame of pride sank down and he saw life with a hopelessness that got blacker and blacker until nothing but drink would cut the nagging misery of his mind, dulling it but never completely killing it.

HERE he stood, seeing the symbol of all that he hated lying as so much pulp on the floor—put there by one man who didn't know fear. For the printer it was like the passage of a long and terrible night whose nightmares he would never forget. So strong was the rush of his feelings that, though he didn't know it, he was crying.

He heard Doc Showers say: "Majors? Who told you he resigned his star?"

"On the jail office wall," grumbled the gambler.

The printer opened his mouth. He said in a dropping voice: "No, no! My God, he wouldn't give up!" He turned out of the saloon and ran headlong up the street to the jail office. The feedstore man, Lute Janes, stood in front of the bulletin board, working his jaws steadily around a cud of plug cut as he read. The printer pushed against him and saw the notice.

Lute Janes said: "Get your damned elbows out of my ribs."

"He wouldn't do that," groaned the printer. "Why should he? It ain't right!"

"Ain't it?" said Lute Janes. "Well, he's smart enough to know he can't beat the country."

The printer yelled: "You're a liar!"

Janes stepped back. His eyes were round and yellow above a thin nose and a crescent mustache. "You been feedin' on meat?"

The printer went at him wildly with his fists. He had never known how to fight and a cooler man would have slaughtered him, but all the burning intensity of five years was behind his erratic blows. He hit Janes a dozen times, in the chest, in the stomach and once on the face. Janes never got his rawboned arms unwound; he never managed to brush the printer away. As far as he was concerned, the printer might have been two men, those small fists hooking in from all angles, and his skinny body bumping up against Janes, crowding him, his boots stamping on Janes' feet. In the end Janes simply got tired of backing up, tripped himself and sat down on the walk with a huge grunt, more shocked than hurt.

"Now wait," he said reasonably. "What've I done, Billy?"

The printer had exhausted himself. His heart sledged against his ribs and the lining of his mouth was drier than cotton, so dry he couldn't immediately swallow. But he looked at Lute Janes, another of those men he had so long feared, and saw no more arrogance, no more threat in the man. Janes had called him by name; was looking up to him with a degree of respect. The printer had the bitterest of moments then in reflecting how different his life would have been had he made that show of force five years ago.

HE TURNED from Janes, walking spraddle-legged down the middle of the dusty street. He crossed the square and went into the lobby of the hotel. He was in a state of mind to recognize only Jim Majors, the rest of the men in the room being formless blurs on the edge of his vision. He stopped and stared at Majors, his breathing uneven and his words sawing in and out:

"Why—why did you go and do that? What can a man believe? Listen. I was a white man once, when I came here. But what did they do to me? I have crawled on my belly to these people. They're the scum of the earth, but I crawled on my belly to them so I could live. I have written nice lies about them when I knew they were rotten all the way through. I see men killed but I say nothing. No. I talk about Webber painting his store. I see Soder and his gambler trim all the fools, but I mind my manners or else I get my face kicked in. I call Maffitt 'Mr. Maffitt' when he comes to town because I have been horsewhipped in public and I know when to cringe to my betters. So here I am, a coward and a barroom tramp. Then I see you do what I never expected any man in the world could do, and I stand in the saloon and know there's some justice in this world and that there is such a thing as courage. It takes fifty years off my shoulders. I'm a white man again. But what do you do? You turn in your star and everything is lost and the crooks are right after all! Oh, my God—why? Why?"

He bent back until his thin shoulders touched the door's casing; and remained there, spent and hard-breathing and terribly shaken by the outpour of all that he felt. It left him empty and it left him futile; and gray hopelessness began to settle again.

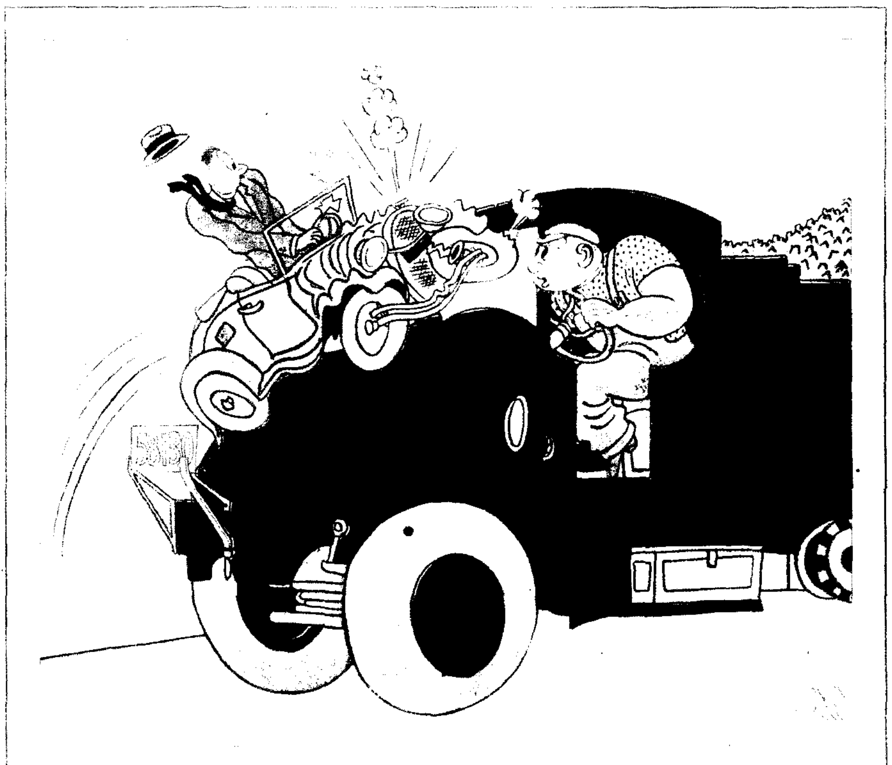
Only, it was odd to see the way the big man listened to him. Saying nothing. Smiling with his long lips in a rather sad, crooked way. With a deep kindness in his eyes, as if he knew the despair behind those words. It was something the printer could feel, like warmth. The silence ran on. He looked around and recognized Matt Oldroyd and Brand and Broderick. They didn't say anything. The exposure of his emotions had embarrassed them. They didn't understand. But Majors did.

Majors' voice was gentle: "You're all right. Don't worry, son. A man can only go through hell once, and you're through it now. You have a gun and a horse?"

"Yeah," said the printer, winded and indifferent.

"You can ride with me. We're going up to the Barrs. Dobe Hyde will be comin' that way. May be a fight. I'm telling you."

The others were walking toward the door. The printer said, "Sure—why not?" He had been through terrific swings of emotion and he was slow to comprehend. He repeated, "Sure, I'll go," and went toward the stable with his head down and his arms swinging. He didn't have the thing clear until he had saddled and swung up. Then he said aloud to himself: "Why, it doesn't mean a thing. It's all the same—star or no star." He galloped across the square and turned into his own shop. He caught up a .44 and tucked it beneath his trousers band. When he got back to the street the rest of them were coming by—Majors and Brand and Broderick and Oldroyd. He fell in with them, silently, his mind reviving and full of wonder at this odd outfit. But nobody spoke and he was content to ride, the cold air flowing against his thin shirt and something far down inside stirring. Like growth. And he could feel the weight of his arms as though they were heavy with muscle. Majors' shape was high and broad before him, and he watched the sway of those shoulders, and was afraid of nothing.



"Gosh—you certainly startled me!" RODNEY DE SARRO

LATER, at the second bend of the Ute's south fork, they heard a burst of faroff firing, which was a sound that raced the printer's blood. Majors dropped a single word, "Ride," and they jumped into a sweeping run that took them down the wholly dark road. The firing ran on steadily, now single shots, now quick volleys. The occasional rapids of the Ute sent up frigid, slashing echoes and the shoulder of the Silver Lode was a huge black shadow all up to the diamond-dusted sky. At the last bend of the Ute, long later, the lights of the Barr house threw their round beams across the dark. But the firing had quit.

Majors drew in, bringing them all around him. He said, "I think they have gotten into the house." The printer, closely listening to the big man's voice, heard no excitement in it and no anger. It was cool, like the even sharp strokes of a bell; and without flaw. The printer pulled up his shoulders and swept the night wind into his chest; and heard the mourning wildness of a coyote's call high up on the ridge—and felt that wildness in himself.

"We'll get up on the rim," said Majors. Single file they hit a trail and began rising from the canyon.

THEY came to the top of the rim, Majors and Matt Oldroyd riding together. Brand had paired off with the printer; Broderick followed behind. They drifted on at a walk, making little sound in this blanketing night. The air was very clear and the countless stars made a cloudy brilliance, filling the sky all down to its lowest horizon, to create in the printer's bounding imagination the sense of riding beneath a dome whose edges he might reach if he ran far enough. The impressions of the night were all sharp to him and wine was in his blood and a kind of silent laughter stirred him at the thought of pacing beside Brick Brand, who was an outlaw. Laughter and pride at his new condition. They were drifting on the rim's edge, the shape of Majors very solid before the printer. The light beams from the ranch house grew brighter, and now and then were cut off as somebody in the house passed in front of them. A dog in the yard barked steadily. Majors murmured, "Wait," and disappeared.

Brand's face was a luminous, diffused disk before the printer. He said: "Friend, this ain't your style. It will maybe turn out tough. Better draw back."

"No," said the printer. "No."

Majors drifted up. "We leave the horses here."

THEY got down and went on afoot, holding close to the rim. The river's surface was a ragged silver streak in the canyon below. Wind dragged its steady waterfall echoes out of the pines along the Silver Lode. When they stopped again, long later, they were abreast of the ranch house; they were down on their bellies, watching it. Wood smoke smell drifted across.

The back door of the house stood open and from their position on the rim they looked directly down upon the horses waiting in the rear yard, half illumined by the light pouring from a door. Majors whispered, "I count eight. Where'd Dobe get the extra four riders?"

"Maybe Maffitt," suggested Oldroyd.

Brand said, "No, he was supposed to stay out of this."

"Makes it tougher," said Majors.

Somebody opened the front door and stepped to the porch, shaped definitely against the light. "Hyde," grunted Brand, and reached for his gun. Majors' single "No" stopped him. All of them watched Dobe Hyde move as far as the porch steps and seem to scan the bottomless shadows of the canyon. When he turned into the house he left the door open. The dog kept on barking.

Majors murmured, "We'll take this trail."

The printer got behind Majors. They crawled down the trail single file, reaching a corner of the front yard. The house now was sixty feet away.

"That damn' dog," Brand murmured.

Majors said: "I'm going around the other side and see how it looks. Wait."

(To be concluded next week)

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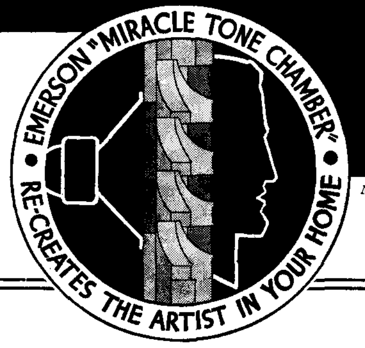
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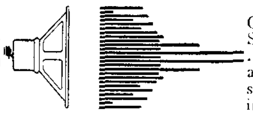

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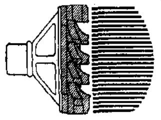

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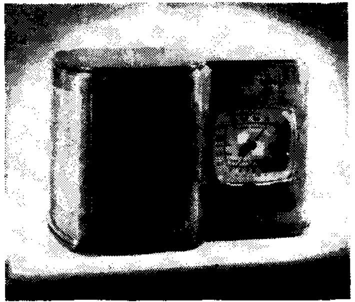

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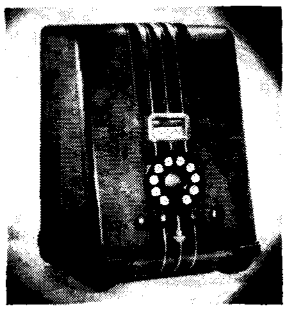

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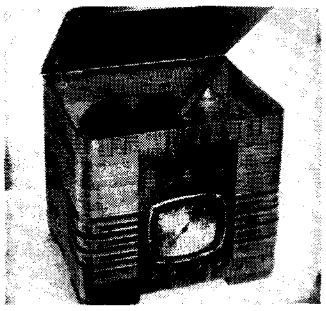

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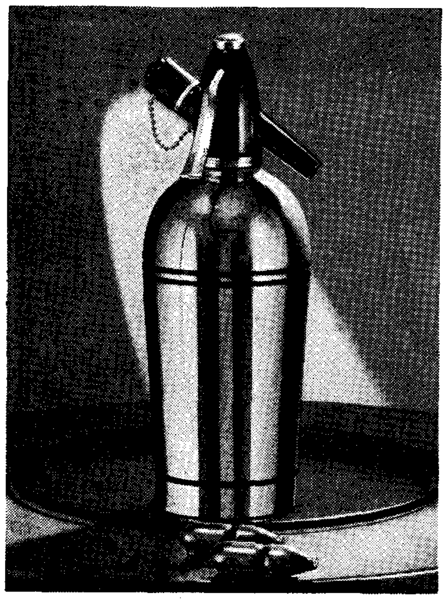

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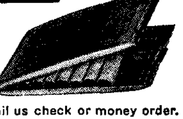

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Angel in Furs

Continued from page 67

in the ice, and ropes drawn through to lash down the wings; engine and wing covers to be pulled on and tied, while you felt you had left a finger in every knot. The motor oil must be drained and stored inside the plane, for the little extra warmth. Finally, nurse and pilot got out a little primus stove and cooked a hot meal; afterward, they fixed their sleeping bags on the floor of the plane's cabin.

Next day, in the brief green murk of noontime, the pilot said, "Fog's moving out; let's go." To prepare for take-off was an even longer chore than bedding down. The engine had to be warmed up; that meant hours of burning a plumber's torch under a tent draped over the motor, while the nurse stood inside with a fire extinguisher in case the wind blew the canvas too near the flame. The pilot warmed the oil over a stove before he returned it to the engine.

He looked at the skids moodily: "We're frozen awful tight," he said.

Alaskans Call Her "Buster"

Presently the nurse extinguished the torch and snatched the cover from the motor. This was the telling moment. If it started, fine; if it didn't, a lot of hard work to be done all over again. The pilot kicked his starter, pumped on the booster for dear life; and the propeller bit. He left it idling, and helped the nurse yank off the wing covers and stow all the dunnage in the cabin. Then he went back to the controls, and tried with bursts of the motor and rocking of the ailerons to wrench the ship from the ice. It was no go.

The nurse took the ship ax and went around front: slipping, sliding, too close for safety to the prop, she hacked away under the skids.

The pilot opened his window and shouted down to her, "Once I get loose I'll have to keep moving, else she'll freeze again instantly. You'll have to catch it on the fly!" She nodded, and swung the ax mightily. Several times she backed away and the pilot gunned and rocked and swore—and then she chopped again. There came a crackling, a glup; the plane slithered, and began to move. The nurse scrambled out of the way, half on her knees, doubled around the wing tip and began to run for it. Inevitably, the plane moved faster, despite the pilot's easy hand on the throttle.

Ax held grimly, hair flying, blinded and cut by the snow and ice particles blasted up by the propeller's slipstream, the nurse stretched her legs and ran desperately. She got one hand on a strut, dragged herself upon the slippery wing step, and tumbled through the door somehow—a mess of nurse, ax and tarpaulins upon the cabin floor.

That was the high light of a flight which, in this far northern land of adventure epics, has become famous. And so has the rest of the story about Shishmaref's epidemic of flu. There were dead and there were dying, when she landed; days and nights without sleep, without rest, virtually without food, she trudged from hut to hut, doctoring, saving.

"Keaton," the folks in Nome told me, "is the most beloved woman in Alaska."

"Keaton is the only wholly fearless human being I've ever met," a sourdough veteran of Anvil Creek and '98, who ought to know, told me with almost a trace of envy in his voice. "She ain't afraid of man or walrus, of death or polar bears. You hear a lot about women up in this here country who mush alone, but eleven times out of ten it's to get their pictures in the paper and there's a lot of help for them on the trail. Not Keaton. You're in a trading post, say, up the coast a piece, and you're making breakfast, and someone will mention, offhandlike, 'Well, Keaton shoved out alone at three o'clock this morning—some Eskimo over at Noatak got a bellyache.' That's Keaton—she's the sweetheart of Alaska!"

Call her Mildred, if you like; or Keaton, in the Alaskan fashion, which doesn't hold it disrespectful to hail a woman by her surname. Most Alaskans call her "Buster," however, for she is a strapping lass—so considered, even in this land where the girls notably have large hands, feet and hearts.

The Office of Indian Affairs, in charge of both of native education and health in Alaska, maintains there a handful of doctors and a small band of devoted nurses. These, of course, minister to whites away from private and territorial facilities. Chiefly they tend a native population of 30,000 thinned over an area nine times as large as all New England, most of it primeval desolation, wanting roads or any other form of communication. Some of the girls are based in outlying settlements; a dozen are "traveling nurses," of whom but three range the thousand-mile coastline from Norton Sound to Icy Reef. Bertha Leake works north and east out of Nome; Alma Carlson ranges south and east from Kotzebue, and north to Tigara, on Point Hope, where Keaton picks up for the loneliest run of all.

Keaton is now based on Point Barrow, where some snow falls every month in the year, temperatures of 80 below zero are known, and the local residents say there are two seasons—Fourth of July and winter. Point Barrow itself is the farthest north over which the American flag waves.

For excitement, there is an occasional whale—and last winter there was a fire. The hospital burned down.

For amusement, there is the annual baseball game at midnight on Independence Day—boys from the Eskimo families who surround Barrow filling in the teams. Christmas parties in the schoolhouse; perhaps lantern slides. If you get down to Kotzebue, you might even see a movie. Not the very latest, it's true: last winter Keaton saw "The Inauguration of President Taft."

A Throw of Dice

You might want to know what led the white group at Barrow to seek this oversimple life. Keaton, for one, will shout you down if you call it hard. Whatever the spell which keeps her there, it was a throw of dice that bent her steps northward. She was born in old Kentucky—Louisville, for a fac', suh—and is a real Southern lady in her love of strong tobacco, four-legged animals, bourbon neat, and in her accent. You have no idea how droll it seems to come upon "you-all" and a poverty of consonants within the Arctic Circle. She is of Irish lineage and is pugnacious.

She went to a nice girls' school in Alabama, then moved with her family to Wyoming where her ten brothers took over her education temporarily. She was the eleventh member of the Keaton football team, and no fooling. She has all the earmarks of having been brought up, scuffling and scratching, by rough-and-ready brothers. She is a tomboy; yet feminine in voice, manner and sympathies, with the extraordinary gen-

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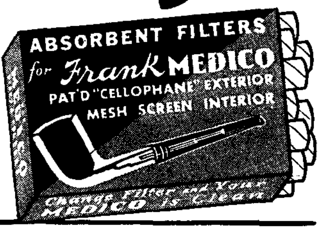
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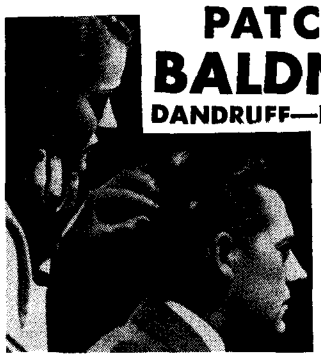

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She attended the University of Washington in Seattle, and was not on the crew. She vacillated between music and medicine, and finally trained in St. Peter's Hospital, Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence, Olympia, Washington. Upon graduation she and a nurse matey heard of two openings in the Public Health Service. They went to the office in Seattle and found that one was for Hawaii; the other for Alaska. They cast dice for a choice, and that's how Buster Keaton came to Alaska.

A Knack of Gaining Friends

For three and a half years she was on the Kurile Islands, and never saw a white woman. She worked aboard the medical boat, "Yukon," which used to beat up and down the river of that name. She learned the language of the Thlinghit Indians; and was by them named "Na-goo-ch-kla," which means "mother of many children"—not a reflection upon her morals, but a tribute to her skill in ushering little Thlinghits into the world. Often, in remote places, she was judge, interpreter, marshal, commissioner, as well as nurse. Her extramedical services were noted for tolerance rather than profundity; and it is believed the Supreme Court would have to be increased to 46 to unravel some of her decisions. There was the time, for instance, when she was the government at Klawak on Prince of Wales Island. An Indian boy came to her and said gloomily, "Me want get marry!"

"Okay," said Keaton, "who's the girl?"

"Me dunno!" said the Indian. Acid inquiry revealed that he had not made a selection, but that he knew a girl up at Port Althorp, a couple of hundred miles north, who might do; moreover, he had a boat with an outboard motor to carry him there.

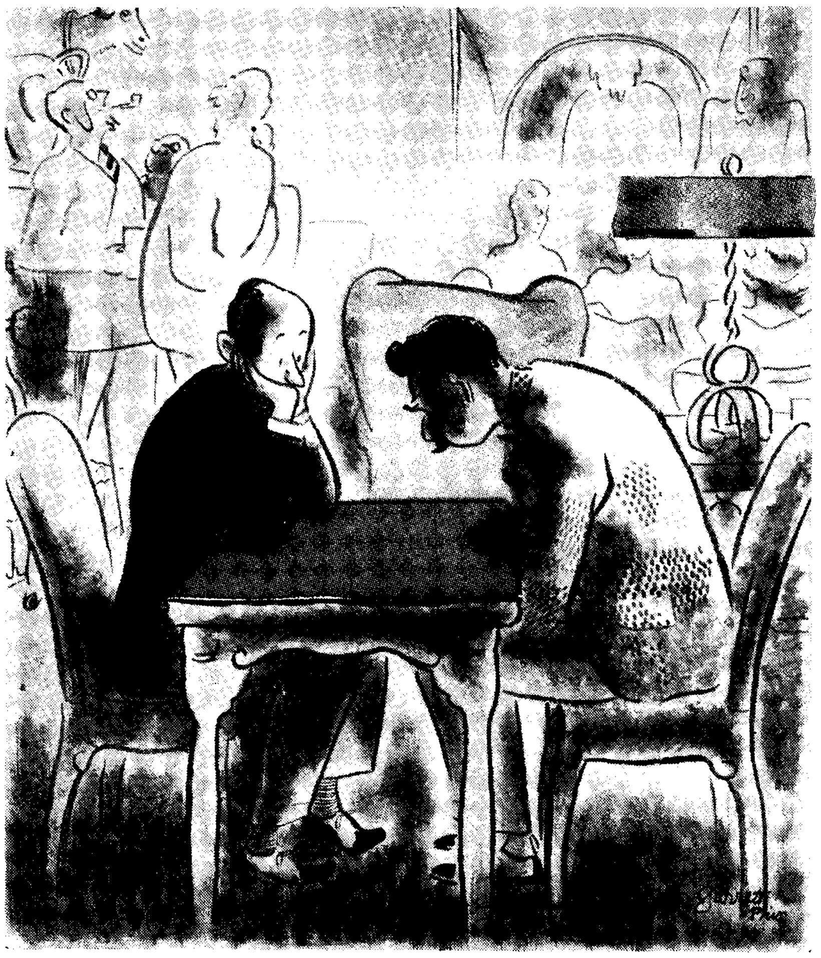
"Go get her!" said Keaton.

No, that would not help. It was too far; besides winter was coming on, and maybe the girl had married somebody else meanwhile, anyhow. He would have to marry her now, before he went up to tell her about it. How Keaton figured that one out is still a major puzzle in Alaskan jurisprudence: she maintains the word "proxy" covers it. At any rate, she "married" him and he chugged north to find the bride and tell her about it. "In the spring the happy couple came down together," Keaton says, "for a divorce."

Mostly, however, Keaton was on the move with her kit, her medicines, and her healing ways, of which not the least efficacious is her laugh. The Sisters had taught her well. Furthermore, part of Keaton's ability to hold wide influence and reputation in hardshell Alaska is a knack of gaining friends, from tattered sourdough failure to millionaire operator, from governor to Wrangell Annie. The latter was a friendly soul who, in Klondike days, met all boats and comers; and the story of her forthright conversation, in her declining years, with a tourist is one that every visitor to Alaska must hear at least seven times. Annie had four redheaded children. "Did their father have red hair?" asked the tourist, eying Annie's broomstraw black. "How me know?" replied Annie: "*Him* never take off hat!"

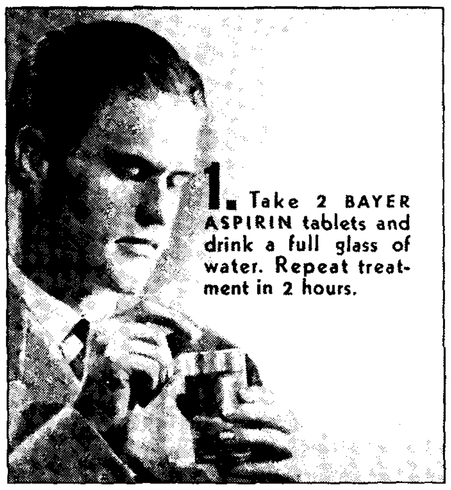
On her present assignment at Point Barrow in summer, Keaton is able to work the coast southwest in a Coast Guard cutter, a kayak, or afoot; by the latter two methods, she can also fare east. Always, a plane can be summoned for emergencies. It is in wintertime, however, that her courage and hardihood are most in demand. Then she takes the trail with her sledge dogs: often alone, sometimes with a single Eskimo helper.

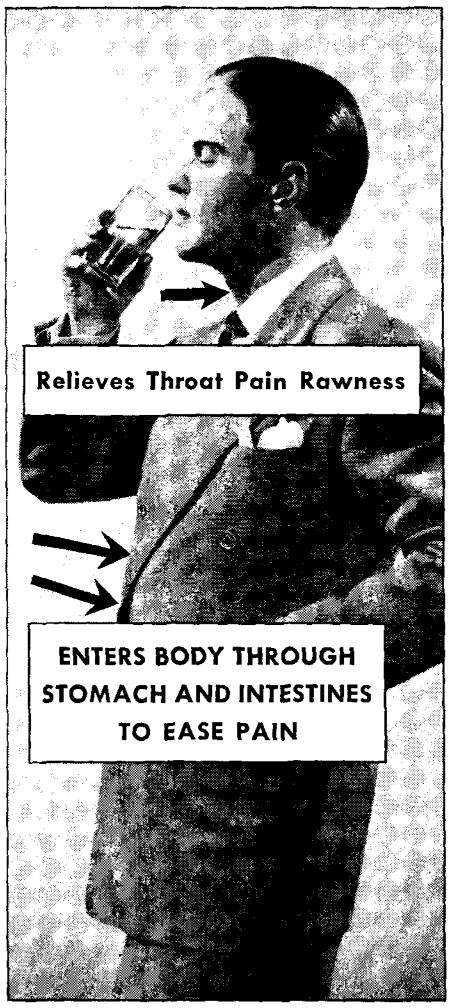
She trains and breeds her own pack, and was visibly disturbed in Nome recently when she got word from Charley Brower that, in her absence, one of her girl dogs had struck up an illicit friendship, with results still to be seen.

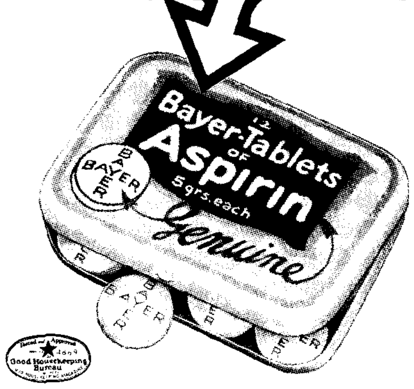


"I wish they had a chess set"

GARRETT PRICE







Sore Throat Pain due to COLDS

Eased Almost Instantly

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore from the cold, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Relieves Throat Pain Rawness

ENTERS BODY THROUGH STOMACH AND INTESTINES TO EASE PAIN

How Genuine Bayer Aspirin Aids in Easing Throat and Body Pain—Reducing Fever

The speed with which Bayer tablets act in relieving the discomfort of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment simple and pleasant. This is all you do.

Crush and dissolve three genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

And—when you use this Bayer Aspirin treatment you are acting on medical experience.

For, instead of unknown remedies you are using a remedy known to doctors throughout the world—a daily stand-by in millions of families.

Use this way regularly to ease the pain of sore throat accompanying a cold. We believe your doctor will approve it. You will say it is remarkable. And the few cents it costs effects a big saving over expensive "throat gargles" and strong medicines.

When you buy, see that you get genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name—"*Bayer Aspirin*"—not the name "aspirin" alone.

THE REASON BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

This speed of disintegration enables genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets to start "taking hold" of headache and similar pain a few minutes after taking.

VIRTUALLY A PENNY—1c PER TABLET

Now you get 24 tablets for only 25c

FOR FLAVOR, FUN AND MOUTH-FRESH FEELING

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

1. ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

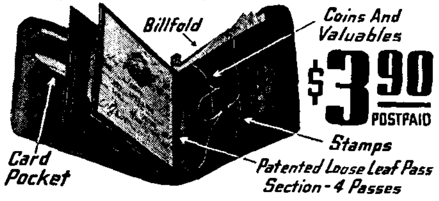
2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean — and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum FOR THE TEETH
ORALGENE FOR ORAL HYGIENE 5¢
Each piece individually wrapped

ORALGENE
pronounced oral gene (mouth health)
A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT
SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED

CAT'S PAW
PAW
50¢ Attached
at all fine shoe repairers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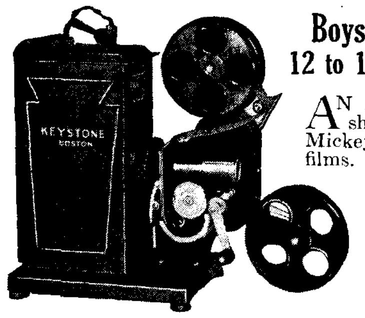
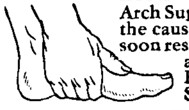
GENUINE STEERHIDE—"Talon" Zipper—$3.90 Postpaid
Also with zipper keycase, $5.90—Deluxe gift set
Lodge fellows, business and railroad men all say HALVORFOLD is the only one worth while for passes, money and cards. Must be right—more than 1,000,000 now in use.
If your dealer—luggage or department store or jewelry store cannot supply you, order direct from us and give dealer's name. If looking for just an ordinary billfold, don't bother.
HALVORFOLD 605 W. WASHINGTON Dept. C-2 CHICAGO ILL.



Boys 12 to 15: EARN THIS MOVIE

AN ELECTRIC movie machine with which you can show pictures of Tom Mix, Charlie Chaplin, and Mickey Mouse in your own home! Uses standard 16 m.m. films. Besides, you can earn a speedy Rollfast sports model bicycle, fully streamlined and completely equipped. Nearly 300 other prizes to choose from! Earn what you want—and make MONEY—by delivering our magazines to customers obtained in your neighborhood. It's easy. Many boys earn a prize the first day. To start, rush postal card to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-192, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.


PAIN IN FEET, LEGS, HEELS?
Tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like foot and leg pains; callouses or sore heels—these are signs of weak or fallen arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports give immediate relief by removing the cause—muscular and ligamentous strain and soon restore your arches to normal. Expertly fitted at Shoe and Dept. stores everywhere. For FREE booklet on FOOT CARE, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 53, Chicago, Ill.
Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS
There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

For a winter patrol she puts on long, heavy woolen underwear; grandpa style. Thick woolen overshirt, breeches, sweater; and a knee-length hooded parka. Over all goes a "snowshirt," made of calico, which serves to keep the parka dry, also to break the wind. She wears stout woolen socks, and, instead of shoes, "mukluks," long boots made of reindeer fur and hide which the squaws mold and soften by chewing.

Onto the sledge go her sleeping bag, ax, rifle, medical instruments; liquid medicines and serums are stuffed into her mukluks, or inside her shirt, to prevent their freezing. She carries a full dental kit, too, and does extractions. The Eskimos have fine sound teeth, she explains, where they do not eat white man's food. If you have bad tonsils, better not let Keaton catch you on the Arctic shore; her bag is full of such minor game. Keaton always wanted to be a surgeon, and compromised on nursing when the "hen medic" gibes of gallant male students drove her from medical classrooms.

To Keep Her Nose Warm

For the dogs, she carries dried salmon. For her own sustenance, powdered milk, dried eggs and fruit, chunks of frozen venison, tea, and a little stove. When camp is made the dogs must be tethered first; each one to an iron stake hammered into the ice, from which he cannot reach his mates and around which his paws and the chain soon wear a deep circle in the snow. Each dog gets one salmon; then he sleeps curled up, his brush covering his nose. In the morning he will be a miniature snowdrift

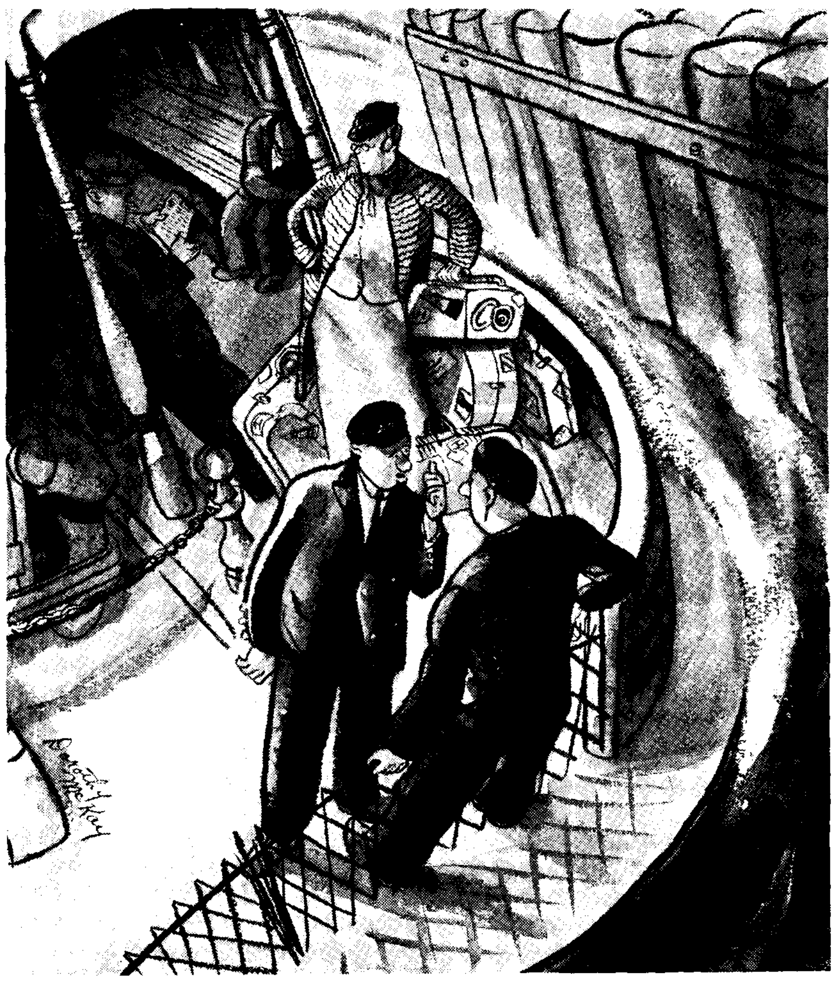
On the southwest run there are shelters, thirty miles apart; rude shacks, with a shelf on which she can spread her sleeping bag. On the long beat eastward, she has to make her own shelters—cut snow blocks, or willow boughs, or use the lee of the sledge. In temperatures that range from 50 to 70 below she cannot take off her fur mittens for a single minute to do her work. Therefore, primly folded in a small box, she keeps her "eating gloves"—clean white canvas, to be slipped on over her every-job fur ones, and put carefully away at the end of the meal. Normally, she smokes cigars; on the trail, however, a pipe—"It keeps my nose warm."

There are two thousand far-scattered Eskimos under her jurisdiction. Keaton is one of the best-informed persons in the world on Eskimos, their days and ways. Orientals, they've got to accept you before you can pass their tongues and ready smiles. Keaton is in their hearts, shares their customs, lore, and their adventurous lives. Once she joined a party of five warriors for a walrus hunt; all were caught on an ice floe in a breakup, and drifted for miles in fog and heavy swells before they could make their way to safety.

Her friends, the Eskimos, have a name for her; just as her other friends, the Thlinghit Indians, did. The Eskimos, however, are careful not to let her know what it is, although she catches them smiling and whispering fondly. "If I ever find it out," she promises grimly, "and it is what I think it is, there's going to be another epidemic at Point Barrow!" This one, you gather, an epidemic of black eyes and bloody noses.

It will all be in fun and affection, however; nothing as serious as what almost happened to a cheechako from Kansas, who listened to Keaton's description of her life and work and then asked her, "Tchk, tchk, my dear, are you sure you couldn't find *something* to do in the States?"

Keaton is a fine-looking girl, animated, with regular features, a great mop of wild black hair—and an Irish trick of flushing in quick temper. A girl who drives a dog team learns, however, to count ten; the only way I could tell she wanted to strangle that cheechako was by the way in which her hands twitched.



"She wants to know have we got any baggage labels"

DOROTHY McKAY

In Character

Continued from page 11

men who rent out lions, tigers, leopards and other wild beasts after subduing them to the point where they have less temperament than a cab horse. This is an appreciation of the animal men who will, somehow or other, carry out the screwiest request of the screwiest director.

They will supply black cats warranted to arch their backs and walk in front of people; eagles that will fly off with babies; squirrels that will cavort along a branch, yet stop within range of the camera; pigeons that will fly according to instructions; cockroaches, ants, houseflies and bees that will not sting—usually. Even Hollywood animal men cannot completely guarantee bees, though, and directors don't mind much because an actor being stung gives a very convincing performance of an actor being stung.

Cooky is a Little Wild

You can never tell what a director will demand in order to add, as he conceives it, realism to the picture in production. The most versatile of all the animal experts, perhaps, is a gentleman named George Stone. He runs, in addition to his animal rental concern, the Hollywood Pet Shop. When I called at his shop on Santa Monica Boulevard, Mr. Stone gave the distinct impression of being a lunatic. He was dashing about his somewhat cluttered establishment on his hands and knees and was, all the while, softly calling, "Cooky! Cooky! Come here, Cooky." I waited until the paroxysm had passed. Mr. Stone stood up with a small gray squirrel in his arms.

"This is Cooky," he explained pleasantly. "I've had him for only two weeks—got him up north in the woods. He isn't quite ready for pictures, yet. He is just a little wild, still."

At that, Cooky leaped from Mr. Stone's arms to my shoulder and made a lunge for my ear. "Cooky!" said his teacher reprovingly as he grabbed the nasty little beast back. The squirrel was deposited on the floor, "in order to get used to people," and Mr. Stone explained the trials and tribulations of his calling. He was, he said, having a little difficulty at the moment because a director over at Warner Brothers had just telephoned to demand two crickets on the set by nine o'clock the following morning.

"Confidentially," said Mr. Stone, "there's no money in a pair of crickets. The most I could get would be five dollars. So I've telephoned a couple of policemen I know in a near-by town and asked them to pick up some crickets in a field. I hope they get them; if not, I'll have to go out myself. We never let a studio down."

There had been profit in other peculiar requests, however, and George gladly told how he had met them. One of the toughest, some months before, had been for 200 red ants. It was the off-season for red ants in California and George was a little stumped. He called, first, on a Los Angeles exterminating concern. This had done its work too thoroughly, however, and had no notion where red ants could be found.

"You're certain you want those ants?" Stone then asked the director. "They'll cost you at least $75."

"Never mind the cost," said the director, his mind on his art. "Get me the ants by morning."

So Stone sent two of his men into the desert where, after touring for 150 miles, they located some nice red ants. The cost of the expedition was $49, but a bill of $85 was promptly paid. It was a nice little profit.

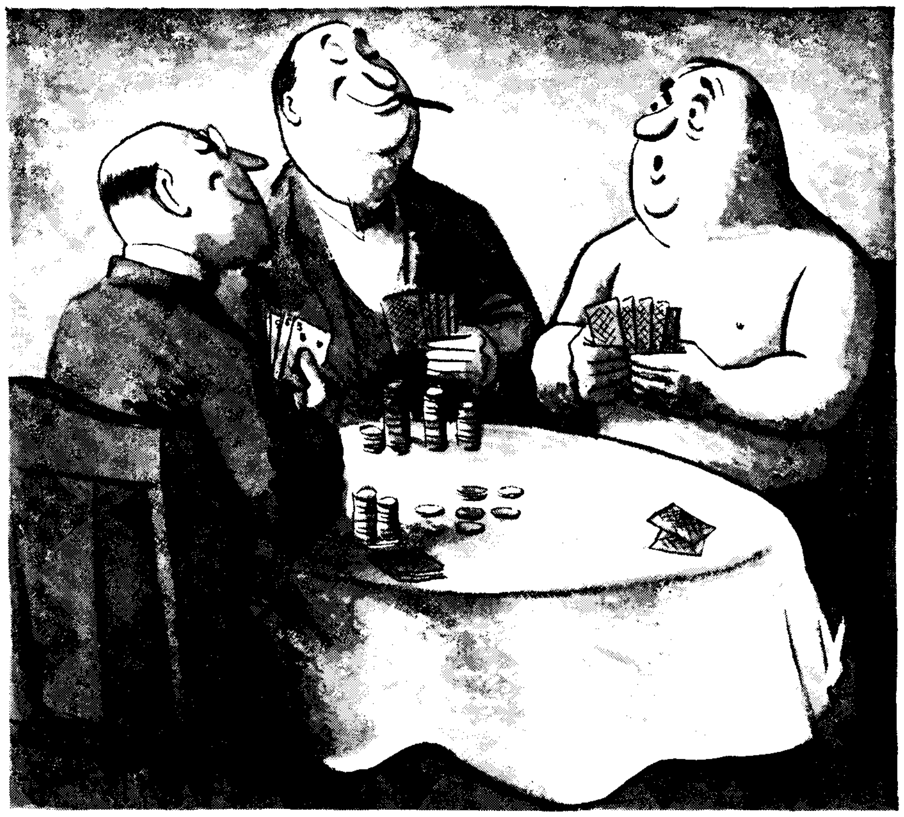
All this is possible because Stone and his men, through twelve years of experience, know where to look. Stone has established contacts with the high-school boys of Los Angeles who are aware that Stone can find a market for centipedes, lizards, black widow spiders or any other insects they may pick up. He can organize posses among the boys to go on insect hunts.

George Stone's establishment on Santa Monica Boulevard is a bewildering menagerie. In the shop or in the yard back of it he has trained mice, skunks, turtles and a police dog able to howl like a wolf. George, being able to howl like a wolf himself, taught the dog. He has a duck warranted to peck at a bald man's head—very useful in two-reel comedies. Stone nearly always rents out his animals, although he sells cockroaches and flies outright. The bees (probably non-stinging) are sold, too. Their price is $2.50 per hundred, $5 per thousand—with a reduced rate of $25 for 60,000. You can rent bats (fine for mysteries) for $5 each; a fighting cock (popular for local color in Mexican scenes) for $10; alligators for from $1.50 to $25, depending on the size; lovebirds (very nice for sentimental, last-reel fade-outs) for $1 a pair. One of Stone's largest orders was 5,000 doves for Lost Horizon.

The craziest order that Stone ever received, which means that it is the craziest in Hollywood up to date, was for eight turtles which, even with the separate letters painted on their backs, could be guaranteed *not* to arrange themselves so as to spell out *security*. This requires a brief explanation. It seems that some movie factory was making a film in which the hero was the proprietor of a concern called the Security Insurance Company. Some Hollywood mental giant thought up the turtle gag. The head of the insurance company was to put eight turtles in his plate-glass window, each with one letter of *Security* painted on his back. He would then offer a reward of $500 to anybody who saw the turtles spell out the word. This advertising stunt caused an insurance boom. The plot of the picture required that nobody should win, so they asked George to work it out. Wise in the ways and habits of turtles, our Mr. Stone found it simple. He got seven males and one female and painted a letter on the back of each. The males merely clustered in a circle around the female, deep in conversation with her. Thus it was impossible for the word to be spelled out.

Bird-Dog Act

Stone and his associates do not supply horses, cows or other large domestic animals. These needs are met by others among the dozen or more animal men in Hollywood. The most remarkable of Stone's associates, who is in partnership with him, is named Curly Twyford. Two years ago Curly Twyford was down and out. He has been in Los Angeles for twenty years and during most of that time had run a garage. But the end of the depression marked the end of the Twyford Garage; he had somehow kept it going up until then. Twyford was close to the relief rolls once or twice and was desperately anxious to avoid such humiliation. He decided on one last try for a job. A big man with curly hair and huge shoulders, he was physically suited to playing extra parts in gangster scenes. So he started to hang around the gates of the studios. Nobody paid the slight-



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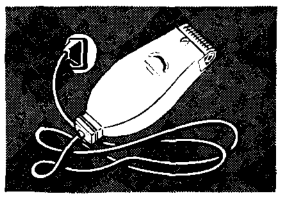
It's a skin game—they've been after his **Remington Rand** Electric Close-Shaver all night. They want the electric shaver with the new-type head that shaves closer and the combing-bar that lifts flat hairs. The Remington Rand Close-Shaver "gets under your chin"! And, what a gift for Christmas! $16, complete, at your dealer's.

General Shaver Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn., a division of Remington Rand Inc.



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THE OLD RELIABLE
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE
Sold at all Drug Stores
Refuse Substitutes
Used the world over for generations
E. S. WELLS, Chemist JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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Yes, thousands of others can *really* hear with Radioear hearing aids, made expressly for them. Cost no more (often less) than ready-made hearing aids.

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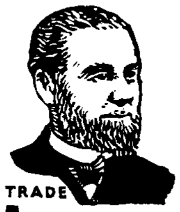

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The wise and pleasant way to relieve a cough due to a cold is a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

DON'T

GET CAUGHT

with liquor on your breath

Nobody wastes any sympathy on the drunken driver. He deserves to lose his license. But we all feel sorry for the fellow who gets into a mess of trouble just because there's a whiff of alcohol on his breath. Avoid unjust suspicion. If you have had even one beer . . . use CHASERS. They contain a secret ingredient that really kills bad breath from alcohol, tobacco, onions or garlic. Leave no odor of their own. Chasers Inc., N. Y.

CHASERS

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CHEWING GUM OR TABLETS

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est attention to him, of course. When directors want extras they call on the thousands available at the Central Casting Bureau.

Since boyhood, Curly Twyford had been a rare hand with animals and birds. Born on a ranch in Nebraska, he had amused himself by spending endless time training birds to come when he whistled, to eat out of his hand. Like many large men, Curly had inexhaustible patience. Working with animals had remained a hobby through all Twyford's dreary garage years and he had some pretty good pets from time to time. He kept two of them even when he faced going on relief: a cockatoo and a small terrier. The bird would hop on the back of the dog and ride around calmly. Failing to get a job as an extra, Curly had the bright idea of taking his bird-dog act to the studio gates. Sure enough, some film personage saw them. Curly was paid $75 for three days' rental. He had not seen that much cash in months. So he went into the business.

Curly keeps his own animals in the yard of his house, which is not far from George Stone's shop, and his specialty is birds. He has, I suspect, the most astonishing raven in captivity.

"Just wait until you see Jimmy," he kept repeating on the way over to the house.

Jimmy's performance was even more startling than were Curly's predictions. The raven went through his act on the table in the living room of the Twyford house. First, Curly put a nickel on the table and a tin can on the opposite end. "Get it, Jimmy," he said and the bird solemnly picked up the coin with his large bill, stalked across the table and put it in the can. He picked up a pipe in the same manner and affected to smoke it. "Pose!" shouted his master. Jimmy then put one claw on the can and struck an attitude which he held, motionless, until ordered to stop. Jimmy has already appeared in a picture or two. He is now being trained to open a padlock with a key, but has not quite mastered it. Curly is certain that a swell mystery story can be written around the bird when he has done so. Who would suspect a raven of having opened the door and allowed the murderer to escape?

Baby-Stealing Eagle

Curly is the owner, too, of the eagle which will fly off with a baby. It is a Golden American eagle, a magnificent bird with an eight-foot wing spread. Curly brought the eagle into the living room, too, and it was a lot more terrifying than George Stone's squirrel. He found it about a year ago on the Arizona desert, already full-grown.

"That made it harder to train him," Twyford said. "One day he pretty nearly bit my upper lip through, but I didn't let him know I was afraid."

Actually, of course, Curly wasn't afraid. As we talked, the eagle had wrapped its great claws around his arm, which had no leather guard or other protection, and sat there quite calmly. Curly whispered to it and stroked its head. "Say something to me," the master of the big bird begged. The eagle exhaled softly and closed its eyes. Meanwhile Jimmy the raven had retired behind a clock on the mantel and was looking out anxiously from time to time. He didn't trust the eagle at all.

The stunt of flying off with a baby has been done only once or twice. It is, of course, faked to an extent. The baby is swung in a kind of harness which is strapped to the eagle's feet; the most elaborate precautions are taken. The eagle's beak, for instance, is closed with tape. Innumerable assistants are at hand to catch the child should anything go wrong. The eagle—the scene is done indoors on a set—flies to a height of less than twelve feet before Twyford calls him down. Then a dummy is substituted. The rest of the shot is made outdoors. In all probability nothing would happen even without the safeguards. The eagle obeys his trainer without question. He has never tried to fly away. He returns promptly from his soarings with the dummy.

On a good day Curly may earn as much as $200. His brother, Dave, who is almost as expert, now helps him.

"Am I glad that garage went broke?" Curly demanded happily.

The property men of all the major studios have lists of the varied animal men and their specialties. It is all quite complicated. The uninitiated might suppose that an ordinary barnyard scene, with chickens and cows and horses, could be photographed with ordinary barnyard beasts. But such is not the case at all. A self-respecting chicken, it appears, gets highly agitated if studio lights beat upon her and is likely to have hysterics when one of the glitter girls approaches too closely. The same is true of cows and horses. This is where Lionel Comport does important work for the studios. Mr. Comport is one of the veterans and has a place out beyond Cahuenga Pass in North Hollywood. He has been supplying animals for pictures for more than twenty years and nothing surprises him any longer.

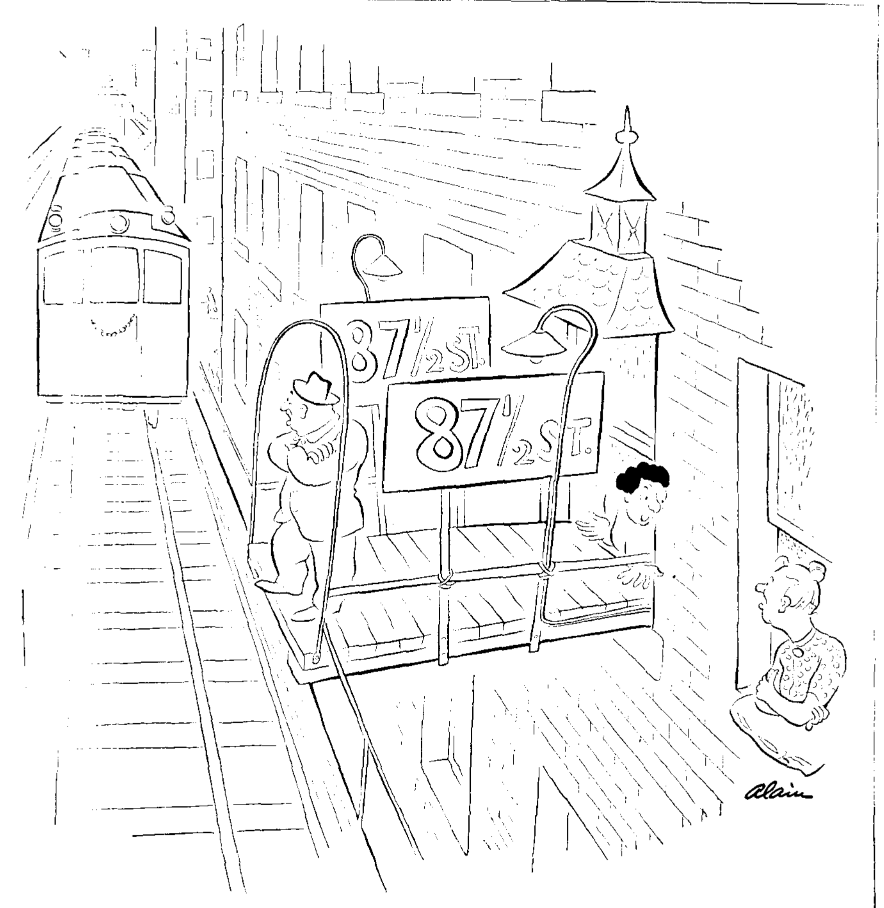
Mr. Comport has chickens warranted not to shy at Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo. He has goats which will butt Shirley Temple, but not too hard. His most valuable single possession is an old sway-backed horse named George, which is an old hand at acting. George appeared in, among other pictures, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. He earns $25 a day for his master and has piled up several thousand dollars already in fees. Mr. Comport bought him for a few dollars from a rancher north of Santa Barbara.

Hollywood's leading horse specialist is Walter Cameron, an old-timer who once rode with a Wild West show at Coney Island. He buys horses outright and sells them when the picture for which they are needed has been finished. Another speciality of Cameron's is supplying saddles, whips and bridles of every imaginable kind. He has the largest collection of rigs in Los Angeles. If you should want a police patrol of the type used during the Barbary Coast days in San Francisco he can furnish it. He has stagecoaches, prairie schooners, ice wagons and Russian sleighs. Miss Garbo has spent many an hour looking wistfully out of a Cameron sleigh.

The Fish Man

George Stone, although he once filled an order for catfish, is an animal specialist rather than a fish specialist. Paul Weber, who runs what he calls a "tropicarium" in North Hollywood, is the leading fish expert. He stands ready to build, at a moment's notice, an indoor trout stream which can be stocked with fish so that the hero and heroine can cast an expert fly without going outdoors. Mr. Weber has 167 varieties of fish in the enormous tanks on his place. The Goldwyn company needed some shots of fish leaping from a lagoon into the air for Hurricane, now in production, and the tropicarium furnished them; they jumped according to schedule. But getting live sharks, also needed for this picture, is a costly business. Mr. Weber did it, though. His men made arrangements with the fishermen who work off Lower California and two ten-foot man-eating sharks were brought back. They cost Sam Goldwyn $2,000.

One of the problems confronting the movie people when working with animal actors is that the beasts take the plot too seriously. Human actors do the same thing. A Mrs. Erna Fowler of Culver City has a chimpanzee reputed to be the best chimp actor in the business. He is an alert and, normally, a good-natured beast. Mrs. Fowler has only one serious difficulty with him. He invariably becomes angry with the heavy. Benita Hume, actually an extremely nice girl and very fond of animals, played a slinky, nasty part in one picture in which the chimp was working. He hated her and would throw bottles or stones at her whenever her back was turned.


87½ ST.
87½ ST.
Alain

"I told him when he started building it that they wouldn't stop for him"

ALAIN

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How many times have you given your trousers a quick "check-up" before facing the world? This is unnecessary—with the neatness and security of the TALON fastener!

TIME-SAVER
What a difference in ease and speed and all-round convenience it makes when you have the TALON slide fastener—instead of *five* separate fastenings—on your trousers!

"It made me Feel like giving my old Pants away!"

IT EVEN LOCKS
Notice these facts especially: the TALON slide fastener, perfected *expressly* for trousers, is flat-lying . . . as flexible as fabric . . . can't catch underwear . . . even *locks* automatically at top!

AMAZING EASE, SECURITY, NEATNESS OF TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. FASTENER NOW HAVE MILLIONS OF MEN DEMANDING IT.

"I ACTUALLY dread putting on trousers with the cumbersome, old-fashioned fly," writes Mr. S., "now that I've worn the Talon slide fastener."

Why continue to fumble with *five* fastenings on *your* trousers—when you just *slide* the Talon fastener open or closed? Why risk offensive gaps—when the Talon fastener is as neat as a seam? Why have fastenings that can open by accident—when the Talon fastener gives perfect security?

BEHIND THE TIMES... Unsightly gaps, often caused by the old trouser closure.

UP-TO-DATE... Seam-like closing—with the TALON slide fastener for trousers.

TALON
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Slide Fastener

TALON, Inc., MEADVILLE, PA.

NEVER BREAKS OFF
Have your suit pressed, dry cleaned any number of times . . . Even then the TALON fastener will work as easily, quickly as the day you bought it!

TRY THE **TALON** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BLACK STAR

Crowds surround the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their visit to the Paris Exposition

Opening for a Duke

WHATEVER the difficulties he experienced in obtaining permission from his own government to come, the Duke of Windsor will be welcomed by Americans. Nothing that has happened in the last twelve months has diminished American interest in the young man who abdicated his kingdom and empire rather than give up the woman he loved.

Ostensibly, the duke is coming to inspect some of our new housing projects and other examples of American efforts to improve the living conditions of the poor. These are matters outside the expected curiosities of kings. Yet both as the Prince of Wales and as Edward VIII the present duke showed a very real solicitude for the victims of depressed conditions in his own country.

During the weeks and months just prior to his abdication, Edward visited the homes of unemployed miners and observed the poverty of their surroundings. On his journey north to the launching of the giant Queen Mary he paused to visit and inspect the slums within which many of the shipworkers lived.

He was moved by what he saw to ask publicly why it was necessary for the same civilization to give so much to some and so little to others. The contrast between the comforts of the great steamship which is the pride of the British merchant fleet and the meanness of the homes of the workers seemed to him too great to reconcile.

It was not easy for a king to go to such lengths. Under the British system, kings, like children of a past era, are intended to be seen and not heard. The king's ministers prepare the words he is expected to utter. When, as rarely happens, the monarch adds a word of his own, a constitutional crisis follows.

So the sincerity of the concern of the Duke of Windsor in studying housing here and elsewhere may be conceded. Of course it is difficult for a famous personage to do much effective inspection. The interest of Americans in the personality of the duke is very great. Wherever he goes crowds will follow. He will have trouble seeing the houses for the people.

Unless he has learned to be very adroit, he may become an easy victim to the great American art of press agency. Reporters and photographers will dog his steps and if the duke is moved to say a word in praise of some project, the publicity promoters will let us know.

The opportunities available to an exiled king are not numerous. The Duke of Windsor was schooled from childhood to be a king. He learned to work at a hard routine and he was highly successful. He made friends for his own country on his earlier visit to the United States and on his various journeys about the world. When Edward abdicated, his empire lost the services of a persuasive salesman of British good will.

The former king is now the prisoner of his own eminence. His own government cannot utilize his great popularity in any public service. To employ Edward would result in trouble for his brother, King George VI. It is not even considered expedient to allow the Duke of Windsor to visit England, much less to return permanently to his own land. He cannot accept work or responsibility elsewhere lest he cause embarrassment to his family or to his government.

All of these things isolate him. If he were a man of great intellect and imagination he might seclude himself and absorb his energies in scientific inquiry as Charles Lindbergh has done. But kings are not educated for quiet employment in scientific laboratories. That refuge, too, is denied him.

Lonely and cut off as he is from the activities of ordinary men, he will find friendship in the United States. For the very qualities which induced him to abdicate made him the more interesting and understandable to Americans.

We are an unconventional people. So our fancy was caught by the stubborn young man who resisted all the efforts of his family and ministers to persuade him to marry a princess qualified by family tree to be the queen of the British empire. We were immensely excited later when, confronted with a choice between giving up his crown or the woman he was determined to marry, he made his own decision.

That is the American way. The very idea of arranged marriages seems obsolete and repugnant to Americans. We think that the selection of mates according to their family connections is an excellent procedure in the breeding of race horses and other livestock, but where human beings are involved love is counted most important.

Consequently, we applauded Edward's courage and we liked him. He behaved as the normal American acts when confronted with a similar decision. The loss of his crown was regretted but he proved his independence as a man. His personal dignity was upheld even though he became an exile.

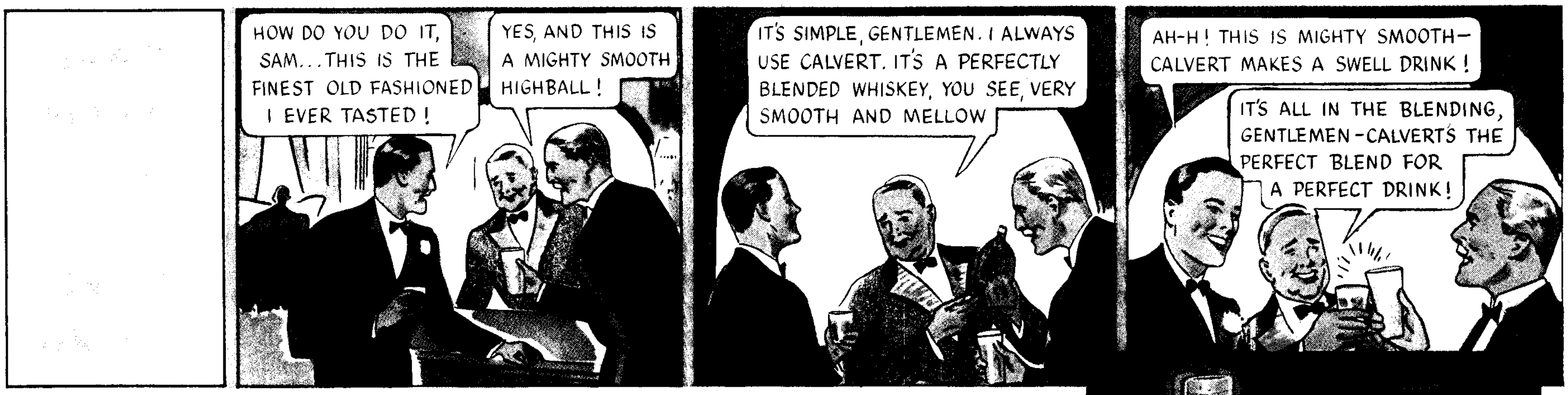
Continental Europe is the natural habitat of ex-kings and perhaps the Duke of Windsor must return to join the other royal exiles. He could do worse, much worse, than remain in America. After the first few weeks of novelty had worn off, he would attract little more attention than an eminent millionaire or a popular motion-picture star.

If he elected to do so, the Duke of Windsor might find the happiness he sought when he surrendered his royal prerogatives by making his permanent home in the United States. Once he became a permanent resident, he would find abundant outlets for his energies and initiative.

We are in the midst of an era of social reform and the opportunities for service open to men and women of intelligence and good will are great. The interests which Edward developed in Britain and which provide the occasion for his visit to this country would give him a busy and a useful life in the United States.

FOLLOW THE TREND!

It's in the air, it's everywhere—
The trend's to blends, and so take care
To call for Calvert—you'll declare,
"A perfect blend that's rich and rare!"


HOW DO YOU DO IT, SAM...THIS IS THE FINEST OLD FASHIONED I EVER TASTED!
YES, AND THIS IS A MIGHTY SMOOTH HIGHBALL!
IT'S SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN. I ALWAYS USE CALVERT. IT'S A PERFECTLY BLENDED WHISKEY, YOU SEE, VERY SMOOTH AND MELLOW
AH-H! THIS IS MIGHTY SMOOTH—CALVERT MAKES A SWELL DRINK!
IT'S ALL IN THE BLENDING, GENTLEMEN—CALVERT'S THE PERFECT BLEND FOR A PERFECT DRINK!

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[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]
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Blended Whiskey
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Is it "good business" to buy COSTLIER TOBACCOS for Camels?

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

THE ANSWER IS:

CAMELS ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

{RIGHT}

Detroit, Michigan. **HERB LEWIS,** Red Wings' hockey star, says: "Ice hockey's rough, tough, and fast—three reasons why it pays me to keep an eagle eye on my digestion. I find that smoking Camels with my meals and after helps to ease tension and build up my sense of well-being."

America's verdict—based on the nation-wide preference for Camels—is: There's more pleasure in Camels!

IT is homespun fact that the pleasure you *get out* of a cigarette depends on the quality of the tobaccos *put in* it. Through the years, Camel has spent millions of dollars more for the choicer, riper tobaccos.

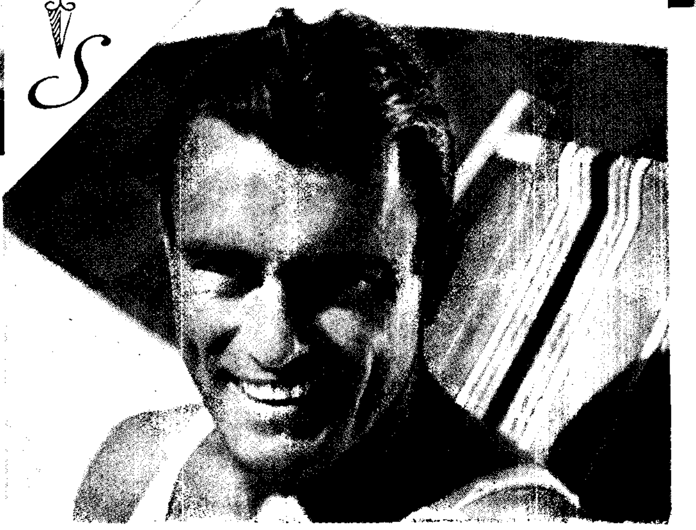
This is a way of doing business that smokers appreciate. North—South—East—West—millions of men and women feel that Camels give them *more* of the good things they want in smoking than other cigarettes. If you are not a Camel smoker, try them. See for yourself why *Camel's costlier tobaccos* appeal so genuinely to millions of Americans.

{LEFT}

Pasadena, California. **MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III,** society matron, says: "Camels suit me perfectly. They're so mild and so good tasting. That's what I especially like in a cigarette and why I'm so devoted to Camels. How true it is that Camels don't tire one's taste or irritate one's throat!"

{LEFT}

New York, New York. **AL MINGALONE,** crack newsreel cameraman, says: "When news breaks I have to be on the spot to film it. Many a time—for days in a row—I've been kept on the run. When I'm tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Right around the clock—it's Camels for me. They're in a class by themselves for mildness."



{RIGHT}

Miami, Florida. **PETE DESJARDINS,** former Olympic diving champion, says: "Divers and swimmers like a mild cigarette that doesn't upset their nerves. That's why I prefer Camels. I smoke as much as I like. Camels don't give me 'jangled nerves.' I find Camels taste a whole lot better, too."

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